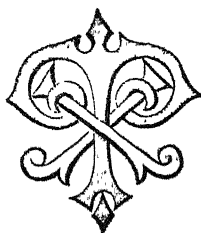




THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



LONDON
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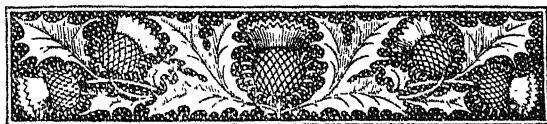
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Memoir of

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER was one of those unfortunate poets to whom the Muse is a cruel stepmother. The little that we know of his life suggests a painful and continual struggle with poverty, in which he often succumbed, and from which he never arose victorious. His stores of wisdom and his wealth of imagination were for forty years lavished on the world, but with little or no reward to himself. He wrote continually under the bitter stress of want, and was often compelled to seek friendly aid to release him from the walls of a debtor's prison. A wretched hand-to-mouth existence, a career made fordid by the constant necessity of writing for daily bread, seems to have been his lot from first to last, relieved perhaps by occasional glimpses of happiness and repose, such as he

must have enjoyed when composing some of the choicest of the long series of dramas which constitute his chief title to fame.

That he was born in the metropolis we may infer from a prose tract of his own, (1) where, apostrophising London, he says,—“O, thou beautifullest daughter of the two united Monarchies! from thy womb received I my being; from thy breasts my nourishment.” The exact date of his birth is uncertain; in a tract dated February, 1637, he speaks of “my three-score years,” (2) but the expression is a vague one, and may mean any age from sixty on towards seventy. Indeed, in the (unique) tract entitled “Warres, Warres, Warres,” of date almost ten years earlier (1628), Dekker had already spoken of himself as an old man; (3) and in the Dedication to his Tragi-

1 *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London* (1606). The passage cited will be found not far from the close of “The Induction to the Booke.”

2 *Englisch Villanies Seven Severall Times Preft to Death*. In his Dedication of this tract to the Middlesex justices of the Peace, he says:—“I preach without a Pulpit: this is no Sermon, but an Epistle Dedicatory, which dedicates these Discoveries, and my three-score years devotedly yours in my best service.”

3 “For my heart danceth sprightly, when I see
(*Old as I am*) our English gallantry.”

Comedy, called *Match mee in London* (1631), to Lodowick Carlell, he pathetically says : " I haue beene a Priest in APOLLO'S Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes." (4) This is hardly the language of a man who has only just passed his fiftieth year ; though Dekker, with such a weight of sorrow, if not of years, on his shoulders, might well feel old before his time. (5)

4 Vol. IV., p. 133.

5 It is curious to compare with the above lament the expression of a similar one written at the age of fifty-five (1864) by our greatest living poet :—

" A Dedication.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise ;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming leafless days,
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower."

Another reason for fixing the date of his birth somewhat earlier than the "three-score years" of 1637 would seem to imply, is that his earliest acknowledged publication (6) had already appeared in 1600, and that we hear of him in Henslowe's Diary as a writer for the theatre as early as 1597. (7) We may safely assume him to have been born, therefore, somewhere in the second decade of Elizabeth's reign; not earlier probably than 1570, and certainly not later than 1577.

We learn from the registers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, that the person who probably was Dekker's father, was buried there in 1594; and from the registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate (where Henslowe's and Alleyn's theatre, the Fortune, for which Dekker wrote, was situated), that Thomas Dycker, gent., had a daughter Dorcas christened there on 27th Oct., 1594, and that Thomas Decker, yeoman, had a daughter

6 *The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.*

7 "Lent unto Thomas Dowton, the 8 of Jenewary 1597, twenty shillings, to by a booke of Mr. Dickens. xxxs." *Diary of Philip Henslowe, From 1591 to 1609. from the Original Manuscript preserved at Dulwich College, London: Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1845.*

Anne christened there on 14th Oct., 1602. Neither of these might be our poet, and it was not usual to designate an author "yeoman." Thomas Dekker had a daughter Elizabeth buried there in 1598, and a son of Thomas Dekker was buried at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, on 19th April in the same year. The widow of old Thomas Dekker, who died in 1594, was living in Maid Lane, Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, in 1596. (7)

We have said that Dekker began to write for the stage as early as 1597. His first attempts, however, in most of which he seems to have been associated with others, have not been preserved. (8)

7 COLLIER'S *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature* (Lond. 1865), I., 195.

8 Henslowe records payments to Dekker and Chettle "in earneste of their boocke called Troyelles and credida," on the 7th and 16th April, 1599. On the 2nd May, 1599, a payment of five shillings was made to Dekker "in earneste of a Boocke called orcestes fures," a play in which he does not appear to have had any coadjutor. In May, 1599, there are two payments to Dekker and Chettle for "the tragedie of Agamemnone." In July and August, 1599, he is mentioned in connexion with a play called the "stepmothers tragedy," and on 1st August, 1599, he receives forty shillings "for a booke called beare a braine."

His two earliest extant dramatic productions, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* and *The Comedie of Old Fortunatus*—the first anonymous (9) and

In September, 1599, various payments are made to Dekker, Jonfon, and Chettle, and "another gentleman," on account of a play called "Robert the second, Kinge of Scottes tragedie."

In January, 1599—1600, Dekker receives a payment for a play called *Truth's Supplication to Candlelight*; in the following month payments are made to Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, for the *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* [by some supposed to be identical with the play entitled *Luz's Dominion*, first printed in 1657, and ascribed to Marlowe]. In March, 1599—1600, Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, received payment for a play called *The Seven Wives Masters*. All these pieces appear to have remained in manuscript, and to have perished.

9 The absurdity of attributing this play to Barten Holiday (as in the Library Catalogue of the British Museum, in Lowndes, and elsewhere) must surely have arisen from some blundering binder having lettered one of the later editions "The Shoemakers."—HOLIDAY. The date of the first edition alone should have prevented the perpetuation of such a piece of futility. Barten Holiday was born in 1593, and must have been, indeed, an infant prodigy to have produced such a play as *The Shoemaker's Holiday* at the age of seven. Dekker's authorship of this play is corroborated by the following entry in Henslowe's Diary:—"Lent unto Samewell Rowley and Thomas Dowton, the 15 of Julye, 1599, to bye a Boocke of Thomas Dickers, called the gentle Craft the fomme of iijl."

the second signed with his name at the end (10) —were published in 1600. With a single exception, to be mentioned presently, he probably never surpassed these earlier works, either in the lighter or the graver strain. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, both in the scenes of wild fun and buffoonery, and in the tender love-story that runs through it like a silver thread, has all the charm of a Waverley novel, and possesses the very highest interest as an historical picture of manners. Simon Eyre is inimitable: there is no better type of jovial honest merriment in the whole range of English literature. He is as original and well-sustained a character as Falstaff himself. Of the *Comedie of Old Fortunatus*, Hazlitt might well say that it has “the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth still upon its cheek and in its heart.” The songs in these two pieces are exquisitely beautiful, and the Prologues to

10 *Tho. Dekker*.—The name is thus spelt in all the existing autograph signatures of the poet, and (we believe without exception) in all the original editions of those pieces of which he was the sole author. To this form we have ourselves uniformly adhered. By his contemporaries, by his publishers, and by his critics and annotators, the name of Dekker has been spelt with almost as many variations as that of his illustrious contemporary Shakespeare: —e.g., Decker, Deckers, Dickers, Dekker, Deker, Deckers, Deckar, Dekkar, &c.

both contain some pleasant flattery of Queen Elizabeth, before whom they were performed.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus received a German dress in the present century. The translator, Dr. Schmidt, makes the following observations on its style and versification:—

“In Beziehung auf die Sprache will ich nur an Eins erinnern. Es ist dies der Gebrauch des Reims, des reimlosen Iambus und der Prosa. Wie in den edleren Naturen Einsicht und höheres Gefühl beständig die Oberhand haben, so schlüft in den gemeinen dasselbe in fernster Tiefe, und giebt kein Zeichen. Aber wenn von außen die Stimme des Höchsten donnert in plötzlich überraschendem Segen oder Verderben, da entbrennt auch bei diesen der göttliche Funken, und bricht hervor mit ungeahndeter Kraft, in treffendem Wort. So finden wir bei Shakspeare und Decker den Reim als Organ jener höchsten Lebensblitze, die reimlosen Iamben für alle anderen unendlich mannigfachen Gemüthszustände, bis zu dem gewöhnlichen gleichgültigen hinab, wo der Mensch sich gehn läßt, da tritt die Prosa ein, und ist recht eigentlich zu Hause in den scherzhaften Massen. Denn die in demselben abgepiegelte Kehrseite des Lebens kann nur erfreulich und bedeutend sein, wenn unbewußt dahinter wie im Traume der Ernst als Folie liegt, und nicht hervortritt mit seinem gewichtigen, gemessenen Wort. Dieses so natürliche Verhältniß zwischen der Sprache und dem Wesen des Dinges hat gewiß auch seinen Theil an dem unergründlichen Wohlgefallen, mit welchem wir die Shakspeare'schen Erzeugnisse genießen. In unserm Drama spricht der nichtige Schatte nur den einzigen Vers

‘Doch Herr, daß es nicht ende jämmerlich!’

In dem Augenblick ist er (ohne es zu wissen) und daran zu glauben, wirklicher Prophet, wie Lichtenberg versichert, daß der gewöhnlichste Mensch wenigstens drei Mal im Jahr einen genialen Augenblick habe. Fortuna, Tugend, Laster, Ampedo, Orleans, dagegen kommen in ihrer Feierlichkeit niemals heraus aus den künstlich gemessenen Worten." (11)

His next published play was *Satiro-mastix, or The untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. As a personal satire of considerable pungency directed against the supposed arrogant pretensions of Ben Jonson, it seems to have enjoyed great popularity. In reading it now, more than two centuries after the grave has closed over both the combatants, it is impossible to suppress a feeling of sorrowful wonder that two men so gifted should have prostituted their genius to the expression of such narrow jealousies and hatreds.

11 *Fortunatus und seine Söhne, eine Zauber-Tragödie von Thomas Decker. Aufgeführt im Jahr 1600 vor der Königin Elisabeth. Aus dem Englischen von Dr. Fr. Wilh. Val. Schmidt, &c. Mit einem Anhang ähnlicher Märchen dieses Kreises, und einer Abhandlung über die Geschichte von Fortunatus.* Berlin, 1819. A German edition (English text) of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* appeared a few years ago, with some interesting notes. The title is as follows:—"The Shoemaker's Holiday, or The Gentle Craft. Nach einem Drucke aus dem Jahre 1618 neu herausgegeben von Hermann Friscke Lehrer am Gymnasium zu Thorn, 1862." Pp. 67.

" Ah God ! the petty fools of rhyme
 That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
 Before the stony face of Time,
 And look'd at by the silent stars :
 That strain to make an inch of room
 For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
 The fullen Lethe rolling doom
 On them and theirs and all things here."

That Dekker received provocation no one will deny. Unworthy personalities had been directed against him by his brother poet and former collaborator.⁽¹²⁾ The *Poetaster* had been flung like a fire-brand among the wits and witlings, among the poets and the smaller fry who only aspired to that name. Dekker was chosen as the champion of all these, and acquitted himself of the

12 "On p. 155 of 'Henslowe's Diary,' occurs the following entry :—

'Lent unto W^m Borne, alles birde, the 10 of auguste 1529, to lend unto Bengemyne Johnstone, and thomas Dekkers, in earneste of ther booke they are writtinge, called pagge of plimoth, the some xxxv.'"

This tragedy was founded upon an event of comparatively recent occurrence. The play has been lost, but the story has come down to us. The event happened in February, 1591, and it appears that Ben Jonson and Dekker had finished their tragedy in September, 1599, when the last payment of £6 was made to them."—*Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. II. (1845), p. 79.

office in a most effective manner. The elder Disraeli in his *Quarrels of Authors* has given the following account of the business, which we quote as containing some just and careful criticism :

“ This quarrel is a splendid instance how genius of the first order, lavishing its satirical powers on a number of contemporaries, may discover among the crowd, some individual who may return with a right aim the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant : the greater genius is thus mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him.

One of the ‘ screaming grasshoppers held by the wings,’ boldly turned on the holder with a scorpion’s bite ; and Dekker, who had been lashed in *The Poetaster*, produced his *Satiromastix, or the untrussing of the humorous Poet*. Dekker was a subordinate author, indeed ; but, what must have been very galling to Jonson, who was the aggressor, indignation proved such an inspirer, that Dekker seemed to have caught some portion of Jonson’s own genius, who had the art of making even Dekker popular ; while he discovered that his own laurel-wreath had been dextrously changed by the *Satiromastix* into a garland of ‘ stinging nettles.’

In *The Poetaster* Crispinus is the picture of one of those impertinent fellows who resolve to become Poets, having an equal aptitude to become anything that is in fashionable request. When Hermogenes, the finest singer in Rome, refused to sing, *Crispinus* gladly seizes the occasion, and whispers the lady near him—‘ Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing, I beseech you.’ This character is

marked by a ludicrous peculiarity which turning on an individual characteristic, must have assisted the audience in the true application. It is probable that Dekker had some remarkable head of hair, and that his locks hung not like 'the curls of Hyperion ;' (13) for the jeweller's wife admiring among the company, the persons of Ovid, Tibullus, &c., *Crispinus* acquaints her that they were poets, and since she admires them, promises to become a poet himself. The simple lady further inquires, 'if when he is a poet his looks will change? and particularly if his hair will change, and be like those gentlemen's?' 'A man,' observes *Crispinus*, 'may be a poet, and yet not change his hair.' 'Well!' exclaims the simple jeweller's wife, 'we shall see your cunning; yet if you can change your hair, I pray do it.'

The *Satiromastix* may be considered as a parody on *The Poetaster*. Jonson, with classical taste, had raised his scene in the court of Augustus: Dekker, with great unhappiness, places his in that of William Rufus. The interest of the piece arises from the dexterity with which Dekker has accommodated those very characters which Jonson has satirised in his *Poetaster*. This gratified those who came every day to the theatre, delighted to take this mimetic revenge on the Arch Bard. . . . Some censured Dekker for barrenness of invention, in bringing on those characters in his own play whom Jonson had stigmatised; but 'it was not improper,' he says, 'to set the same dog

(13) If the rude woodcut on the title-page of *Dekker's Dream* be meant, as seems likely, for the *vera effigies* of our poet, it corroborates the above observation; for he is there represented with very shaggy locks indeed.

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upon Horace, whom Horace had fet to worry others.' Dekker warmly concludes his spirited prefatory address 'To the World' with defying the Jonfonians.

In Dekker's *Satiromastix* Horace junior is first exhibited in his study, rehearsing to himself an Ode: suddenly the Pindaric rapture is interrupted by the want of a rhyme; this is satirically applied to an unlucky line of Ben Jonfon's own. One of his *sons*, Afinius Bubo, who is blindly worshipping his great idol, or his *Ningle*, as he calls him, amid his admiration of Horace, perpetually breaks out into digressive accounts of what sort of a man his friends take him to be. For one Horace in wrath prepares an epigram; and for *Crispinus* and *Fannius*, brother bards, who threaten 'they'll bring your life and death on the stage, as a bricklayer in a play,' he says, 'I can bring a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unfalted line in their fly-blown comedies.' 'Ay,' replies Afinius, 'and all men of my rank!' *Crispinus* Horace calls 'a light voluptuous reveller,' and *Fannius* 'the flightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet.' Both enter, and Horace receives them with all friendship. The scene is here conducted not without skill. To the complaints of the querulous satirist, *Crispinus* replies with dignified gravity, at which the galled Horace winces. *Fannius* too joins, and shows Ben the absurd oaths he takes, when he swears to all parties that he does not mean them. Horace is awkwardly placed between these two friendly remonstrants, to whom he promises perpetual love.

Captain Tucca, a dramatic personage in Jonfon's *Poetaster*, and a copy of his own Bobadil, is here continued with the same spirit; and as that character permitted from the extravagance of its ribaldry, it is now

made the vehicle for those more personal retorts, exhibiting the secret history of Ben, which perhaps twitted the great bard more than the keenest wit, or the most solemn admonition which Dekker could ever attain. Jonson had cruelly touched on Dekker being out at elbows, and made himself too merry with the histrionic tribe: he who was himself a poet, and had been a Thespian!

The greatness of Ben's genius is by no means denied by his rivals; and Dekker makes *Fannius* reply with noble feelings, and in an elevated strain of poetry."

In the following year (1603) a play was published anonymously, of which Dekker is supposed to have written the principal portion, his assistants being Haughton and Chettle. This is entitled *The Comodie of Patient Grisfil* (14). From internal evidence there is little doubt that he had a share in it; though, as the printed copy is entirely silent as to the authorship, which only rests on some vague entries in Henflowe's Diary, (15) this play has not been

14 *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grisfill. As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his seruants.* London. Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be folde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1603.

15 December 19th 1599, and again 26th Dec. payments were made to Dekker, Chettle and Haughton, and on 28th Dec. a separate payment to Dekker.

included in the present collection. The following Song, however, has decidedly the ring of Dekker about it:—

Art thou poore yet haſt thou golden Slumbers :

Oh fweet content !

Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed ?

Oh punishment.

Doſt thou laugh to ſee how fooles are vexed ?

To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.

O fweet content, o fweet &c.

Worke apace, apace, apace, apace,

Honest labour beares a louely face,

Then hey noney, noney : hey noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,

O fweet content !

Swim'ft thou in wealth, yet finck'ft in thine owne teares,

O punnishment.

Then hee that patiently want's burden beares,

No burden beares, but is a King, a King.

O fweet content, &c.

Worke apace, apace, &c.

The following pretty lullaby Song was probably also written by Dekker :—

Golden flumbers kiffe your eyes,

Smiles awake you when you rise :

Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,

And I will sing a lullabie,

Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore fleepe you,

You are care and care must keep you :

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Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

In 1604 appeared the first part of that beautiful play which most critics have agreed in considering as Dekker's masterpiece. As Mr. Swinburne has said in regard to one of the finest plays of Ford, "it is somewhat unfortunate that its very title should sound so strangely in the ears of a generation whose ears are the chastest part about them." (16) Although the name of Dekker stands alone on the title-page of all the editions of *The Honest Whore*, an entry in Henflowe's Diary, corroborated by some internal evidence, would seem to imply that in the composition of at any rate the first part of the play he received some aid from Thomas Middleton, with whom he is known to have written conjointly on two other occasions. Mr. Dyce has accordingly assumed a joint author-

16 *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1871, p. 43. By the bye, it is curious and worthy of mention, as indicative of a contemplated change of title afterwards abandoned, that sheet E of the singularly correct and interesting edition of 1605, has the head-line of *The Converted Courtizan* throughout.

ship in both parts, and has included them in his edition of Middleton's works, though he admits that that writer's share in the play was probably insignificant. (17)

Considering, however, that the year before, when Middleton contributed a speech of only sixty lines to his *Magnificent Entertainment given to King James*, (1603) Dekker had gone out of his way to acknowledge the obligation, (18) I should be inclined to think the aid given in the present case was of a very limited character, and was probably confined to a few suggestions on the general conduct and ground-work of the play; that at any rate it did not extend far enough to cast a doubt on Dekker's creation and authorship of those beautiful scenes and characters of which Hazlitt has spoken

17 "Of *The Roaring Girl*, I believe that Middleton wrote by far the greater portion; but of the two other plays which he produced in conjunction with Dekker—the First and Second Parts of *The Honest Whore*—I have no doubt that his share is comparatively small."—Dyce's *Account of Middleton and his Works*, Lond. 1840 (Vol. I., lvi.).

18 "If there be any glorie to be won by writing these lynes, I doe freelie beftow it (as his due) on *Tho. Middleton*, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered here: *Quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*"—p. 321.

with so much enthusiasm. I am most anxious to establish this point in the reader's mind, more especially because in the plays which Dekker afterwards avowedly wrote in conjunction with Webster, Middleton, Massinger, and Ford, it has been the fashion from the time of Langbaine down to that of Gifford and Dyce, to attribute to him all the coarse and careless scenes, and to assign all the tender and poetical passages to his collaborators, and thus to rob him of some of his chief claims to our consideration as a dramatic writer.(19)

The Second part of *The Honest Whore* does

19 "Thomas Dekker," says old Gerard Langbaine, "was more famous for the contention he had with Ben Jonson for the Bays, than for any great Reputation he had gained by his own Writings. Yet even in that age, he wanted not his Admirers nor his Friends amongst the Poets: in which number I reckon the Ingenious Mr. Richard Brome; who always styled him by the title of Father. He clubb'd with Webster in writing Three Plays; and with Rowley and Ford in another: and I think I may venture to say, that these Plays as far exceed those of his own Brain, as a platted Whipcord exceeds a single Thread in strength. Of those which he writ alone I know none of much esteem, except *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, and that chiefly on account of the Subject of it, which was the witty Ben Jonson. Of *Fortunatus* I can give no other account than that I once barely saw it, and

not seem to have been printed until 1630 ; (20) at any rate no earlier edition is known to exist. As, however, the two plays succeed each other in proper and natural sequence, we have departed in this instance from our otherwise uniform chronological order of arrangement.

Of *The Honest Whore* Hazlitt, in his *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, writes in the following terms :—

“ Old honest Dekker’s Signior Orlando Friscobaldo I shall never forget ! I became only of late acquainted with

(that it) is printed in quarto.”—GERARD LANGBAIN : *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, p. 121.

What are we to think of the *value* of a man’s criticism who pronounces so sweeping a judgment on works that he admits he has never read.

20 The text is very corrupt, as is also that of the later editions of the first part. Into the first edition of this (1604) some serious errors had crept, which were corrected in the excellent edition of 1605 (one of the most immaculate of Elizabethan plays in regard to accuracy of printing, and evidently superintended by the author himself). The later editions, however, repeated all the errors of the first, and gathered a good many more by the way (especially that of 1635). Mr. Dyce was the first to point out the existence and peculiarities of the edition of 1605, which appears to be of extraordinary rarity. It has, of course, formed the basis of our own text.

this last-mentioned worthy character ; but the bargain between us is, I trust, for life. We sometimes regret that we had not sooner met with characters like this, that seem to raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being. . . . The execution is, throughout, as exact as the conception is new and masterly. There is the least colour possible used ; the pencil drags ; the canvas is almost seen through : but then, what precision of outline, what truth and purity of tone, what firmness of hand, what marking of character ! The words and answers all along are so true and pertinent, that we seem to see the gestures, and to hear the tone with which they are accompanied. So when Orlando, disguised, says to his daughter, ‘You’ll forgive me,’ and she replies, ‘I am not marble, I forgive you ;’ or again, when she introduces him to her husband, saying simply, ‘It is my father,’ there needs no stage-direction to supply the relenting tones of voice or cordial frankness of manner with which these words are spoken. It is as if there were some fine art to chisel thought, and to embody the inmost movements of the mind in every-day actions and familiar speech. Simplicity and extravagance of style, homeliness and quaintness, tragedy and comedy, interchangeably set their hands and seals to this admirable production. We find the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry. The stalk grows out of the ground ; but the flowers spread their flaunting leaves in the air. The mixture of levity in the chief character bespeaks the bitterness from which it seeks relief ; it is the idle echo of fixed despair, jealous of observation or pity. The sarcasm quivers on the lip, while the tear stands congealed on the eyelid. This ‘tough senior,’ this impracticable old gentleman, softens into a little child ; this choke-pear melts in the mouth like marmalade. In spite of his resolute pro-

essions of misanthropy, he watches over his daughter with kindly solicitude ; plays the careful housewife ; broods over her lifeless hopes ; nurses the decay of her husband's fortune, as he had supported her tottering infancy ; saves the high-flying Matheo from the gallows more than once, and is twice a father to them. The story has all the romance of private life, all the pathos of bearing up against silent grief, all the tenderness of concealed affection : there is much sorrow patiently borne, and then comes peace. Bellafront, in the two parts of this play taken together, is a most interesting character. It is an extreme, and I am afraid almost an ideal case. She gives the play its title, turns out a true penitent, that is, a practical one, and is the model of an exemplary wife. The change of her relative position, with regard to Hippolito, who, in the first part, in the sanguine enthusiasm of youthful generosity, has reclaimed her from vice, and in the second part, his own faith and love of virtue having been impaired with the progress of years, tries in vain to lure her back again to her former follies, has an effect the most striking and beautiful. The pleadings on both sides, for and against female faith and constancy are managed with great polemical skill, assisted by the grace and vividness of poetical illustration. As an instance of the manner in which Bellafront speaks of the miseries of her former situation, I might give the lines in which she contrasts the different regard shewn to the modest or the abandoned of her sex. . . . Perhaps this sort of appeal to matter of fact and popular opinion, is more convincing than the scholastic subtleties of the Lady in Comus. The manner too in which Infelice, the wife of Hippolito, is made acquainted with her husband's infidelity, is finely dramatic ; and in the scene where she convicts him of his injustice, by taxing

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herself with incontinence first, and then turning his most galling reproaches to her into upbraidings against his own conduct, she acquits herself with infinite spirit and address. The contrivance by which, in the first part, after being supposed dead, she is restored to life, and married to Hippolito, though perhaps a little far-fetched, is affecting and romantic. There is uncommon beauty in the Duke her father's description of her sudden illness. Candido, the good-natured man of this play, is a character of inconceivable quaintness and simplicity. His patience and good-humour cannot be disturbed by anything. The idea (for it is nothing but an idea) is a droll one, and is well supported. The sudden turn of the character of Candido, on his second marriage, is, however, as amusing as it is unexpected.

"Mattheo, the 'high-flying' husband of Bellafront, is a masterly portrait, done with equal ease and effect. He is a person almost without virtue or vice, that is, he is in strictness without any moral principle at all. He has no malice against others, and no concern for himself. He is gay, profligate, and unfeeling, governed entirely by the impulse of the moment, and utterly reckless of consequences. His exclamation, when he gets a new suit of velvet, or a lucky run on the dice, 'Do we not fly high,' is an answer to all arguments. Punishment or advice has no more effect upon him, than upon the moth that flies into the candle. He is only to be left to his fate. Orlando saves him from it, as we do the moth, by snatching it out of the flame, throwing it out of the window, and shutting down the casement upon it."

In comparing the genius of Dekker and Webster, he adds :—

"Dekker has, I think, more truth of character, more instinctive depth of sentiment, more of the unconscious simplicity of nature. He excels in giving expression to certain habitual, deeply-rooted feelings, which remain pretty much the same in all circumstances, the simple uncompounded elements of nature and passion."

The Whore of Babylon, which followed in 1607, is perhaps the worst and least interesting of Dekker's dramatic pieces. The allegory is without fitness or beauty, the introduction of Queen Elizabeth, under the name of Titania, is clumsily managed; the personification of Time, Truth, and Plain-dealing is equally so. There is no dramatic unity or interest, no insight into character, no beauty of dialogue. The speeches are either bald and prosaic, or swell into turgid bombast. The introduction of the Spanish Armada is at once heavy and ridiculous. That this dull effusion of loyalty may have given pleasure at the time, is likely enough; but no one will read it now except for the sake of its antiquarian interest. The only scenes in any way relieved from the general insipidity are those in which Plain-dealing describes to Truth the fashions of the city; and here and there throughout the play one comes on a line or two of poetry flashing out for a moment in the darkness.

In the same year (1607) appeared the three

plays written conjointly by Dekker and Webster, viz., *Westward Hoe*, *Northward Hoe*, and *Sir Thomas Wyatt*. The first two have little to distinguish them from the ordinary comedies of the time; and the latter, whatever merit it may have possessed in its original form, has been so mutilated by the transcriber or by the printer as to possess scarcely any value.

In his next dramatic production, *The Roaring Girle* (1611), Dekker was associated with Middleton, who, as we have seen, in the opinion of Mr. Dyce, wrote the larger share of this play. Middleton's name is printed first on the title-page, if that be any criterion, and the Preface is signed by him: it is certain, however, that there are many places where the hand of Dekker may clearly be recognised.

In 1612 Dekker was employed to write the Mayoralty Pageant, which he entitled *Troia Nova Triumphans: London Triumphant*. In the same year appeared his play entitled *If it be not good, the Duell is in it*; to which much the same remarks apply as we have already made respecting *The Whore of Babylon*. The beginning of this play (observes Langbaine) seems to be written in imitation of Machiavel's novel, *Belphegor*, where Pluto summons the devils to council.

From 1613 to 1616 we learn, on the authority of Oldys, that Dekker was in King's Bench Prison. In connexion with this circumstance, an interesting letter has been preserved in the archives of Dulwich College. Mr. Payne Collier, in his "*Memoirs of Alleyn*," writes as follows :—

"By the autumn of 1616, the construction of Dulwich College, which Alleyn named "*The College of God's gift*," must have been considerably advanced, and ready for the reception of some of the objects of the founder's bounty. At this date Alleyn received a letter from one of Shakespeare's most popular and distinguished contemporaries,—Thomas Dekker. He was a playwright of great celebrity some years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, and had written most of his pieces for companies with which Alleyn and Henslowe were connected. Like many of his class, he seems to have been a man of careless habits, as regarded his pecuniary affairs, living from hand to mouth, by turns affluent and needy, and supplying his pressing wants by the produce of his prolific pen. At the date of the following communication he was a prisoner in the King's Bench ; and it was, no doubt, intended to induce Alleyn to make him a present in return for some enclosed verses "*in praise of charity*," and in celebration of the benevolent work which was now approaching completion. The verses themselves have not survived, but the letter containing them has :—

"To my worthy and worl. freind Edw. Allin Esquier,
at his house at Dullidge.

"Sr

"Out of that respect wch I ever caryed to yo^r
Worth (now heightned by a Pillar of yo^r owne erecting)

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doe I fend theis poore testimonies of a more rich Affection. I am glad (yf I bee the Firſt) that I am the firſt to Conſecrate to Memory (yf at leaſt you ſo embrace it) So noble and pious a Work, as This, yo^r laſt and worthieſt is. A paſſionate deſire of expreſſing gladnes to See Goodnes ſo well delivered having bin long in labour in the world made mee thus far to venture. And it beſt becomes mee to Sing any thing in praife of Charity, becauſe, albeit I have felt few handes warme thorough that complexion, yett imprifonment may make me long for them. Yf any thing in my Eulogium (or Praiſe) of you and yo^r noble Act bee offensive, lett it be excuſed becauſe I live amongſt the Gothes and Vandalls, where Barbarouſnes is predominant. Accept my will howſoever And mee

“Ready to doe you any ſervice

“THO. DEKKER.

“King’s Bench Sept. 12. 1616.”

It is to be regretted that Dekker’s tribute to Alleyn has ſhared the fate of many things he and his contemporaries compoſed. Few things in the long and honourable annals of Dulwich College would poſſeſs greater intereſt. We need entertain little doubt that Alleyn took ſteps to relieve his old friend’s neceſſities; and as it is ſtated that Dekker was releaſed from priſon in the very year his letter bears date, it may not be too much to ſuppoſe that Alleyn had a hand in his liberation. (21)

A subsequent undated letter from Dekker to Alleyn, existing among the papers at Dulwich, may here be added :—

“Sr.

“I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love. I write nowe, not poetically, but as an orrator, not by waye of declamation, but by petition, that you would be pleased, upon my lovinge lynes, to receave a yong man (sonn to a worthie yeoman of Kent here prifoner) able by his owne meanes to mayntayne himselfe, whose fortunes will anfwere itt. Hee is a yonge man lovinge you, beinge of your name, and desires no greater happines than to depend upon [you]. You shall doe mee much honor if you thinke him fitt to serve you as a servant, and him much love, because of your name, to receave. The yonge man is of good parts, both of bodie and mynd. I knowe you respect such a one, and I would not (upon that reputation I hold with you) offer a servant to bee unworthie of your attendance. If you please to receave him upon my commendation and your owne tryall, I shall thinck my telfe beholden to you, and you, as I hope, no waye repent the receavinge of such a servant of your owne name. Soe I rest

“Your lovinge freind

“THO. DEKKER.”

When Dekker before made an appeal to

College, including some new Particulars respecting Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marston, Dekker, &c. By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Lond. Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1841, pp. 130—132.

Alleyn's known liberality, and sent him some laudatory verses, he was in confinement in the King's Bench, and we see that he was again a prisoner when he introduced a young man to Alleyn's notice as a servant. The expression, "I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love," warrants the conclusion that Alleyn had sent pecuniary assistance to Dekker on more than one previous occasion. Respecting the date of the letter, we can give no information, and the back of the sheet having been torn off, the address has been lost; but, considering its contents and the place where it was found, there can be no doubt at all on the latter point. (22).

After his release from prison, Dekker appears to have been occupied with some of his innumerable prose pamphlets. His name is not connected with any new play until 1622, when *The Virgin-Martyr*, written conjointly with Massinger, appeared. Gifford has endeavoured to claim for Massinger nearly all the serious passages of this play, and to fasten on Dekker the stigma of having contributed all the coarser scenes. Other critics have judged very differently. The reader shall hear both sides of the question, and form his own opinion.

(22) *Memoirs of Alleyn*, pp. 185, 186.

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"It should be observed," says Gifford, "in justice to our old plays, that few or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present one. To "low wit," or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the slightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome footerkin engendered of filth and dulness. It was evidently the author's design to personify *Lust* and *Drunkenness* in the characters of Hircius and Spungius, and this may account for the ribaldry in which they indulge. That Maffinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly he is much more so than his contemporaries) may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Dekker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve.

On the passage beginning—

DOR. *My booke and taper* (vol. iv. p. 26),

he observes :—

"What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Dekker) should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

And he concludes :—

"With a neglect of precision which pervades all the arguments of Mr. Monck Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish the hand of Dekker from that of Maffinger,

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yet finds a difficulty in appropriating their most characteristic language. . . . With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Maffinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this I am actuated by no hostility to Dekker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate."

To this Mr. Kingsley rejoins :—

"Every pains has been taken to prove that the indecent scenes in the play were not written by Maffinger, but by Dekker : on what grounds we know not. We are aware of no canons of internal criticism which will enable us to decide, as boldly as Mr. Gifford does, that all the indecency is Dekker's, and all the poetry Maffinger's."(23)

A recent writer on the "Minor Elizabethan Dramatists," observes :—

"To prove how much finer, in its essence, his genius was than the genius of so eminent a dramatist as Maffinger, we only need to compare Maffinger's portions of the play of *The Virgin Martyr* with Dekker's. The scene between Dorothea and Angelo, in which she recounts her first meeting with him as a "sweet-faced beggar-boy," and the scene in which Angelo brings to Theophilus the basket of fruit and flowers which Dorothea has plucked in Paradise, are inexpressibly beautiful in their exquisite

23 CHARLES KINGSLEY : *Plays and Puritans*. (Miscellanies, 1859, vol. ii. p. 114.)

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subtlety of imagination and artless elevation of sentiment." (24)

But a still better and earlier authority has settled the question. In his *Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatists*, Charles Lamb extracts the scene between Angelo and Dorothea, and says :

"This scene has beauties of so very high an order that, with all my respect for Massinger, I do not think he had poetical enthusiasm capable of furnishing them. His associate Dekker, who wrote *Old Fortunatus*, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themselves among the sweet pieties of this play have a strength of contrast, a raciness, and a glow in them, which are above Massinger. They set off the religion of the rest."

In 1628 and 1629 Dekker was, for two successive years employed to write the Mayoralty Pageants *Britannia's Honor* and *London's Tempe* are the rarest, though certainly far from the best of his pieces. In 1631 appeared the *Tragi-Comedy callid, Match mee in London*, the plot of which is thus sketched in Geneste's *History of the Stage* :—

"Tormiella is the daughter of Malevento—her father had promised her to Gazetto—she elopes from Cordova with Cordolente—they are married—he is a citizen and

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shopkeeper of Seville—Malevento and Gazetto follow them to Seville—the King's Procurefs tells him of Tormiella—he visits her in disguise, and falls in love with her—he sends for her to court, and makes her one of the Queen's attendants—the Queen is offended and jealous of Tormiella—the King endeavours to debauch Tormiella—she continues firm in her attachment to her husband—at the conclusion, the King restores her to Cordolente, and is reconciled to the Queen. There is an underplot—Don John, the King's brother, wants to obtain the crown—in the last scene he renounces his ambitious views, and gains the King's pardon. The title seems to be a challenge to match Tormiella in London, if one can—the King concludes the play with saying that Tormiella has no parallel."

In 1632 Dekker prefixed some commendatory verses to Richard Brome's comedy of *The Northern Lass*.

TO MY SONNE BROME AND HIS LASSE.

Which, then of Both shall I commend ?
 Or Thee (that art my Sonne and Friend)
 Or Her, by Thee begot ? A Girl
 Twice worth the Cleopatrian Pearle.
 No : 'tis not fit for Me to Grace
 Thee, who art Mine ; and to thy Face.
 Yet I could say, the merriest Mayd
 Among the Nine, for Thee has layd
 A Ghyrlond by ; and Iieres to fee
 Pied Ideots tear the Daphnean Tree ;
 Putting their Eyes out with those Boughes
 With which Shee bids me deck thy Browes.

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But what I bring shall crowne thy Daughter
(My grand child) who (though full of laughter)
Is Chast and Witty to the Time ;
Not Lumpish Cold, as is her Clime
By Phœbus Lyre, Thy Northern Lasse
Our Southern proudest Beauties passe :
 Be Iouiall with thy Braynes (her mother ;
And helpe her (Dick) to fuch Another.

THO. DEKKER.

Of *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, published in 1636, the German critic⁽²⁵⁾ already quoted speaks as follows :

“Das gewaltige Jugendfeuer, welches den Fortunatus durch-dringt, ist in diesem Drama erloschen. Beständiger Mangel an den ersten Bedürfnissen des Lebens, Neid seiner Feinde, vielleicht eigene Schwäche und Sünde verbunden mit dem Alter, scheinen die Kraft des so viel versprechenden Mannes gebrochen zu haben. Mit Wehmuth erinnern wir uns bei dieser Gelegenheit der Worte ienes Dichters :

“Nicht blofs erbleichen junge Rosenwangen,
Dem Geist auch droht's, dafs er sich überlebe !”

Hazlitt, however, speaks of the character of Iacomo Gentili in this play as “that truly ideal character of a magnificent patron.”

The two remaining plays of Dekker, written in conjunction with Ford—*The Sun's Darling*

25 Dr. Schmidt, *ubi supra*.

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and *The Witch of Edmonton*—were not published until some years after his death—the former in 1656, and the latter in 1658.

Of *The Sun's Darling* Gifford writes as follows:—

“I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks [we have seen in another case on what a slender one]; but he expressly attributes the greater part of this moral masque to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts, I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Dekker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part. I think well of this poet, and should pause before I admitted the inferiority of his genius—as far, at least, as imagination is concerned—to that of Ford: but his rough vigour and his irregular metre generally enable us to mark the line between him and his more harmonious coadjutor.”

He remarks thus on *The Witch of Edmonton*:—

“It is very easy to sneer at the supernatural portions of this play—which I consider creditable to the talents and feelings of both poets. I believe in witchcraft no more than the critics; neither, perhaps, did Ford and Dekker, but they dealt with those who did; and we are less concerned with the visionary creed of our forefathers than with the skill and dexterity of those who wrote in conformity to it, and the moral or ethical maxims which they enable us to draw from it.

"The serious part of this drama is sweetly written. The character of Susan is delineated in Ford's [?] happiest manner; pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, and forgiving; anxious as a wife to prove her love, but fearful to offend, there is a mixture of warmth and pudency in her language, particularly in the concluding scene of the second act, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader. Winnifride is only second to her unfortunate rival; for, though highly culpable before marriage, she redeems her character as a wife, and insensibly steals upon our pity and regard. Even Katherine, with any other sister, would not pass unnoticed.

Carter is no unfair representative of the respectable yeoman (freeholder) of those days; and his frank and independent conduct is well contrasted with that of Banks, a small farmer, as credulous and ignorant as his labourers, positive, overbearing, and vindictive. The character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed from his profligacy by the law, he is everywhere equally odious, and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

"Of the two plays," says Mr. Swinburne, "which bear conjointly the names of Ford and Dekker, *The Sun's Darling* is evidently, as Gifford calls it, a 'piece of patch-work' hastily stitched up for some momentary purpose; I suspect that the two poets did not work together on it, but that our present text is merely a recast by Ford of an earlier masque by Dekker: probably, as Mr. Collier has suggested, his lost play of *Phaeton*, for which we might be glad to exchange the 'loop'd and window'd nakedness' of this ragged version. In those parts which are plainly

remnants of Dekker's handiwork there are some scattered lines of great sweetness, such as those of lament for the dead spring. For the latter scenes, as Gifford observes, it is clear that Ford is in the main responsible ; the intrusion in the fifth act of political satire and adulation is singularly perverse and infelicitous. In the opening-scene, also, between Raybright and the Priest of the Sun, I recognise the moral tone and metrical regulation of Ford's verse. Whatever the original may have been—and it was probably but a thin and hasty piece of work—it has doubtless suffered from the incongruous matter loosely sewn on to it ; and the masque as it stands is too lax and incoherent in structure to be worth much as a sample of its slight kind, or to shew if there was anything of more significance or value in the first conception.

The Witch of Edmonton is a play of rare beauty and importance both on poetical and social grounds. It is perhaps the first protest of the stage against the horrors and brutalities of vulgar superstition ; a protest all the more precious for the absolute faith in witchcraft and devilry which goes hand in hand with compassion for the instruments as well as the victims of magic. . . . Victor Hugo could hardly show a more tender and more bitter pity for the fordid and grovelling agonies of outcast old age and reprobate misery, than that which fills and fires the speech of the wretched hag from the first scene where she appears gathering sticks to warm herself, starved, beaten, lamed and bent double with blows, pitiable and terrible in her fierce abjection, to the last moment when she is led to execution through the roar of the rabble. In all this part of the play I trace the hand of Dekker ; his intimate and familiar science of wretchedness, his great and gentle spirit of compassion for the poor and suffering,

with whom his own lot in life was so often cast, in prison and out. The two chief soliloquies of Mother Sawyer, her first and last invocations of the familiar, are noble samples of his passionate dramatic power; their style has a fiery impulse and rapidity quite unlike the usual manner of his colleague. . . . The part of Susan is one of Dekker's most beautiful and delicate studies; in three short scenes he has given an image so perfect in its simple sweetness as hardly to be overmatched outside the gallery of Shakespeare's women. The tender freshness of his pathos, its plain frank qualities of grace and strength, never showed themselves with purer or more powerful effect than here; the after-scene where Frank's guilt is discovered has the same force and vivid beauty. The interview of Frank with the disguised Winnifrede in this scene may be compared by the student of dramatic style with the parting of the same characters at the close; the one has all the poignant simplicity of Dekker, the other all the majestic energy of Ford. The rough buffoonery and horseplay of the clown and the familiar we may probably set down to Dekker's account; there is not much humour or meaning in it, but it is livelier and less offensive than most of Ford's attempts in that line."(26)

The precise date of Dekker's death is as uncertain as that of his birth; but "we hear nothing of him," says Mr. Collier, "after 1638, and he is supposed to have died before the Civil Wars."

The only portrait of Dekker known to exist

26 *Fortnightly Review*. *Art.* on JOHN FORD by A. C. Swinburne, July 1871, pp. 55—57.

is in a rude woodcut on the title-page of *Dekker his Dreame*: Lond. 1620.

Mr. Halliwell, in the preface to his reprint (1860) of this pamphlet, says: "There can be but little doubt that the woodcut on the title-page contains a genuine portrait of Dekker; and, as such, it is of great interest."

Some brief notices of a few of Dekker's prose productions, extracted from Mr. Payne Collier's *Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, may be not without interest here:—

The (unique) tract entitled *Warres, Warres, Warres*, 1628, 12mo, is dedicated to Hugh Hammerfley, Lord Mayor, and to the two Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the year; and Dekker states that, as City Poet, he had been employed to write the pageant for Hammerfley's Mayoralty, and he seems to have been not a little proud of it. He says, "What I offred up then was a Sacrifice *ex officio*. Custome tooke my Bond for the Performance; and on the day of the Ceremony I hope the debt was fully discharged." If it were ever printed it has not survived.

The Ravens Almanacke (1609) is subscribed "T. Deckers," which was probably the printer's, certainly not the author's, mode of spelling his

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name. There is a good "song sung by an olde
Woman in a Medowe."

Of the Double PP, 1606, 4to, published anonymously, a presentation copy, with Dekker's autograph, is in existence. It has little but its rarity to recommend it; it is a violent, and, as far as we can understand the allusions, not very witty attack upon the Catholics, provoked by the Gunpowder Plot of the year preceding its publication.

The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London. 1606. 4to.

This tract was one of those which Dekker produced on the spur of his necessities, and he makes it a boast on his title-page that it only cost him a week's work. . . . As if determined not to lose any credit, or perhaps profit, by this production, Dekker not only placed his name prominently on the title-page, but he, somewhat unusually, subscribed it at the end, thus:—

"Dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis."

Finis

Tho. Dekker."

The *Jupiter* and *Dii* were, perhaps at this time a bailiff and his followers, in search of the author for the non-payment of some debt.

The Guls Horne-booke, 1609, B. L. 4to.

This is unquestionably the most entertaining,

and, exclusive of his plays, perhaps the best of Dekker's numerous works in verse and prose. It is full of lively descriptions of the manners of the beginning of the reign of James I., including accounts of, or allusions to, most of the popular and fashionable amusements. The work is entirely prose, and is divided into eight chapters, which are introduced by a *Proemium*.

A writer, already quoted, has well summed up the character and career of Dekker in these words :—

“ A man whose inborn sweetness and gleefulness of soul carried him through vexations and miseries which would have crushed a spirit less hopeful, cheerful, and humane. He was probably born about the year 1575 ; commenced his career as player and playwright before 1598 ; and for forty years was an author by profession, that is, was occupied in fighting famine with his pen. The first intelligence we have of him is characteristic of his whole life. It is from Henslowe's Diary, under date of February, 1598 : ‘ Lent unto the company, to discharge Mr. Decker out of the counter in the powltry, the sum of 40 shillings.’ Oldys tells us that ‘ he was in King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616 ;’ and the antiquary adds ominously, ‘ how much longer I know not.’ Indeed, Dr. Johnson's celebrated condensation of the scholar's life would stand for a biography of Dekker :—

‘ Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail’

“ This forced familiarity with poverty and distress does not seem to have embittered his feelings or weakened the

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force and elasticity of his mind. He turned his calamities into commodities. If indigence threw him into the society of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, he made the knowledge of low life he thus obtained serve his purpose as dramatist or pamphleteer. Whatever may have been the effect of his vagabond habits on his principles, they did not stain the sweetness and purity of his sentiments. There is an innocence in his very coarseness, and a brisk, bright good-nature chirps in his very scurrility. In the midst of distresses of all kinds, he seems, like his own Fortunatus, 'all felicity up to the brims;' but that his content with Fortune is not owing to an unthinking ignorance of her caprice and injustice is proved by the words he puts into her mouth." (27)

It is a sad story of genius allied to misfortune; of a man of the rarest gifts and insight, whom the iron tyranny of circumstance prevented from being wise for himself. Even the guerdon of Fame—that fallacious consolation and hope of the disappointed—seemed as if it were to evade him. The renewed impulse towards the study of our earlier poets has at last awakened a long-slumbering curiosity; but more than two centuries were to elapse after Thomas Dekker was laid in his grave before his immortal contributions to the English drama were destined to be placed within the reach of general readers.

27 *Atlantic Monthly*, 1867. § *Minor Elizabethan Dramatists*.

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The text has been reprinted *verbatim et literatim* from the original editions ; the spelling and punctuation, and even the character of the type as far as possible, have been preserved. A few Notes and Illustrations (elucidative of difficult passages, and embodying the researches of Malone, Steevens, Reed, Collier, Dilke, Gifford, Fairholt, Dyce, and others) have been added to each volume ; but the bickerings of rival editors have been carefully eliminated. Only a few of the notes are entirely original, but those borrowed from the sources above indicated, have in many cases been considerably altered, corrected, abridged, or amplified. This general acknowledgment will doubtless be deemed sufficient.



THE
SHOMAKERS
Holiday.

OR

The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent
Maiestie on New-yeares day at night last, by
the right honourable the Earle of Notingham,
Lord high Admirall of England, his seruants.



Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of Adling
hill, neere Bainards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.

1600.

[There are three later editions of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* published in Dekker's lifetime, bearing date 1610, 1618, and 1631 respectively. The present text has been formed by a careful collation of these with the first edition. Some of the verbal differences are indicated in footnotes.]



To all good Fellowes, Professors of
the Gentle Craft; of what degree
foeuer.

Kinde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merrie conceited Comedie, called, *the Shoemakers Holyday*, acted by my Lorde Admiralls Players this present Christmasse, before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted; being indeede no way offensiue. The Argument of the play I will set downe in this Epistle: Sir *Hugh Lacie* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a yong Gentleman of his owne name, his nere kinsman, that loued the Lorde Maiors daughter of London; to preuent and croffe which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a companie into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Symon Eyre* in Tower streete, who serued the Maior and his household with shooes. The merri-ments that passed in Eyres house, his comming to be Maior of *London*, *Lacies* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three-mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life; which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.

Farewell.



The first Three-mans

Song.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolicke, fo gay, and fo greene, fo greene, fo greene :
O and then did I vnto my true loue fay,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.

Now the Nightingale, the prettie Nightingale,
The sweetest finger in all the Forrest quier :
Intreates thee sweete Peggie, to heare thy true lous tale,
Loe, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O I spie the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth, come away my ioy :
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggie and I kisse and toy.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolike, fo gay, and fo greene, fo greene, fo greene :
And then did I, vnto my true loue fay,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.





The second Three-mans

Song.

This is to be fung at the latter end.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speede :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helps good hearts in neede.

Trowle the boll, the iolly Nut-browne boll,
And here kind mate to thee :
Let's fing a dirge for Saint Hughes soule,
And downe it merrily.

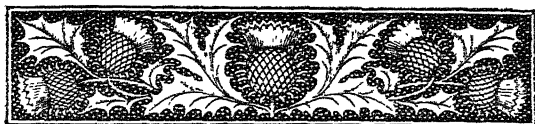
Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
Hey derie derie down a down, Clofe with the tenor
boy :
Ho well done, to me let come,
Ring compaffe gentle ioy.

Trowle the boll, the Nut-browne boll,
And here kind, &c. *as often as there be men to drinke.*

At last when all haue drunke, this verse.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speede :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helps good hearts in neede.





The Prologue as it was pronounced
before the Queenes
Maieftie.

AS wretches in a storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast vp to heauen,
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquerd hopes,
So we (deere Goddesse) wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassalls (through mistrust and feare,
To sincke into the bottome of disgrace,
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sailes of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no help can bring,
But needes must perishe, if your saint-like eares
(Locking the temple where all mercy fits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
Oh graunt (bright mirror of true Chastitie)
From those life-breathing starres your sun-like Eyes,
One gracious smile : for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.





A pleasant Comedie of
the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

MY Lord Maior, you haue fundrie times
Feasted my felfe, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome, or neuer can we be so kind,
To make requitall of your curtesie :
But leauing this, I heare my cofen Lacie
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and she loues him
so wel,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

Lincol. Why my lord Maior, think you it then a
shame,

To ioyne a Lacie with an Otleys name?

L. Maior. Too meane is my poore girle for his high
birth,

Poore Cittizens must not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in filkes, and gay apparrell spend
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour neede not doubt my girle.

Lincolne. Take heede my Lord, aduise you what
you do,

A verier vnthrif liues not in the world,
Then is my cofen, for Ile tel you what,

Tis now almost a yeare since he requested
 To trauell countries for experience,
 I furnisht him with coyne, billes of exchange,
 Letters of credite, men to waite on him,
 Solicited my friends in Italie
 Well to respect him : but to see the end :
 Scant had he iorned through halfe Germanie,
 But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
 His billes imbezeld, and my iolly coze,
 Asham'd to shew his bankrupt preface here,
 Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberg,
 A goodly science for a gentleman
 Of such discent : now iudge the rest by this.
 Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
 He did confume me more in one halfe yeare,
 And make him heyre to all the wealth you haue,
 One twelue moneth's rioting wil waste it all,
 Then seeke (my Lord) some honest Cittizen
 To wed your daughter to.

L. Maior. I thanke your Lordship,
 Wel Foxe, I vnderstand your subtiltie,
 As for your nephew, let your lordships eie
 But watch his actions, and you neede not feare,
 For I haue my daughter farre enough,
 And yet your cofen Rowland might do well
 Now he hath learn'd an occupation,
 And yet I scorne to call him sonne in law.

Lincolne. I but I haue a better trade for him,
 I thanke his grace he hath appointed him,
 Chiefe colonell of all those companies
 Mustred in London, and the shires about,
 To serue his highnesse in those warres of France :
 See where he comes : Louel what newes with you ?

Enter Louell, Lacie, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his highnesse
 will,
 That presently your cofen ship for France
 With all his powers, he would not for a million,

the Gentle Craft.

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But they should land at Deepe within foure daies.

Linc. Goe certifie his grace it shall be done :

Exit Louell.

Now cofen Lacie, in what forwardnesse

Are all your companies ?

Lacie. All wel prepar'd,

The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,

Suffolke, and Effex, traine in Tuttle fields,

The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,

All gallantly prepar'd in Finfbury,

With frolike spirits, long for their parting houre.

L. Maior. They haue their imprest, coates, and
furniture,

And if it please your cofen Lacie come

To the Guild Hall, he shall receiue his pay,

And twentie pounds besides my brethren

Will freely giue him, to approue our loues

We beare vnto my Lord your vnclie here.

Lacie. I thanke your honour.

Lincoln. Thanks my good Lord Maior.

L. Ma. At the Guild Hal we wil expect your
comming. *Exit.*

Lincolne. To approue your loues to me? no
subtiltie

Nephew : that twentie pound he doth bestow,

For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rose :

But cofens both, now here are none but friends,

I would not haue you cast an amorous eie

Upon so meane a proiect, as the loue

Of a gay wanton painted cittizen,

I know this churle, euen in the height of scorne,

Doth hate the mixture of his bloud with thine,

I pray thee do thou so, remember coze,

What honourable fortunes wayt on thee,

Increase the kings loue which so brightly shines,

And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heire but thee :

And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,

Thou start from the true byas of my loue.

Lacie. My Lord, I will (for honor (not desire

Of lands or liuings) or to be your heire)
 So guide my actions in purfuit of France,
 As shall adde glorie to the Lacies name.

Lincolne Coze, for thofe words heres thirtie Portugues,

And Nephew Askew, there's a few for you,
 Faire Honour in her loftieft eminence
 Staies in France for you till you fetch her thence,
 Then Nephewes, clap fwift wings on your diffignes,
 Be gone, be gone, make hafte to the Guild Hall,
 There prefently Ile meete you, do not flay,
 Where honour becomes, fhame attends delay. *Exit.*

Askew. How gladly would your vncl e haue you gone?

Lacie. True coze, but Ile ore-reach his policies,
 I haue fome ferious bufineffe for three dayes,
 Which nothing but my prefence can difpatch,
 You therefore cofen with the companies
 Shall hafte to Douer, there Ile meete with you,
 Or if I flay pafte my prefixed time,
 Away for France, wee le meete in Normandie,
 The twentie pounds my Lord Maior giues to me
 You fhall receiue, and thefe ten portugues,
 Part of mine vncl es thirtie, gentle coze,
 Haue care to our great charge, I know your wifedome
 Hath tride it felfe in higher confequence.

Askew. Coze, al my felfe am yours, yet haue this care,

To lodge in London with al fecrefie,
 Our vncl e Lincolne hath (befides his owne)
 Many a iealous eie, that in your face
 Stares onely to watch meanes for your difgrace.

Lacie. Stay cofen, who be thefe?

Enter Symon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, & Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leaue whining, leaue whining, away with

this whimpering, this pewling, these blubbring teares, and these wet eies, Ile get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee sweete Jane: go to.

Hodge. Master, here be the captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, husht ye knaue, husht.

Firke. Here be the caualiers, and the coronels, maister.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by with your pishery pasherie, away, I am a man of the best prefence, Ile speake to them and they were Popes, gentlemen, captaines, colonels, commanders: braue men, braue leaders, may it please you to giue me audience, I am Simon Eyre, the mad Shoomaker of Tower streete, this wench with the mealy mouth that wil neuer tire, is my wife I can tel you, heres Hodge my man, and my foreman, heres Firke my fine firking iourney-man, and this is blubbered Jane, al we come to be futers for this honest Rafe keepe him at home, and as I am a true shoomaker, and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs your self, and Ile find ye bootes these feuen yeeres.

Wife. Seuen yeares husband?

Eyre. Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I do, peace.

Firke. Truly maister cormorant, you shal do God good seruice to let Rafe and his wife stay together, shees a yong new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you undoo her, she may beg in the day time, for hees as good a workman at a pricke and awle, as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shal be vndone.

Firke. I truly, she shal be laid at one side like a paire of old shooes else, and be occupied for no vse.

Lacie. Truly my friends, it lies not in my power, The Londoners are prest, paide, and fet forth By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a corporall, as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tel you true, I thinke you doe more then you

can anfwere, to preſſe a man within a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Wel ſaid melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine foreman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were il done, for ſuch as you, to ſtand ſo ſtiffely againſt a poore yong wife : conſidering her caſe, ſhe is newly married, but let that paſſe : I pray deale not roughly with her, her huſband is a yong man and but newly entred, but let that paſſe.

Eyre. Away with your piſherie paſherie, your pols and your edipolls, peace Midaffe, ſilence Ciſly Bum-trincket, let your head ſpeake.

Firke. Yea and the hornes too, maſter.

Eyre. Too ſoone, my fine Firk, too ſoone : peace ſcoundrels, ſee you this man ? Captaines, you will not releaſe him, wel let him go, he is a proper ſhot, let him vaniſh, peace Jane, drie vp thy teares, theile make his powder dankiſh, take him braue men, Hector of Troy was a hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant ſcoundrelles, Prince Arthurs Round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed ſuch a tall, ſuch a dapper ſwordman : by the life of Pharo, a braue reſolute ſwordman, peace Jane, I ſay no more, mad knaues.

Firke. See, ſee Hodge, how my maſter raues in commendation of Raſe.

Hodge. Raph, thou'rt a gull by this hand, an thou goeſt not.

Askew. I am glad (good maſter Eyre) it is my hap To meete ſo reſolute a fouldiour.

Truſt me, for your report, and loue to him,
A common ſlight regard ſhall not reſpect him.

Lacie. Is thy name Raph ?

Raph. Yes fir.

Lacie. Giue me thy hand,
Thou ſhalt not want, as I am a gentleman :
Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) wil ſend
Thy huſband ſafe againe, but he muſt go,

His countries quarrel faves, it shall be so.

Hodge. Thart a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not goe, I wil not haue thee strike thy gimblet into these weake vessels, pricke thine enemies Rafe.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, your vncl on the Tower hill,
Stayes with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with al speede you may
To hasten thither. *Exit Dodger.*

Askew. Cofin, come let vs go.

Lacy. *Dodger*, runne you before, tel them we come,
This *Dodger* is mine uncles parasite,
The arrantst varlet that e're breathd on earth,
He fets more discord in a noble house,
By one daies broching of his pick-thanke tales,
Then can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,
And he (I feare) shall go with vs to France,
To prie into our actions.

Askew. Therefore coze,
It shall behooue you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Feare not good cofen : Raph, hie to your colours.

Raph. I must, because there is no remedie,
But gentle maister and my louing dame,
As you haue alwaies beene a friend to me,
So in mine absence thinke vpon my wife.

Jane. Alas my Raph.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groates, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave souldier, goe thy waies Raph.

Jane. I I, you bid him go, what shal I do when he is gone?

Firk. Why be doing with me, or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white hand, these prettie fingers must spin, must card, must worke, worke you bombast cotten-candle-

queane, worke for your liuing with a pox to you : hold thee Raph, heres fiue sixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the *Gentle Craft*, for the gentlemen Shoemakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fleetstreete, Towerstreete, and white Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a poxe on them, cracke them, fight, by the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's three two pences, two carry into France, the third shal wash our soules at parting (for sorrow is drie) for my sake, Firke the *Bafa mon cues*.

Hodge. Raph, I am heauy at parting, but heres a shilling for thee, God fend thee to cramme thy flosps with French crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke you maister, and I thanke you all : Now gentle wife, my louing louely Jane, Rich men at parting, giue their wiues rich gifts, Jewels and rings, to grace their lillie hands, Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens heeles :

Here take this paire of shooes cut out by Hodge,
Sticht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Made vp and pinckt, with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deere Jane, for thy husbands sake,
And euerie morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Make much of them, for I haue made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound drumme, enter Lord Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and fouldiers, They passe ouer the stage, Rafe fallies in amongest them, Firke and the rest cry farewell, &c. and so Exeunt.

Enter Rose alone making a Garland.

Rose. Here sit thou downe vpon this flowry banke,
And make a garland for thy *Lacies* head,

These pinkes, these rofes, and these violets,
These blufhing gilliflowers, these marigoldes,
The faire embroidery of his coronet,
Carry not halfe fuch beauty in their cheekes,
As the fweete countnaunce of my *Lacy* doth.
O my moft vnkinde father ! O my ftarres !
Why lowrde you fo at my natiuity,
To make me loue, yet liue robd of my loue ?
Here as a theefe am I imprifoned
(For my deere *Lacies* fake) within thofe walles,
Which by my fathers coft were builded vp
For better purpofes : here muft I languifh
For him that doth as much lament (I know)
Mine abfence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sibil.

Sibil. Good morrow yong Miftris, I am fure you
make that garland for me, againft I fhall be Lady of
the Harueft.

Rofe. *Sibil*, what news at London ?

Sibil. None but good : my lord Mayor your
father, and maifter *Philpot* your vncke, and maifter
Scot your coofin, and miftris *Frigbottom* by Doctors
Commons, doe all (by my troth) fend you moft hearty
commendations.

Rofe. Did *Lacy* fend kind greetings to his loue ?

Sibil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I fcant
knew him, here a wore a fcarffe, and here a fcarffe, here
a bunch of fethers, and here pretious ftones and
iewells, and a paire of garters : O monftrous ! like one
of our yellow filke curtains, at home here in Old-ford
houfe, here in maifter *Bellymounts* chamber, I floode
at our doore in Cornehill, lookt at him, he at me
indeed, fpake to him, but he not to me, not a word,
mary gup thought I with a wanion, he pafft by me as
prowde, mary foh, are you growne humorous thought
I ? and fo fhut the doore, and in I came.

Rofe. O *Sibill*, how doft thou my *Lacy* wrong ?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

No doue was euer halfe so milde as he.

Sibil. Milde? yea, as a bushel of stampd crabs, he lookt vpon me as fowre as veriuce: goe thy wayes thought I, thou maist be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather stockes: this is your fault mistris, to loue him that loues not you, he thinkes scome to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, Ide cry, go by *Ieronimo*, go by, Ide fet mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hares foot against the goose giblets, for if euer I figh when sleepe I should take, pray God I may loofe my mayden-head when I wake.

Rose. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibill. I knowe not that, but I am sure I see him stalke before the fouldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him goe snicke-vp yong mistris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly, Whether my *Lacy* go to France, or no: Do this, and I wil giue thee for thy paines, My cambricke apron, and my romish gloues, My purple stockings, and a stomacher, Say, wilt thou do this *Sibil* for my sake?

Sibil. Will I quoth a? at whose suite? by my troth yes, Ile go, a cambricke apron, gloues, and a paire of purple stockings, and a stomacher, Ile sweat in purple mistris for you, ile take any thing that comes a Gods name, O rich, a Cambricke apron; faith then haue at vp tailes all, Ile go, Jiggy, Joggy to London, and be here in a trice yong Mistris. *Exit.*

Rose. Do so good Sibill, meane time wretched I Will fit and figh for his lost companie. *Exit.*

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue gods and kings deuifde,
Thereby to compasse their desired loues?
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,

To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That thus disguisde, I may vnknowne possesse,
The onely happie prefence of my Rose :
For her haue I forlooke my charge in France,
Incurd the kings displeasure, and stir'd vp
Rough hatred in mine vncke Lincolnes brest :
O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change
High birth to basenesse, and a noble mind,
To the meane semblance of a shoemaker :
But thus it must be, for her cruell father,
Hating the single vnion of our soules,
Hath secretly conueyd my Rose from London,
To barre me of her prefence, but I trust
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beautie, gaine her fight,
Here in Towerstreete with Eyre the shoemaker,
Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade,
I learn't it when I was at Wittenberge :
Then cheere thy hoping sprites, be not dismaide,
Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. *Exit.*

Enter Eyre making himselfe readie.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these drabbes, these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewiffe of my boutie, and licke vp the crums of my table, yet wil not rise to see my walkes cleansed : come out you powder-beefe-queanes, what Nan, what Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fatte Midriffe-fwag-belly whores, and sweepe me these kennels, that the noysome stench offende not the nose of my neighbours : (1) what Firke I say, what Hodge ? open my shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter Firke.

Firke. O Master, ist you that speake bandog and

(1) The later Editions read "that the noysome filth offend not the noses of neighbors."

Bedlam this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man was got into the street so earely, haue you drunk this morning that your throat is so cleere?

Eyre. Ah well said *Firke*, well said *Firke*, to worke my fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eate it, good Master fend for a Soufe-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away flouen, auant fscoundrell, good morrow *Hodge*, good morrow my fine Fore-man.

Hodge. O Master, good morrow, y'are an earely stirrer, heere's a faire morning, good morrow *Firke*, I could haue slept this houre, heer's a braue day towards.

Eyre. O hast to worke my fine Fore-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Master, I am drie as dufl to heare my fellow *Roger* talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for braue daies, wee worke in a drie shoppe, what care I if it raine?

Enter Eyres wife.

Eyre. How now dame *Margerie*, can you see to rise? trip and go, call up the drabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope tis time enough, tis early enough for any Woman to bee seene abroad, I maruell how many wiues in Tower street are vp so soone: Gods me tis not noone, heeres a yawling.

Eyre. Peace *Margerie*, peace, wher's *Cifty Bum-trinket* your maid? shee hath a priue fault, shee farts in her sleepe, call the queane vp, if my men want shooe threed, Ile swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a drie beating, heere's still a signe of drought.

Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelder-
land, Frolick si byen,
He was als dronke he cold nyet stand,
by solce se byen,
Cap eens de canneken drinck schone
mannekin.

Firke. Maister, for my life yonders a brother of
the Gentle Craft, if hee beare not Saint *Hughes* bones
He forfeit my bones, hee's some vplandish workeman,
hire him good maister, that I may learne some gibble
gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, a hard world, let him passe, let
him vanish, we haue iournymen enow, peace my fine
Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans coun-
cell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not
men enow, but wee must entertaine euery butterboxe ;
but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my maister follow your
counsell hee'le consume little beefe, he shall be glad
of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afore God a proper man, and I warrant a
fine workeman : Maister farewell, dame adue, if such a
man as he cannot find worke, *Hodge* is not for you.

Offer to goe.

Eyre. Stay my fine *Hodge*.

Firke. Faith and your foreman goe, dame you must
take a iourney to seeke a new iourneyman, if *Roger* re-
moue, *Firke* followes, if Saint *Hughes* bones shall not
be set a worke, I may pricke mine awle in the wals,
and goe play : fare ye wel maister, God buy dame.

Eyre. Tarrie my fine *Hodge*, my briiske foreman,
stay *Firke* peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Lud-
gate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallimaufrey,

Hodge if hee want worke Ile hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach meester, ende b bro oak.

Firke. Nailes if I should speake after him without drinking, I should choake, and you friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Paw, paw, ich beene den shoemaker.

Firke. Den shoemaker quoth a, and hearke you shoemaker, haue you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good flopper, a good dresser, your foure forts of Aules, and your two balles of waxe, your paring knife, your hand and thum-leathers, and good Saint *Hughes* bones to smoothe vp your worke.

Lacy. Paw, paw, bee niet bor beard, ik hab all de dīngen, bour mack chooes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him, heele make me laugh so that I shall worke more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heere you friend, haue you any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ick weet niet wat you seg ich verstaen you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ick verste v niet, quoth a.

Lacy. Paw, paw, paw, ick can dat well doen.

Firke. Yaw, yaw, he speakes yawing like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheefe curdes, O heele giue a villanous pull at a can of double beere, but *Hodge* and I haue the vantage, wee must drinke first, because wee are the eldest Iourneymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. *Hans, Hans, Meulter.*

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome, *Hodge*, entertaine him, *Firke* bid him welcome, come *Hans*, run wife, bid your maids, your trulli-bubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him *Hodge*.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellowes, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Gyant.

Firke. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou *Gargantua*, my master keeps no Cowards, I tell thee: hoe, boy, bring him an heele-blocke, heers a new iourneyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. ③ ich wersto you, ich moet een halbe dossen Cans betalen: here boy nempt dis skilling, tap eens freelicke.

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away *Firke*, scowre thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castillian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come my last of the fues, give mee a Can, haue to thee *Hans*, here *Hodge*, here *Firke*, drinke you mad Greekes, and worke like true Troyans, and pray for *Simon Eyre* the Shoomaker, heere *Hans* and th'art welcome.

Firke. Lo dame, you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach vs to laugh, this beere came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost feuen.

Eyre. Ist so dame clapper dudgeon, ist feuen a clocke, and my mens breakfast not readie? trip and go you sowlst cunger, away, come you madde Hiperbo-reans, follow me *Hodge*, follow me *Hans*, come after

my fine *Firke*, to worke, to worke a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firke. Soft, yaw, yaw, good *Hans*, though my maſter haue no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not ſo fooliſh to go behind you, I being the elder iourneymen. *Exeunt.*

Hollowing within. Enter Warner and Hammon, like hunters.

Hammon. Coſen beate euery brake, the game's not farre,
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilſt the purſuing hounds ſenting his ſleps,
Find out his high way to deſtruction.
Beſides, the Millers boy told me euen now,
He ſaw him take foile and he hallowed him :
Affirming him ſo emboſt,
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be ſo,
Tis beſt we trace theſe meddowes by Old-Ford.

A noiſe of hunters within, enter a boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Deere ?
ſpeak, ſawſt thou him ?

Boy. O yea, I ſaw him leape through a hedge, and then ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Maiors pale ouer he ſkipt mee, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honeſtie.

Ham. Boy God a mercie, Coſen lets away,
I hope we ſhall find better ſport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Roſe and Sibill.

Roſe. Why *Sibill*, wilt thou proue a Forreſter?

Sibill. Upon ſome no. Forreſter go by : no faith miſtris, the Deere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard and ouer the pale, I wot well, I look't as pale as a new cheefe to ſee him, but whip ſaies goodman Pincloſe, vp with his flaile, and our *Nicke*

with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth wee had such sport. and in the end we ended him, his throat wee cut, flead him, vnhorned him, and my Lord Maior shall eate of him anon when he comes.

Hornes found within.

Rofe. Hearn, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take heed,
They'l haue a faying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntfmen, and boy.

Ham. God faue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies, O groffe !

War. Came not a Bucke this way ?

Rofe. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they ? faith wee'l hunt at thofe.

Sibill. At thofe ? vpon fome no : when, can you tell ?

War. Vpon fome, I.

Sibill. Good Lord !

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he ?

Boy. This way fir he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Miftris *Rofe*,
Our game was lately in your orchard feene.

War. Can you aduife which way he tooke his flight ?

Sibill. Follow your nofe, his hornes will guide you right.

War. Th'art a mad wench.

Sibill. O rich !

Rofe. Trust me, not I,

It is not like that the wild forreft deere,
Would come fo neere to places of refort,
You are deceiud, he fled fome other way.

War. Which way my fugar-candy, can you fhew ?

Sibill. Come vp good honnifops, vpon fome, no.

Rofe. Why do you flay and not purfue your game?

Sibill. Ile hold my life their hunting nags be lame.

Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.

Rofe. But not the Deere (fir) which you had in chace.

Ham. I chac'd the deere, but this deere chafeth me.

Rofe. The strangeft hunting that euer I fee,
But where's your parke?

She offers to go away.

Ham. Tis here : O flay.

Rofe. Impale me, and then I will not flay.

War. They wrangle wench, we are more kind than they.

Sibill. What kind of heart is that (deere heart) you feeke?

War. A Hart, deere heart.

Sibill. Who euer faw the like?

Rofe. To lofe your heart, is't poffible you can?

Ham. My heart is loft.

Rofe. Alacke good Gentleman.

Ham. This poore loft heart would I wifh you might find.

Rofe. You by fuch luck might proue your heart a hind.

Ham. Why Lucke had hornes, fo haue I heard fome fay?

Rofe. Now God and't be his will fend luck into your way.

Enter L. Maior, and feruants.

L. Ma. What M. Hammon, welcome to Old Ford.

Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off fir, heeres my Lord.

L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

Ham. Tis true my Lord.

L. Ma. I am forrie for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. Y^eare welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Untill you haue refresht your wearied limbes.

Go Sibill couer the boord, you shall be guest

To no good cheere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship : coufen, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall find a wife. *Exeunt.*

L. Ma. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long.

This *Hammon* is a proper gentleman,

A citizen by birth, fairely allide,

How fit a husband were he for my girle?

Well, I will in, and do the best I can,

To match my daughter with this gentleman. *Exit.*

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Eck sal polw wat seggen Hans,
dis skip dat comen from Candy is alwol,
by gots sacrament, van sugar, ciuet, al-
monds, Cambrirke, end alle dingen to-
land tomland ding, nempt it Hans,
nempt it bor b meester, daer be bils van
laden, pour meester Symon Eyre sal hae
good copen, wat seggen polw Hans?

Firke. What seggen de reggen de copen, flopen,
laugh *Hodge* laugh.

Lacie. Mine lieuer broder *Firke*,
bringt meester *Eyre* lot det signe vn

Swannikin, dare sal you finde dis Skipper end me, wat seggen yow broder *Firke*? doot it *Hodge* come Skipper.

Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, heeres no knauerie, to bring my maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable *Hodge*.

Hod. The truth is *Firke*, that the Marchant owner of the Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that deales for him, for the loue he beares to *Hans*, offers my master *Eyre* a bargaine in the commodities, he shal haue a reasonabable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow *Hans* lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hod. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be
Firke,
hark, they gingle in my pocket like *S. Mary Querius* bells.

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firk. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Master, sheele scold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but al's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing fir sauce, but I beshrew your heart, I feare for this your singing we shall sinart.

Firk. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hod. Master, I hope yowle not suffer my Dame to take downe your Journeyemen.

Firk. If she take me downe, Ile take her vp, yea and take her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, not I *Hodge*, by the life of *Pharao*, by the Lord of *Ludgate*, by this beard, euery haire whereof I value at a Kings ranfome, she shall not meddle with you, peace you bumbast-cotten-candle

qucane, away Qucenc of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine *Firke*, ile firke you if you do.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may vse me as you please : but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away : peace, am I not *Simon Eyre* ? are not these my braue men ? braue Shoormakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft ? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Shoormaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchin stuffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, tis well, I must be cald rubbish, kitchin-stuffe, for a fort of knaues.

Firke. Nay dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woe for me : master Ile stay no longer, heere's a vennentorie of my shop tooles : adue master, *Hodge* farewell.

Hodge. Nay stay *Firke*, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than *Hodge*, and more fooles than *Firke*.

Firke. Fooles ? nailes if I tarrie now, I would my guts might be turned to shoo-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turnd to a Turk, and set in Finsburie for boyes to shoot at : come *Firke*.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession, What, shall a tittle tattles words make you forsake *Simon Eyre* ? auaunt Kitchin-stuffe, rippe you browne bread tannikin, out of my sight, moue mee not, haue not I tane you from felling Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and made you haile fellow with *Simon Eyre* the Shoormaker ? and now doe you deale thus with my Journey-men ? Looke you powder-beefe queane on the face of *Hodge* : heeres a face for a Lord.

Firke. And heere's a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, auaunt boy, bid the Tapf-

ter of the Bores head fill me a doozen Cannes of beere for my iourneymen.

Firke. A doozen Cans? O braue, *Hodge* now Ile stay.

Eyre. And the knaue fils any more than two, hee payes for them : a doozen Cans of beere for my Journemen, heere you mad *Mesopotamians*, wash your liuers with this liquour, where bee the odde ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink & to work : what work dost thou *Hodge*? what work?

Hod. I am a making a paire of shooes for my Lord Maiors daughter, mistresse *Rofe*.

Firke. And I a paire of shooes for *Sibill* my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. *Sibill*? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of Kitchin stufse, and bawling laddes, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling, put grosse worke to *Hans*: yarke and seame : yarke and seame.

Firke. For yarking and seaming let me alone, & I come toot.

Hod. Well master all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Shippe my fellow *Hans* told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you goe through with it, you cannot choose but be a Lord at least.

Firke. Nay dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Yea like enough, if you may loyter and tittle thus.

Firke. Tittle Dame? no we haue beene bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag : can you Dutch speake, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Aldermans gowne, Eyre puts it on.

Eyr. Peace *Firke*, silence tittle tattle : *Hodge*, ile go

through with it, heers a seale ring, and I haue sent for a'garded gown and a damafke casocke, see where it comes, looke heere Maggy, helpe me *Firk*, apparrell me *Hodge*, filke and fatten you mad Philistines, filke and fatten.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damafke and veluet.

Eyr. Softly *Firke*, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread-beare my garments : how dost thou like mee *Firke*? how do I looke my fine *Hodge*?

Hod. Why now you looke like your selfe master, I warrant you, ther's few in the citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right worshipfull.

Firk. Nailes my master lookes like a thread-beare cloake new turn'd, and drest : Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth ? dame, dame, are you not enamoured ?

Eyr. How saist thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine ?

Wife. Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine : by my troth I neuer likt thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that passe, I warrant there bee many women in the citie haue not such handsome husbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that passe too.

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it mester, nempt it.

Eyr. God a mercy *Hans*, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of marchandize?

Skip. De skip beene in rouere : dor be van fugar, ciuit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towfand towfand tings, gots sacrament, nempt it mester, yo sal heb good copen.

Firk. To him maister, O sweet maister, O sweet wares, Prunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret roots,

Turnips, O braue fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your self.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, come Skipper, Ile goe aboard with you, *Hans* haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come *Hans* follow me : Skipper thou shalt haue my countenance in the citie. *Exeunt.*

Firke. Yaw heb veale ge drunke, quoth a : they may well be called butter-boxes, when they drinke fat veale, and thicke beere too : but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no more.

Wife. No faith *Firke*, no perdy *Hodge*, I do feele honour creepe vpon me, and which is more, a certaine rising in my flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh do you feele say you ? I you may be with child, but why should not my master feele a rising in his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such a shrew, youle soone pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethee peace, thou makst my worship laugh, but let that passe : come ile goe in *Hodge*, prethee goe before me, *Firke* follow me.

Firke. *Firke* doth follow, *Hodge* passe out in state.

Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lincoln. How now good *Dodger*, whats the newces in France ?

Dodg. My Lord, vpon the eighteenth day of May, The French and English were prepared to fight, Each side with eager furie gaue the signe Of a most hot encounter, fise long houres Both armies fought together : at the length, The lot of victorie fell on our sides, Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide, Four thousand English, and no man of name, But Captaine *Hyam*, and young *Ardington*, Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But *Dodger*, prethee tell me in this fight,

How did my cozen *Lacy* beare himfelfe ?

Dod. My Lord, your cozen *Lacy* was not there.

Lin. Not there ?

Dod. No, my good Lord.

Lin. Sure thou miftakeft,

I faw him flipt, and a thoufand eyes befide
Were witneffe of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adew :
Dodger take heed.

Dodg. My Lord I am aduifde
That what I fpeake is true ; to proue it fo,
His cozen *Askew* that fupplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that fecretly
He might conuey himfelfe hither.

Lin. Ift euen fo,
Dares he fo careleffeely venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King ?
Hath he defpif'd my loue, and fpurn'd thofe fauours
Which I with prodigall hand powr'd on his head ?
He fhall repent his rafhneffe with his foule,
Since of my loue he makes no eftimate,
He make him with he had not knowne my hate,
Thou haft no other newes ?

Dodg. None elfe, my Lord.

Lin. None worfe I know thou haft : procure the
King

To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours,
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dasht ? but tis in vaine to grieue,
One euill cannot a worfe releuee :
Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that fawnd vpon him fo,
Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheekt *Rofe*,
The Lord Maiors daughter hath diftracted him.
And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himfelfe, confum'd his credit,
Loft the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife :
Dodger, it is fo.

Dodg. I feare so, my good Lord.

Linco. It is so, nay fure it cannot be.

I am at my wits end *Dodger*.

Dodg. Yea my Lord.

Len. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes
haunts,

Spend this gold for thy paines, go seeke him out,

Watch at my Lord Maiors, there (if he liue)

Dodger, thou shalt be fure to meet with him :

Prethee be diligent. *Lacy*, thy name

Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame :

Be circumspect.

Exit.

Dod. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master *Scot*, I haue beene bold with
you,

To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,

Betwixt young master *Hammon* and my daughter.

O stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so

No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,

Apparant likelyhoods of flatterie,

Pray now let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistres *Rose*,

Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue

Of my affection, whose deuoted soule

Swears that I loue thee deerer than my heart.

Rose. As deere as your owne heart ? I iudge it
right.

Men loue their hearts best when th' are out of sight.

Ham. I loue you by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now :

If flesh be fraile, how weak and frail's your vow ?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then do not brawle,
One quarrell looseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus ?

Ham. In faith you iest.

Rose. Loue loues to sport, therefore leaue loue
yare best.

L. Ma. What ? square they master *Scot* ?

Scot. Sir, never doubt,
Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet *Rose*, be not so strange in fansying
me,

Nay neuer turne aside, shun not my fight,
I am not growne so fond, to fond my loue,
On any that shall quit it with disdaine,
If you will loue me, so : if not, farewell.

L. Ma. Why how now louers, are you both
agreed ?

Ham. Yes faith my Lord.

L. Ma. Tis well, giue me your hand, give me yours
daughter.

How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, Girle ?

Rose. I meane to liue a maide.

Ham. But not to die one, pawse ere that be said.

L. Ma. Will you still crosse me ? still be obsti-
nate ?

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can liue an happie virgins life,
Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband, tis not you.

L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. *Hammon*
know,

I bade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you haue me pule, and pine,
and pray,

With louely Lady mistris of my heart,
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Rayling on *Cupid*, and his tyrants dart ?

Or shall I vndertake some martiall spoile,
Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhorſe,
Sweet, will this pleaſure you ?

Rofe. Yes, when wilt begin ?
What loue-rimes man ? fie on that deadly ſinne.

L. Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agree.

Ham. Enforced loue is worſe than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps ſhop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I ſeeke,
I haue enough, and will prefer her loue
Before the world : my good Lord Maior adew,
Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new. *Exit.*

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behau'd
your ſelfe.

But you ſhall curſe your coyneffe if I liue :
Who's within there ? fee you conuey your miſtris
Straight to th' old Ford, Ile keepe you ſtraite enough,
Fore God I would haue ſworne the puling girle
Would willingly accepted *Hammons* loue ;
But baniſh him my thoughts, go minion in.

Exit Roſe.

Now tell me maſter *Scot*, would you haue thought
That maſter *Symon Eyre* the Shoemaker
Had bene of wealth to buy ſuch merchandize ?

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my
ſelfe,

Grew partners with him, for your billes of lading
Shew that *Eyres* gaine in one commoditie
Riſe at the leaſt to full three thouſand pound,
Beſides like gaine in other merchandize.

L. Ma. Well, he ſhall ſpend ſome of his thouſands
now.

For I haue ſent for him to the Guild Hall,

Enter Eyre.

See where he comes : good morrow maſter *Eyre*.

Eyre. Poore *Simon Eyre*, my Lord, your ſhoemaker.

L. Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you fo,

Enter Dodger.

Now *M. Dodger*, whats the newes with you ?

Dodg. Ide gladly speake in priuate to your Honor.

L. Ma. You shall, you shall : master *Eyre*, and *M. Scot*,

I haue some bufinesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreat you to walke before
To the Guild hall, Ile follow presently,
Maister *Eyre*, I hope ere noone to call you Sherife.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might
call me king of Spaine, come master *Scot*.

L. Ma. Now master *Dodger*, what's the newes you
bring ?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your
Lordship,

And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his nephew *Lacy* keepes.

L. Ma. Is not his nephew *Lacy* now in France ?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguif'd
Lurkes here in London.

L. Ma. London ? ist euen so ?

It may be ; but vpon my faith and foule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne : lurke in London ?
Well master *Dodger*, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
Ile giue you a dozen angells for your paines,
So much I loue his honor, hate his nephew,
And prethee so informe thy Lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leaue. *Exit Dodger.*

L. Ma. Farewell good master *Dodger*.

Lacie in London ? I dare pawne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Maister *Hammon* in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Forde,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my Brethren stay my companie. (2) *Exit.*

(2) lacke my companie. 1631.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans and Roger.

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me *Roger.* O *Firke.*

Firke. I forfooth.

Wife. I pray thee run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband maister *Eyre* will take that worshipfull vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, hie thee good *Firke.*

Firke. Take it! well I goe, and he should not take it, *Firke* sweares to forswear him, yes forfooth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? th'art two compendious and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellence if full of eloquence, how like a new Cart wheele my dame speaks, and she lookes like an old mustie Ale-bottle going to calding.

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firke. God forbid your Worship should fall into that humour, I run. *Exit.*

Wife. Let me see now *Roger* and *Hans.*

Ro. I forfooth dame, (mistris I should say) but the old terme so stickes to the roofof my mouth, I can hardly licke it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good *Roger*, Dame is a faire name for any honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost thou *Hans*?

Hans. Me tanck you vro.

Wife. Well *Hans* and *Roger*, you see God hath blest your maister, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of London, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not bee your backe friend, but let that passe, *Hans*, pray thee tye my shoe.

Hans. Yaw ic sal vro.

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, prethee let me haue a paire of shooes made, Corke good Roger, wooden heele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a Farding-ale-maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hood I wonder? perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pillory, very wel I warrant you Mistrresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and *Roger*, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious streete.

Wife. Thou art an vngracious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall have the shauings of it, but mine are all true haire.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie vpon it, how cosly this world's calling, is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deal with it: is not *Firke* come yet? *Hans*, be not so fad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship faies.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see you foo.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it *Roger*, perdy, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blese vs, men looke not like men that vse them.

Enter Raph being lame.

Roger. What fellow *Raph*? Mistrisse looke heere *Janes* husband: why how now, lame? *Hans* make much of him, hee's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcome broder.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, now dost thou good *Raph*?

I am glad to see thee well.

Raph. I would God you saw me dame as well
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am forrie *Raph* to see thee
impotent, Lord how the warres haue made him Sun-
burnt: the left leg is not well, 'twas a faire gift of
God, the infirmitie took not hold a little higher,
considering thou camst from France, but let that passe.

Raph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoyce
To heare that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truely *Raph*, I thanke my maker: but
let that passe.

Roger. And firra *Raph*, what news, what news in
France?

Raph. Tell me good *Roger* first what newes in
England?

How does my *Jane*? when didst thou see my wife?
Where liues my poore heart? shee be poore indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whercon to feed.

Rog. Limbes? hast thou not hands man? thou
shalt neuer see a shoemaker want bread, though he
haue but three fingers on a hand.

Raph. Yet all this while I heare not of my *Jane*.

Wife. O *Raph* your wife, perdie wee know not
what's become of her: she was here a while, and
because she was married, grew more stately than
became her, I cheekt her, and so forth, away she flung,
neuer returned, nor said bih nor bah: and *Raph* you
know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye, *Roger* is
not *Firke* come yet?

Roger. No forfooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I
heare shee liues in London: but let that passe. If
shee had wanted, shee might haue opened her case
to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am
sure there is not any of them perdie, but would haue
done her good to his power. *Hans*, looke if *Firke*
bee come.

Hans. Yaw ic sal vro.

Exit Hans.

Wife. And so as I said : but *Raph*, why dost thou weepe? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers womb, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, *Jane* is a stranger heere, but *Raph* pull vp a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her a while agoe very braue and neat, wee'le ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore foule, hee's ouercome with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing : but *Raph*, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipfull towards thee.

Raph. I thanke you dame, since I want limbs and lands,

Ile trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. (3)

Exit.

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good *Hans*, O *Hodge*, O Mistris; *Hodge* heaue vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your lookes, on with your best apparell, my master is chofen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countrie to be sherife of the Citie, for this famous yeare now to come : and time now being, a great many men in black gownes were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cried I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieue, I doe salute you mistris Shrieue.

Hans. Yaw, my meester is de groot man, de Shrieue.

Roger. Did not I tell you Mistris, now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good *Roger*, I thanke you my good people all, *Firke*, hold vp thy hand, heer's a three pennie peece for thy tydings.

(3) Ile to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

1600—1610.

Firke. Tis but three halfe pence, I think : yes, tis three pence, I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But Mistris, be rul'd by me, and do not speake so pulingly.

Firke. 'Tis her worship speakes so and not she, no faith mistris speake mee in the old key, to it *Firke*, there good *Firke*, ply your businesse *Hodge*, *Hodge* with a full mouth : Ile fill your bellies with good cheare till they cry twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, heere compt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home maister Shrieue, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my *Maggy*, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for *Simon Eyre*, I shall make thee a lady, heere's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke louely : where be my fine men ? *Roger*, Ile make ouer my shop and tooles to thee : *Firke*, thou shalt be the foreman : *Hans*, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your maister *Sim Eyre* hath beene, and you shall liue to be Sherifes of London : how dost thou like mee *Margerie* ? Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, *Firke*, *Hodge*, and *Hans*.

All 3. I forfooth, what sayes your worship mistris Sherife ?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft : but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my Lord Maior to dinner to old Foord, hees gone before, I must after : come Madge, on with your trinkets : now my true Troians, my fine *Firke*, my dapper *Hodge*, my honest *Hans*, some deuice, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentle Shoo-makers, meet mee at old Foord, you know my mind : come Madge,

away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holiday.

Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come *Holge*, follow me

Hans,

Wee'le be with them for a Morris dance. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French hood, Sibill and other Seruants.

L. Maior. Trust me you are as welcome to old Foord, as I myfelfe.

Wife. Truly, I thanke your Lordship.

L. Maior. Would our bad cheere were worth the thankes you giue.

Eyre. Good cheere my Lord Maior, fine cheere, a fine houle, fine walles, all fine and neat.

L. Ma. Now by my troth, Ile tell thee maister

Eyre,

It does me good and all my Brethren,
That fuch a mad-cap fellow as thy felfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord hee muft learne now to put on grauitie.

Eyre. Peace *Maggy*, a fig for grauitie, when I goe to Guild Hall in my Scarlet gowne, i'le looke as demurely as a Saint, and fpeake as grauely as a Iuftice of Peace, but now I am here at old Foord, at my good Lord Maiors houle, let it goe by, vanifh *Maggy*, i'le be merrie, away with flip flap, thefe fooleries, thefe gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne: what faves my Lord Maior?

L. Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thoufand pound,

I had an heart but halfe fo light as yours.

Eyre. Why what fhould I doe my Lord? a pound of care payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merrie whiles wee are young, old Age, facke and fugar will fleale vpon vs ere we be aware.

L. Ma. Its well done, Mistris *Eyre*, pray giue good counfell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris *Rose* will haue the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L. Ma. Pray God she doe, for ifaith mistris *Eyre*, I would bestow vpon that peeuishe girle
A thousand markes more than I meane to giue her,
Upon condition shee'd be rul'd by me.
The Ape still croffeth me : there came of late
A proper gentleman of faire reuenewes,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law :
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him,
Youle proue a Cockfcombe for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Bee rul'd sweet *Rose*, th'art ripe for a man :
marrie not with a boy that has no more haire on his
face than thou hast on thy cheekes : a Courtier, wash,
goe by, stand not vpon pishery pasherie ; those silken
fellowes are but painted Images, outsidies, outsidies
Rose, their inner linings are torne : no my fine mouse,
marrie me with a Gentleman Grocer like my Lord
Maior your father, a Grocer is a sweet trade, plums,
plums : had I a sonne or daughter should marrie out
of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he
should pack : what, the gentle trade is a liuing for a
man through Europe, through the world.

A noyse within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L. Ma. What noyse is this ?

Eyre. O my Lord Maior, a crue of good fellowes
that for loue to your honour, are come hither with a
Morri dance ; come in my Mesopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other Shoemakers in a morris : after a little dancing the Lord Maior speaks.

L. Ma. Maister *Eyre*, are all these Shoemakers ?

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Maior.

Rose. How like my *Lacie* lookes yond Shoemaker.

Hans. O that I durst but speake vnto my loue !

L. Ma. *Sibill*, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,
You are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to *Hans*.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representst,
Good friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. Ic be dancke good frifter.

Eyres Wife. I see mistris *Rose* you do not want iudgement, you haue drunke to the properest man I keepe.

Firke. Here be some haue done their parts to be as proper as he.

L. Ma. Well, vrgent businesse calls me backe to London :

Good fellowes, first go in and tast our cheare,
And to make merrie as you homeward goe,
Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) *Sim Eyre* addes another, then cheerily *Firke*, tickle it *Hans*, and all for the honour of Shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Ma. Come maister *Eyre*, let's haue your company.

Exeunt.

Rose. *Sibill*, what shall I doe ?

Sibill. Why whats the matter ?

Rose. That *Hans* the shoo-maker is my loue *Lacy*, Disguis'd in that attire to find me out,
How should I find the meanes to speake with him ?

Sib. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my maidenhead to nothing, and thats great oddes, that *Hans* the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake with you, but in spight of all your Fathers pollicies, steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you ?

Rose. Do this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibill. Away then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something :

To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
Ile bind you prentise to the gentle trade.

*Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon
muffled at another doore, he stands aloofe.*

Ham. Yonders the shop, and there my faire loue
fits,

Shee's faire and louely, but she is not mine.
O would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand beene moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poore famisht eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish : I am unfortunate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want ? fine mistris *Rosa* was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinkes me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she workes, oh prettie hand !
Oh happie worke, it doth me good to stand
Unseene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty euenings, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crowne, such is loues lunacie :
Muffled Ile passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Fane. Sir, what ist you buy ?
What ist you lacke sir ? callico, or lawne,
Fine cambricke shirts, or bands, what will you buy ?

Ham. That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet ile
trie :

How do you sell this handkercher ?

Fane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes ?

Fane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band ?

Fane. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how fell you then this hand ?

Fane. My hands are not to be fold.

Ham. To be giuen then, nay faith I come to buy.

Fane. But none knowes when.

Ham. Good sweet, leaue worke a little while, lets
play.

Fane. I cannot liue by keeping holliday.

Ham. Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Fane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Looke how you wound this cloth, fo you
wound me.

Fane. It may be so.

Ham. Tis so.

Fane. What remedy?

Ham. Nay faith you are too coy.

Fane. Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any taske at your command,

I would let go this beautie, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

That controules Kings : I loue you.

Fane. So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may, but neuer with my
heart,

In faith I loue you.

Fane. I beleeeue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in mee breed hate in you?

Fane. I hate you not.

Ham. Then you must loue.

Fane. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not
you.

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,

That meanes come to me, when she cries, away :

In earnest mistress I do not left,

A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,

I loue you dearely as I doe my life,

I loue you as a husband loues a wife,

That, and no other loue my loue requires,

Thy wealth I know is little, my desires

Thirst not for gold, sweet beautilous *Fane* what's mine,

Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,

Say, iudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death ?
 Mercy or crueltie lies in thy breath.

Fane. Good sir I do beleeeue you loue me well :
 For tis a feely conquest, feely pride,
 For one like you (I mean a gentleman)
 To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
 Such and fuch women to his amorous lure :
 I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,
 And make it euen a very trade to wooe,
 I could be coy, as many women be,
 Feed you with sun-shine smiles, and wanton lookes,
 But I detest witch-craft ; say that I
 Doe constantly beleeeue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why doest thou not beleeeue me ?

Fane. I beleeeue you,
 But yet good sir, because I will not greeue you,
 With hopes to taste fruit which will neuer fall,
 In simple truth this is the summe of all,
 My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
 Prest was he to these bitter warres in France,
 Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
 I haue but one heart, and that heart's his duc,
 How can I then bestow the same on you ?
 Whilest he liues, his I liue, be it neere to poore,
 And rather be his wife, than a kings whore.

Ham. Chast and deare woman, I will not abuse
 thee,

Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
 Thy husband prest for France, what was his name ?

Fane. *Rafe Dampport.*

Ham. *Dampport*, heres a letter sent
 From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
 A gentleman of place, here he doth write,
 Their names that haue beene slaine in euery fight.

Fane. I hope deaths scroll containes not my
 loues name.

Ham. Can you not read ?

Fane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest ; see here.

Fane. Aye me, hee's dead,
Hee's dead, if this be true my deare hearts flaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Fane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Nay swèet *Fane*,
Make not poore forrow pround with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournst.

Fane. That bill is forge, tis signe by forgerie.

Ham. Ile bring thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report : *Fane* tis too true,
Come, weep not : mourning though it rise from loue,
Helpes not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Fane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whither dost thou turne ?

Forget the dead, loue them that are aliue.
His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.

Fane. Tis now no time for me to think on loue.

Ham. Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue,
because your loue liues not.

Fane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shal
not be buried:
For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. T'would kill my foule to leave thee drownd
in mone :

Answere me to my sute, and I am gone,

Say to me, yea, or no.

Fane. No.

Ham. Then farewell : one farewell will not serue.
I come againe, come drie these wet cheekes,
tell me faith sweete Jane, yea, or no, once more.

Fane. Once more I say no, once more begone
I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude by this white
hand,

Untill you change that cold no, here ile stand,
Till by your hard heart.

Fane. Nay for Gods loue peace,

My sorrowes by your prefence more increafe,
 Not that you thus are present, but all grieve
 Desires to be alone, therefore in brieve
 Thus much I say, and saying bid adew,
 If euer I wed man it shall be you.

Ham. Oh blessed voice, deare *Fane*, ile urge no
 more,
 Thy breath hath made me rich.
Fane. Death makes me poore. *Exit.*

*Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
 and a boy at worke.*

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to
 day, wee loytred yesterday, to it pell mell, that we
 may liue to be Lord Maiors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said ifaith, how saist thou *Hans*, doth
 not *Firke* tickle it?

Hans. Yaw mester.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks
 this morning forwant of licoring : hey downe a downe
 dery.

Hans. Forward *Firke*, tow best vn iolly yongfter hort
 I mester ic bid yo cut me vn paire vanpres vor mester
 iffres boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt *Hans*.

Firke. Maister.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut
 me out a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will
 not passe currant, hey downe a downe.

Hod. Tell me firs, are my cozen M. Priscillaes
 shooes done?

Firke. Your cozen? no mafter, one of your aunts,
 hang her, let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, she gaue charge
 that none but I should do them for her.

Firke. Thou do for her? then twill be but a lame

doing, and that she loues not : *Rafe*, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yearkt and firkt your *Priscilla*, hey downe a downe dery, this geere will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou *Firke*? were we not merry at Old-Ford?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went liggy ioggy like a quagmire: well fir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Bag puddings.

Raph. Of all good fortunes, my fellow *Hans* had the best.

Firke. Tis true, because mistris *Rose* dranke to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say feuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firke. I care not, ile be none.

Rafe. No nor I, but then my M. *Eyre* will come quickly to be L. Maior.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. Whoope, yonder comes *Sibill*.

Hodge. *Sibill*, welcome ifaith, and how dost thou madde wench?

Firke. *Sib* whoore, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet *Firke*: good Lord, *Hodge*, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it ifaith.

Rafe. God a mercy *Sibill* for our good cheere at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall haue *Rafe*.

Firke. Nay by the masse, we had tickling cheere *Sibill*, and how the plague dost thou and mistris *Rose*, and my L. Maior? I put the women in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but gods me, I forget my selfe, where's *Hans* the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-boxe, now you must yelp out some sprekken.

Hans. Vat begaie gon vat vod gon Frifter.

Sibill. Marry you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shooes you made last.

Hans. Var ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistress?

Sibill. Marrie here at our London house in Cornerhill.

Firke. Will no bodie serue her turne but *Hans*?

Sibill. No fir, come *Hans* I stand vpon needles.

Hod. Why then *Sibill*, take heed of pricking.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a trick in my budget, come *Hans*.

Hans. Yaw, yaw ic fall meete yo gane.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe *Hans*, make haft againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firke. I mafter, for I lacke my breakefast, tis munching time, and past.

Hodge. Ist so, why then leaue worke *Raph*, to breakefast, boy looke to the tooles, come *Rafe*, come *Firke*. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Last in Towerstreet, mas yonders the house: what haw, whoes within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you fir?

Ser. Marrie I would haue a paire of shooes made for a Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what, can you do them?

Rafe. Yes fir, you shall hane them, but what length's her foote?

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shooe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Rafe. How? by this shooe must it be made? by this? are you sure fir by this?

Ser. How, by this am I sure, by this? art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must haue a paire of shooes, dost thou marke me? a paire of shooes, two shooes, made by this very shooe, this same shooe, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, dost vnderstand me, canst thou do it?

Rafe. Yes fir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shooe you say: I should know this shooe? yes fir, yes, by this shooe, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, enquire for one maister *Hammon*, a Gentleman, my maister.

Raph. Yea fir, by this shooe you say.

Ser. I say maister *Hammon* at the golden Ball, hee's the Bride-groome, and those shooes are for his bride.

Raph. They shall be done by this shooe; well, well, maister *Hammon* at the gold shooe, I would say the golden Ball, wel, very well, but I pray you fir, where must maister *Hammon* be married?

Ser. At Saint *Faith's* Church vnder Paules: but what's that to thee? prethee dispatch those shooes, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Raph. By this shooe said he, how am I amazd At this strange accident? vpon my life,
This was the very shooe I gaue my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her. 'Tis the same,
And *Hammons* bride no other than my *Fane*.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailes *Raph* thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countrieman of mine gaue me to breakefast.

Raph. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans thing?

Raph. *Firke*, dost thou know this shooe?

Firke. No by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue no acquaintance with it, tis a meere stranger to me.

Raph. Why then I doe; this shooe I durst be
fworne

Once couered the instep of my *Fane*:
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my loue,
These true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old shooe I shall find out my wife.

Firke. Ha, ha old shooe that wert new, how a murren came this ague fit of foolishnesse vpon thee?

Raph. Thus *Firke* euen now here came a seruing-
man,

By this shooe would he haue a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistris,
That's to be married to a gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet *Fane*?

Firke. And why maiest not thou be my sweet Affe?
ha, ha.

Raph. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is
this,

Against to morrow morning Ile prouide
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If she proue *Fane*, Ile take her in despite
Of *Hammon* and the Deuill, were he by,
If it be not my *Fane*, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure, I shall liue till I die,
Although I neuer with a woman lie.

Firke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing
but Cripplegates? Well God sends fooles fortune,
and it may be hee may light vpon his matrimony by
such a deuice, for wedding and hanging goes by def-
tinie.

Exit.

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare fuch croffe mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my *Rose* againe.

Rose. Sweet *Lacy*, since faire opportunitie,
Offers her selfe to further our escape,
Let not too ouer-fond esteeme of me,
Hinder that happie houre, inuent the meanes,
And *Rose* will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I surfet with excesse of ioy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection :
But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtor craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at *Eyres* house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Maior of London, and my maister once,
Meete thou thy *Lacy*, where in spight of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistris ? shift for
your selfe, your father is at hand, hee's comming, hee's
comming, master *Lacy* hide your selfe in my mistris,
for Gods sake shift for your selues.

Hans. Your father come, sweet *Rose*, what shall I
doe ?

Where shall I hide me ? how shall I escape ?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremitie,
Come come, be *Hans* still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shooe.

Enter Lord Maior.

Hans. Mas and that's well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware metresse, 'tis vn good skow, it fall
vel fute, or ye fal neit betallen.

Rose. O God it pincheth me, what will you do?

Hans. Your fathers prefence pincheth, not the shooe.

L. Ma. Well done, fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware tis vn good skoo, tis gi mait van neits leither, se euer mine here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Maior. I do beleeeue it, whats the newes with you?

Pren. Please you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is newly lighted, and would speake with you.

L. Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come speake with me?

Well, well, I know his errand: daughter *Rose*

Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, haue done:

Sib make things handsome, fir boy follow me. *Exit.*

Hans. Mine vncle come: O what may this portend?

Sweet *Rose*, this of our loue threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismaid at this, what ere befall,

Rose is thine owne, to witnesse I speake truth,

Where thou appoints the place, Ile meet with thee;

I will not fixe a day to follow thee,

But presently steale hence: do not replie,

Loue which gaue strength to beare my fathers hate,

Shall now adde wings to further our escape. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Maior. Beleeue me on my credit I speake truth,
Since first your nephew *Lacy* went to France,
I haue not seene him: It seem'd strange to me,
When *Dodger* told me that he staied behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.

Linc. Trust me (fir *Roger Otley*) I did thinke
Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the loue he beares your child,

Here I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confesse
My iudgement wrong'd you by conceiuing fo.
L. Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my
Lord,

I loue your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wrong his honour : and he hath done so,
That first gaue him aduice to staie from France.
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
How carefull I haue beene to keepe my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I scorne your nephew, but in loue
I beare your honor, lest your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from
his heart,
Well, well fir *Roger Otley*, I beleeeue you,
With more than many thanks for the kind loue,
So much you seeme to beare me : but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
Whom if I find, i'll straight imbarke for France ;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my brest.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. O Lord, helpe for Gods sake my mistris,
Oh my young mistris.

L. Ma. Where is thy mistris? what's become of
her?

Sibill. Shee's gone, shee's fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sibill. I know not forsooth, shee's fled out of doores
with *Hans* the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud,
scud, apace, apace.

L. Ma. Which waie? what *John*? where be my
men? which waie?

Sibill. I know not and it please your worship.

L. Ma. Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

Sibil. O Lord fir, as true as you are L. Maior.(4)

Lin. Her loue turned shoemaker, I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-boxe, a shoemaker.

Will she forget her birth? requite my care

With such ingratitude? scorn'd she young *Hammon*,

To loue a honnikin, a needy knaue?

Well let her flie, ile not flie after her,

Let her starue if she will, shee's none of mine.

Lin. Be not so cruell fir.

Enter Firke with shoes.

Sibil. I am glad shee's scapt.

L. Ma. Ile not account of her as of my child,

Was there no better obiect for her eyes,

But a foule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,

A shoemaker, that's braue.

Firke. Yea forfooth 'tis a verie braue shooe, and as fit as a pudding.

L. Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence comest thou?

Firke. No knaue fir, I am *Firke* the shoemaker, lustie *Rogers* chiefe lusty journey-man, and I come hither to take vp the prettie legge of sweet mistress *Rose*, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours

Firke.

L. Ma. Stay, stay, fir knaue.

Lin. Come hither shoemaker.

Firke. Tis happie the knaue is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not haue vouchsafed to come backe to you, I am moued, for I flirre.

L. Ma. My Lord, this villaine calls vs knaues by craft.

Firke. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knaue gently is no harme: fit your worship merrie: *Sib* your young mistress. I'll so bob them, now my maister M. *Eyre* is Lord Maior of London.

(4) as true as Gods in heauen. 1600.

L. Ma. Tell me firra, whose man are you ?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this geere, no stomacke as yet to a red petticoat. *Pointing to Sibyl.*

Lin. He meanes not fir to wooe you to his maid, But onely doth demand whose man you are.

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my maister.

Lin. Sirra knowst thou one *Hans* a shoemaker ?

Fir. *Hans* Shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris *Rose* and he are by this time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that *Hans*, Ile so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowst thou then where he is ?

Firke. Yes forfooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse ?

Firke. No forfooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is, And thou shalt see what Ile bestow of thee.

Firke. Honest fellow, no fir, not so fir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I loue feeling, let me feel it heere, *aurium tenus*, ten peeces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten peeces of siluer, and then *Firke* is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

L. Ma. Here is an angell, part of thy reward, Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother ? no, shal I proue *Fudas* to *Hans* ? no ; shal I crie treason to my corporation ? no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send simpring *Sib* away.

L. Ma. Hufwife get you in. *Exit Sib.*

Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maids haue wide mouthes : but for *Hans* praunce, vpon my word to morrow morning hee and young mistris *Rose* goe to this geere, they shall be married together by this ruff,

or else turne *Firk* to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L. Ma. But art thou fure of this ?

Firke. Am I fure that Paules-steeples is a handfull higher than London stone ? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing but pure mother Bunch ? am I fure I am lusty *Firk* ? Gods nailes do you thinke I am so bafe to gull you ?

Lincolne. Where are they married ? dost thou know the Church ?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, stay a while, 'tis, I by the mas : no, no, tis I by my troth, no nor that, tis I by my faith, that that, tis I by my Faiths Church vnder Paules Crosse, there they shall bee knit like a paire of stockings in matrimony, there theyle be in cony.

Linc. Upon my life my Nephew *Lacy* walkes, In the disguise of this Dutch Shoemaker.

Firke. Yes forfooth.

Linc. Doth he not honest fellow ?

Firke. No forfooth I thinke *Hans* is no body but *Hans*, no spirit.

L. Ma. My mind misgiues me now tis so indeed.

Linc. My Cosen speaks the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord, Your honorable prefence may, no doubt, Refraine their head-strong rashnesse, when my selfe Going alone, perchance may be ore-borne : Shall I request this fauour ?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firke. Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will you haue, very early.

L. Ma. My care shall euery way equall their hast, This night accept your lodging in my house, The earlier shal we stir, and at Saint Faiths Preuent this giddy hare-braind Nuptiall,

This trafficke of hot loue shall yeeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and weelee forbid their baines.

Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou faist ?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lin. Be secret on thy life.

Exit.

Firk. Yes when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoos to Sir Rogers worship, whilst Rose his daughter be cony-catcht by *Hans* : soft now, these two gullies wil be at Saint Faithes Church to morrow morning to take maiister Bridegroome, and mistris Bride napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy : but the best sport is, Sir *Roger Otley* will find my fellow lame *Raphs* wife going to marrie a Gentleman : and then heele stop her in stead of his Daughter ; O braue, there will bee fine tickling sport : soft now, what haue I to do ? O I know, now a messe of shoomakers meate at the Wooll-sacke in Iuy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame *Raphs* wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girles hold out tacke, for now smockes for this iumbling shall go to wracke.

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest *Hans*, is it not ?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happie or miserable, therefore if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands *Hans*, and these *et ceteras*, by mine honor *Rowland Lacy*, none but the king shall wrong thee : come feare nothing, am not I *Sim Eyre* ? Is not *Sim Eyre* Lord Maior of London ? feare nothing *Rose*, let them say all what they can, daintie come thou to mee, laughest thou ?

Wife. Good my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my sweete Ladie Madgy, thinke you *Simon Eyre* can forget his fine Dutch iourneyman ? No vah. Fie I scorne it, it shall neuer be cast in my

teeth, that I was vnthankfull. Lady *Madgy*, thou hadst neuer couered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaded thy bumme with this farthingale, tis trash, trumperie, vanitie, *Simon Eyre* had neuer walkt in a red petticoate, nor wore a chaine of Gold but for my fine Journeymans Portugues, and shall I leaue him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely minde.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady *Madgy*, take two or three of my Pie-crust eaters, my Buffe-ierkin varlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at *Simon Eyres* heeles, take them good Ladie *Madgy*, trip and go, my browne Queene of Perriwigs, with my delicate *Rose*, and my iolly *Rowland* to the Sauoy, fee them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doues, Ile beare you out, come to *Simon Eyre*, come dwell with me *Hans*, thou shalt eate minc'd pies, and marchpane. *Rose*, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady *Madgy* to the Sauoy. *Hans*, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, go vanish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast sweet loue.

Wife. Sheede faine the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet *Rose*, faster than Deere wee le run.

They goe out.

Eyre. Goe, vanish, vanish, auant I say: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Maior, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a veluet life, a carefull life. Well *Simon Eyre*, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint *Hugh*. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his maiestie is welcome, hee shall haue good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall haue fine cheere, gentlemanlike cheere. I promised the mad Cappadofians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to bee

Maier of London, I would feast them all, and i'le doot, i'le doot by the life of *Pharaoh*, by this beard *Sim Eyre* will be no flincher. Besides, I haue procured, that vpon euery Shrouetuesday at the found of the Pancake bell, my fine dapper Affirian lads shall clap vp their shop windowes, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall doot, they shall doot : boyes, that day are you free, let maisters care, and prentises shall pray for *Simon Eyre*.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Raph, and fve or six Shoomakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come *Rafe*, stand to it *Firke*: my maisters, as wee are the braue bloods of the Shoomakers, heires apparant to Saint *Hugh*, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes : thou shalt haue no wrong : were *Hammon* a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy clofe without thy sufferance : but tell me *Rafe*, art thou sure tis thy wife ?

Rafe. Am I sure this is *Firke*? This morning when I strokt on her shooes, I lookt vpon her, and she vpon mee, and fighed, askt me if euer I knew one *Rafe*. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this peece of gold : I tooke it : my lame leg, and my trauell beyond sea made me vnknowne, all is one for that, I know's shee's mine.

Firke. Did shee giue thee this gold ? O glorious glittering gold : shees thine owne, tis thy wife, and shee loues thee, for Ile stand toot, there's no woman will giue gold to any man, but she thinkes better of him than shee thinkes of them shee giues siluer to : and for *Hammon*, neither *Hammon* nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London : Is not our old Master *Eyre* Lord Maier ? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and *Hammon* shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon his man, Fane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

Rafe. Stand toot my hearts, *Firk*, let me speake first.

Hodge. No *Rafe*, let me : *Hammon*, whither away so earely ?

Ham. Unmannerly rude slaue, what's that to thee ?

Firk. To him fir ? yes fir, and to me, and others : good morrow *Fane*, how dost thou ? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue ?

All. Villaines : downe with them, cry clubs for prentifes.

Hod. Hold, my hearts : touch her *Hammon* ? yea and more than that, weele carrie her away with vs. My maisters and gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, shoormakers are sleele to the backe, men euery inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well, and what of all this ?

Hod. Ile shew you : *Fane*, doost thou know this man ? tis *Rafe* I can tell thee : nay, tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, fold him about the necke and kisse him.

Fane. Liues then my husband ? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my *Rafe*.

Ham. What meanes my *Fane* ?

Fane. Nay, what meant you to tell me was he slaine ?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled, Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest he liues : Lasse, go packe home with him ? now M. *Hammon*, wheres your mistris your wife ?

Seru. Swounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her ?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold foole : firs he shall do no wrong,

Will my *Fane* leaue me thus, and breake her faith ?

Firke. Yes sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then ? mend it.

Hod. Hearke fellow *Rafe*, follow my counsell, fet the wench in the midst, and let her chuse her man, and let her be his woman.

Fane. Whom should I chuse ? whom should my thoughts affect ?

But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue,
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,
Makes thee more beautifull than all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge *Fane*, the law's on our side, hee that fowes in another mans ground forfeits his haruest, get thee home *Raph*, follow him *Fane*, hee shall not haue so much as a buske point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that *Rafe*, the appurtenances are thine owne, *Hammon*, looke not at her.

Seru. O swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, wee le giue you a new liuerie else, wee le make Shroue Tuesday Saint *Georges* day for you : looke not *Hammon*, leare not, Ile firke you, for thy head now, one glance, one sheepes eye, any thing at her, touch not a ragge, lest I and my brethren beate you to clowtes.

Ser. Come maister *Hammon*, theres no struiuing here.

Ham. Good fellowes, heare me speake : and honest

Rafe,

Whom I haue iniured most by louing *Fane*,
Marke what I offer thee : here in faire gold,
Is twentie pound, Ile giue it for thy *Fane*,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, *Rafe*, make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife ?

All. No do not *Raph.*

Raph. Sirra *Hammon Hammon*, dost thou thinke a shooe-maker is so bafe, to be a bawd to his own wife for comodity? take thy gold, choake with it: were I not lame, I would make thee eate thy words.

Firke. A shoemaker fell his flesh and blood, oh indignitie!

Hodg. Sirra, take vp your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in liew,
Of that great wrong I offered thy *Fane*,
To *Fane* and thee I giue that twentie pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life,
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the Gentle trade,
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.

Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here *Fane* take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here? *Fane*, on againe with thy maske.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and scruants.

Lin. Yonders the lying varlet mockt vs so.

L. Ma. Come hither sirra.

Firke. I sir, I am sirra, you meane me, do you not?

Linc. Where is my Nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him ioy, I am glad of it: they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, *Mars* in *Venus*.

L. Ma. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter *Rose*,

This morning should be married at Saint *Faiths*,
Wee haue watcht there these three houres at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firke. Truely I am forry fort, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, yonder's the Bride

and Bridegroom you looke for I hope : though you be Lords, you are not to barre, by your authoritie, men from women, are you ?

L. Ma. See fee my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Yea truely, God helpe the poore couple,
they are lame and blind.

L. Ma. Ile ease her blindnesse.

Lin. Ile his lamenesse cure.

Firke. Lye downe firs, and laugh, my fellow *Raph* is taken for *Rowland Lacy*, and *Fane* for mistris damaske Rose, this is all my knauerie.

L. Ma. What haue I found you minion ?

Lin. O bafe wretch,
Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off : where are thy powers ?
What battells haue you made ? O yes I fee,
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd
thee ;

This lamenesse with not ferue.

L. Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, fwounds, what meane you ? are you mad ? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, wher's *Hammon* ?

L. Ma. Your wife ?

Lin. What *Hammon* ?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that laies hands on her first, Ile lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame *Raph*, here's braue sport.

Raph. Rose call you her ? why her name is *Fane*, looke here selfe, do you know her now ?

Lin. Is this your daughter ?

L. Ma. No nor this your nephew :

My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,
By this bafe craftie varlet.

Firke. Yea forfooth no varlet, forfooth no base, forfooth I am but meane, not craftie neither, but of the Gentle Craft.

L. Ma. Where is my daughter *Rofe*? where is my child?

Linc. Where is my Nephew *Lacy* married?

Firke. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promist you.

Linc. Villaine Ile haue thee punisht for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Iourneyman villaine, but not the Iourneyman Shoomaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodg. My Lord, I come to bring vnwelcome newes,

Your Nephew *Lacy* and your daughter *Rofe*,
Earely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayresse :
Besides I learnt among the Officers,
The Lord Maior vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seeke to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares *Eyre* the Shoomaker vphold the deed?

Firke. Yes fir, Shoomakers dare stand in a womans quarrel

I warrant you, as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But Ile preuent him, come Sir *Roger Otley*,
The King will do vs iustice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I will disioyne the match, or lose my life. *Exeunt.*

Firke. Adue Monsieur *Dodger*, farewell fooles,
ha, ha.

Oh if they had staid I would haue so lamb'd them
with flouts, O heart, my Codpeece-point is ready to
flye in peeces euery time I thinke vpon mistris *Rofe*,
but let that passe, as my Ladie Mayresse saies.

Hodge. This matter is answered : come *Raph*, home with thy wife, come my fine Shoemakers, lets to our masters the new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shroue Tuesday, Ile promise you wine enough, for *Madge* keeps the Seller.

All. Oh rare ! *Madge* is a good wench.

Firke. And Ile promise you meat enough for fimp-
ring *Susan* keeps the Larder, Ile lead you to victuals
my braue souldiers, follow your Captaine, O braue,
harke, harke.

Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell,
tri-lill my hearts.

Firke. O braue, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes,
open the doores my hearts, and shut vp the windowes,
keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my
hearts, let's march together for the honour of S. *Hugh*,
to the great new hall in Gracious streete corner, which
our master the new Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine
at my Lord Maiors cost to day !

Hodge. By the lord, my Lord Maior is a most braue
man, how shall Prentises be bound to pray for him
and the honor of the Gentlemen Shooemakers ? lets
feed and bee fat with my Lordes bountie.

Firke. O musically Bell still ; O *Hodge*, O my bre-
thren ; there's cheere for the heauens, venison
pasties walke vp and downe piping hot like Serieants :
Beefe and brewes comes marching in drifattes, fritters
and pancakes come trowling in in wheele-barrowes,
hens and oranges hopping in Porters baskets, collops
and egges in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes
quauering in in malt shouels.

Enter more Prentises.

All. Whoop, looke here, looke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away so fast ?

1 *Pren.* Whither ? why to the great new Hall, know

you not why? the Lord Maior hath bidden all the prentifes in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh braue Shoomaker, oh braue Lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, whoo, hearke you, the Pancake-Bell rings. *Cast vp Caps.*

Firke. Nay more my hearts, euerie Shroue-tuesday is our yeare of Jubile : and when the Pancake-Bell rings, we are as as free as my Lord Maior, wee may shut up our shoppes and make holiday : I'le haue it cal'd Saint *Hugh's* Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint *Hugh's* Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for euer.

All. Oh braue ; come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke. O eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march faire my hearts, O rare. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and his traine ouer the stage.

King. Is our Lord Maior of London such a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land,

Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man, Hees rather a wild Ruffian than a Maior :

Yet thus much Ile enfore your Majestie,

In all his actions that concerne his state,

He is as ferious, prouident, and wise,

As full of grauitie amongst the graue,

As any Maior hath been these many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffecap, But all my doubt is when we come in prefence, His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Noblem. It may be so, my Liege.

King. Which to preuent,
Let some one giue him notice 'tis our pleasure,
That he put on his wonted merriment :
Set forward.

All. On afore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Raph, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine *Hodge*, my iolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers, let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liuerie of my Companie shall in their fattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more *Firke*, come liuely, let your fellow prentises want no cheere, let wine be plentifull as beere, and beere as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambes skinnes, up knaues, auant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my iolly prentises be feasted : auoyd *Hodge*, runne *Raph*, friske about my nimble *Firke*, carowfe mee fadome healths to the honour of the shoemakers, doe they drinke liuely *Hodge*? do they tickle it *Firke*?

Firke. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer : but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? where's this swag-belly, this greasie kitchinstuffe cooke, call the varlet to me : want meat? *Firke*, *Hodge*, lame *Rafe*, runne my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all East-cheape, serue me whole Oxen in Chargers, and let Sheepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of good fellowes to eat them. Want meat? vanish *Firke*, auant *Hodge*.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man *Firke*, he meanes their bellies want meat, not the boords, for they haue drunke so much they can eat nothing.

*Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.**Wife.* Where is my Lord ?*Eyre.* How now Lady *Maggy* ?*Wife.* The Kings most excellent Maieslie is new come, he sends me for thy honor, one of his most worshipfull Peeres bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth : but let that passe.*Eyre.* Is my Soueraigne come ? vanish my tall Shoemakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentizes : yet stay a little, how now *Hans*, how lookes my little *Rose* ?*Hans.* Let me request you to remember me, I know your honour easily may obtaine, Free pardon of the King for me and *Rose*, And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.*Eyre.* Haue done my good *Hans*, my honest Journeyman, looke cheerily, I'll fall vpon both my knees until they be as hard as home, but I'll get thy pardon.*Wife.* Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.*Eyre.* Away you Islington whitepot, hence you hopper-arfe, you Barly pudding full of maggots, you broild Carbonado, auant, auant, auoyd Mephistophiles : shall *Sim Eyre* learne to speake of you Lady *Maggy* ? vanish mother Mineuer-Cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your platters and your pisserie pasherie, your flewes and your whirligigs, goe, rub out mine ally : *Sim Eyre* knowes how to speake to a Pope, to *Sultan Solymán*, to *Tamberlaine* and he were here : and I shall melt, shall I droope before my Soueraigne ? no, come my Lady *Maggy*, follow me *Hans*, about your businesse my frolike freebooters : *Firke*, friske about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad *Simon Eyre*, Lord Mayor of *London*.*Firke.* Hey for the honour of the Shoocmakers.*Exeunt.*

A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy, Rose; Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well *Lacy*, though the fact was very foule,
Of your reuolting from our Kingly loue,
And your owne dutie, yet we pardon you,
Rise both, and Mistris *Lacy*, thanke my Lord Mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, *Sim Eyre* and my brethren the Gentlemen Shoormakers shall set your sweet Maiesties image cheeke by iole by Saint *Hugh*, for this honour you haue done poore *Simon Eyre*, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude behauiour, I am a handicrafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be forrie at my foule that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be euen as merry
As if thou wert among thy Shoormakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Saist thou me so my sweet *Diodesian*? then humpe, Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'll be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad *Eyre*, how old thou art?

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonker, you see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard, euery haire I assure thy Maiesty that stickes in this beard, *Sim Eyre* valews at the King of *Babilons* ranfome, *Tamar Chams* beard was a rubbing brush too't, yet I'll shave it off, and stuffe tennis balls with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My Liege, I am fix and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry humpe, with a found heart, for the honour of Saint *Hugh*: marke this old wench my King, I danc't the shaking of the sheets with her fix and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or three yong

Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty fill, *Sim Eyre* still: care and cold lodging brings white haire. My sweet Maiefty, let care vanish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make thee looke always young like *Apollo*, and cry humpe: Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne.

King. Ha, ha, say *Cornewall*, didst thou euer see his like?

Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. *Lincolne* what newes with you?

Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe, For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors, where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Officers? I'll spend my soule ere my King feele harme.

King. Where is the Traitor, *Lincolne*?

Lin. Here he stands.

King. *Cornewall*, lay hold on *Lacy*: *Lincolne* speake,

What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to do me honour,

Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,
Defertlesse fauours, you made choyce of him,
To be Commander ouer powers in *France*,
But he:

King. Good *Lincolne*, prethee pause a while,
Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake,
I know how *Lacy* did neglect our loue,
Ran himselfe deeply (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a Traitor?

King. *Lincolne*, he was, now haue we pardoned him,

'Twas not a bafe want of true valours fire
That held him out of *France*, but loues desire.

Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe.

King. Nor shalt thou *Lincolne*, I forgiue you both.

Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lin. No my Liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I diuorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Maiestie;
I would not for my Crowne disioyne their hands,
That are conioyn'd in holy nuptiall bands:
How saist thou *Lacy*, woulst thou loofe thy *Rose*?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.

King. But *Rose* I am fure her *Lacy* would forgoe.

Rose. If *Rose* were askt that question, shee'd fay no.

King. You heare them *Lincolne*.

Lin. Yea my Liege I do.

King. And canst thou finde ith heart to part these
two?

Who seekes besides you to diuorce these louers?

L. Ma. I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

King. *Sir Roger Oteley*, our last Mayor I thinke.

Nob. The same my Liege.

King. Would you offend Loues lawes?

Well you shall haue your wills: you sued to me
To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,
You both are married, *Lacy* art thou not?

Hans. I am dread Soueraigne.

King. Then vpon thy life,
I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

L. Ma. I thanke your Grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord. *kneele.*

King. Nay *Rose* neuer wooe me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleuee I shall not marrie you.

Rose. Can you diuide the body from the foule,
Yet make the body liue?

King. Yea, so profound?

I cannot *Rose*, but you I must diuide,
 Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride,
 Are you pleas'd *Lincolne*? *Otley*, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes my Lord.

King. Then must my heart be eas'd,
 For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,
 Till these whom I diuorc'd be ioyned againe :
Lacy giue me thy hand, *Rose* lend me thine,
 Be what you would be: kisse now : so, that's fine,
 At night (Louers) to bed : now let me see,
 Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my childe
 perforce?

King. Why tell me *Otley* shines not *Lacys* name,
 As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
 Of any Citizen?

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
 I doe mislike the match farre more than he,
 Her blood is too too base.

King. *Lincolne* no more,
 Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood ?
 Cares not for difference of birth or state,
 The maid is young, well borne, faire, vertuous,
 A worthy Bride for any Gentleman :
 Besides your Nephew for her sake did stoope
 To bare necessitie ; and as I heare,
 Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,
 To gaine her loue became a shoemaker :
 As for the honour which he lost in *France*,
 Thus I redeeme it : *Lacy* kneele thee downe,
 Arise Sir *Rowland Lacy* : tell me now,
 Tell me in earnest *Otley*, canst thou chide ?
 Seeing thy *Rose* a Lady and a Bride.

L. Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath
 done.

Linc. And I my Liege since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then, all shake hands, I'le haue
 you friends
 Where there is much loue all discord ends :

What saies my mad Lord Mayor to all this loue ?

Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you haue done to my fine Journeyman here, *Rowland Lacy*, and all these fauours which you haue showne to me this day in my poore house, will make *Simon Eyre* liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more than he should.

King. Nay my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name)

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'll doe thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected,
Shall take a name from vs, wee'll haue it call'd,
The Leaden Hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that couereth the fame.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wife. God bleffe your grace.

King. *Lincolne*, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and more Shoormakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly, yonder is the King.

King. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply :
Before one Summer more passe ore my head,
France shall repent *England* was iniured,
What are all those ?

Hans. All Shoormakers my Liege,
Sometimes my fellowes, in their companies
I liu'd as merry as an Emperour.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoormakers ?

Eyre. All Shoormakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint *Hugh*.

All. God saue your Maiesty all shoormakers.

King. Mad *Simon*, would they any thing with vs ?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaues not a word, I'll doo't I

warrant you. They are all Beggers my Liege, all for themselves and I for them all, on both my knees doe intreat, that for the honour of poore *Simon Eyre*, and the good of his Brethren these mad knaues your Grace would vouchsafe some priuilege to my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and sell Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Mad *Sim*, I grant your sute, you shall haue Patent

To hold two market dayes in Leaden-Hall,
Mondayes and Fridayes, those shall be the times :
Will this content you ?

All. Iesus bleffe your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoemakers, I most humblye thanke your Grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giuing veine, and we in the begging, grant *Sim Eyre* one boone more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor ?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to tast of a poore Banquet, that's sweetly waiting for your sweet prefence.

King. I shall vndoe thee *Eyre* only with this, (5)
Alreadie haue I beene too troublefome,
Say, haue I not ?

Eyre. O my deare King, *Sim Eyre* cannot say so ;
vpon a day of shrouing which I promist to all the merrie Prentises of *London* : for an't please you when I was prentise (6)

I bare the water-tankard, and my coat

Sits not a whit the worfe vpon my backe :

And then vpon a morning, some mad boyes

(It was Shroue-tuesday, euen as 'tis now)

Gaue me my breakfast, and I swore then by the

(5) only with feasts. 1600.

(6) O my deere King *Sim Eyre* was taken vnawares vpon a day of shrouing which I promist long ago to the prentises of *London* : for andt please your Highnes, in time past, &c. 1600.

stopple of my Tankard, if euer I came to be Lord Mayor of *London*, I would feast al the Prentifes. This day my Liege I did it, and the slaues had an hundred Tables fiue times couered, they are gone home and vanisht.

Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of *Eyres* Banquet, *Simon's* happie made.

King. I will taste of thy Banquet, and will say,
I haue not met more pleasure on a day ;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kinde Lady Mayresse for our cheere :
Come Lords a while let's reuell it at home,
When all our sports, and banquetings are done
Warres muft right wrongs which Frenchmen haue
begun. (7) *Exeunt.*

(7) The later Editions read :
When all our words and banquetings are done,
We muft right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.





THE
Pleasant Comedie of
Old Fortunatus.

As it was plaied before the Queenes
Maieftie this Christmas, by the Right
Honourable the Earle of Notting-
ham, Lord high Admirall of Eng-
land his Seruants,



Aut Nunc Aut Nunquam.

LONDON

Printed by S. S. for William Aspley, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at the signe of the
Tygers head. 1600.

*The Prologue at Court: Enter two
old men.*

1. **A** Re you then traueiling to the temple of Eliza?
2. Euen to her temple are my feeble limmes
traueiling. Some cal her Pandora: some Gloriana,
some Cynthia: some Delphoebe, some Astraea: all by
seuerall names to expresse seuerall loues: Yet all
those names make but one celestially body, as all those
loues meete to create but one foule.

1. I am one of her owne countrie, and we adore
her by the name of Eliza.

2. Blessed name, happie countrie: Your Eliza
makes your land Elizium: but what doe you offer?

1. That which all true Subiects should: when I was
young, an Armed hand; now I am crooked, an vp-
right heart: But what offer you?

2. That which all straungers doe: two eyes stricke
blinde with admiration: Two lips (proud to sound her
glorie:) Two hands held vp full of prayers and
praifes: What not, that may expresse loue? what not,
that may make her beloued?

1. How long ist since you last beheld her?

2. A iust yeere: yet that yeere hath seemd to me
but one day, because her glorie hath bene my
howrely contemplation, and yet that yeere hath seemd
to me more then twice seuen yeres, because so long I
haue bene absent from her. Come therefore, good
father, lets goe faster, least we come too late: for see,
the Tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand
brightly burning in their starrie Candlestickes: See howe
gloriously the Moone shines vpon vs. *Both kneele.*

1. Peace foole: tremble, and kneele: The Moone
saist thou?

Our eyes are dazled by Elizaes beames,

See (if at least thou dare see) where shee fits :
 This is the great Panthæon of our Goddesse,
 And all those faces which thine eyes thought starres,
 Are Nymphes attending on her deitie.
 Prithee begin, for I want power to speake.

2. No, no, speake thou, I want words to begin.

Weepes.

1. Alacke what shall I doe ? com'ft thou with me,
 And weepst now thou beholdst this Maiestie ?

2. Great land-lady of hearts, pardon me.

1. Blame not mine eyes, good father, in these
 teares.

2. My pure loue shines, as thine doth in thy feares :
 I weepe for ioy to see so many heads -

Of prudent Ladies, clothed in the liuerie

Of filuer-handed age, for seruing you,

Whilst in your eyes youtnes glory doth renew :

I weepe for ioy to see the Sunne looke old,

To see the Moone mad at her often change,

To see the Starres onely by night to shine,

Whilst you are still bright, still one, still diuine :

I weepe for ioy to see the world decay,

Yet see Eliza flourishing like May :

O pardon me your Pilgrim, I haue meafurd

Many a mile to find you : and haue brought,

Old Fortunatus and his family,

With other Cipnots (my poore countrie men)

To pay a whole yeeres tribute : O vouchsafe,

Dread Queene of Fayries, with your gracious eyes,

T'accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.

1. Now ile beg for thee too : and yet I need not :

Her sacred hand hath euermore beene knowne,

As soone held out to straungers as her owne.

2. Thou doest encourage me : Ile fetch them in,

They haue no princely gifts, we are all poore,

Our offings are true hearts, who can wish more ?

Exeunt.

THE PROLOGUE.

OF *Loues* fweete war, our timerous Muse doth sing,
And to the bofome of each gentle deare,
Offence her Artles tunes, borne on the wing
Of facred Poefy. A benumming feare,
(That your nice foules, cloyd with dilicious founds,
Will loath her lowly notes) makes her pull in
Her fainting pineons, and her fpirit confounds
Before the weake voice of her fong begin.
Yet fince within the circle of each eye,
(Being like fo many Suns in his round Sphere)
No wrinkle yet is feene, fheelee dare to flie,
Borne vp with hopes, that as you oft do reare
With your faire hands, thofe who would els finke
down,
So fome will deigne to fmile, where all might frown :
And for this fmal Circumference muft ftand,
For the imagind Sur-face of much land,
Of many kingdomes, and fince many a mile,
Should here be meafurd out : our mufe intreats,
Your thoughts to helpe poore Art, and to allow,
That I may ferue as Chorus to her fcences,
She begs your pardon, for fheelee fend one foorth,
Not when the lawes of Poefy doe call,
But as the ftorie needes, your gracious eye
Giues life to Fortunatus hiftorie.

Exit.



THE COMEDIE OF

Olde Fortunatus.

*Enter Fortunatus meanely attired, hee walkes
ere he speake once or twice about
cracking Nuts.*



Fortunatus.

O, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Eccho within. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Fortun. There boy.

ho. There boy.

t. And thou bee'ft a goodfellow, tel me how
this wood.

ho. This wood.

t. I this wood, & which is my best way out.

ho. Best way out.

t. Ha, ha, ha, thats true, my best way out, is
best way out, but how that out will come in, by this
I know not, I see by this we are all wormes
: well, I am very poore and verie patient, Pa-
is a vertue : would I were not vertuous, thats to
not poore, but full of vice, (thats to say, full of
kes) Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinckes,
a Horfe with one eye may looke through and
gh me, I haue fighed long, and that makes me
e : I haue fasted long, and that makes me chafte,
I have praied little, and that makes mee I still
ce in this coniuring circle : I haue wandred long,

and that makes me wearie ; but for my wearinesse, anon Ile lie down, in steade of fasting ile feede vpon Nuts, and in stead of sighing will laugh and bee leane, Sirra, *Eccho*.

Eccho. Sirra *Eccho*.

Fort. Heres a Nut.

Eccho. Heres a Nut.

Fort. Cracke it

Eccho. Cracke it.

Fort. Hang thy selfe.

Eccho. Hang thy selfe.

Fort. Th'art a knaue, a knaue.

Eccho. A knaue, a knaue.

Fort. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Eccho. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Fortunat. Why fo, two fooles laugh at one another, I at my tittle tattle gammer eccho, and shee at me. Shortly there will creepe out in print some filthie booke of the old hoarie wandring Knight, meaning me : would I were that booke, for then I should be fure to creepe out from hence : I should bee a good fouldiour, for I trauerse my ground rarely, marrie I see neither enemy nor friends, but Popiniayes, and Squirrels, and Apes, and Owles, and Dawes, and Wagtailes, and the spite is that none of these grasse-eaters can speake my language, but this foole that mockes me, and sweares to haue the last word (in spite of my teeth) I, and shee shall haue it because shee is a woman, which kind of cattell are indeede all *Eccho*, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of S. Michaels in Cyprus, that keepe most rumbling when men would most sleepe. *Eccho*, a poxe on thee for mocking me.

Eccho. A poxe on thee for mocking me.

Fortunat. Why fo, Snip snap, this warre is at an end, but this wildernes is world without end, to see how trauell can transforme : my teeth are turn'd into Nutcrackers, a thousand to one I breake out shortly, for I am full of nothing, but waxing kernels, my tongue

fpeakes no language but an Almond for Parrat, and cracke me this Nut : If I hop three daies more vp and downe this cage of Coochooes nests, I shall turne wilde man fure, and be hyred to throw Squibs among the Cōminaltie vpon some terrible day. In the meane time to tell truth here will I lie. Farwell foole.

Eccho. Farwell foole.

Fort. Are not thefe comfortable words to a wife man? All haile Signior tree, by your leaue ile sleepe vnder your leaues, I pray bow to me, and ile bend to you, for your backe and my browes must, I doubt, haue a game or two at Noddie erre I wake againe : downe great heart, downe. Hey, ho, well, well.

He lyes downe and sleepest : Enter a Gardiner, a Smith, a Monke, a Shepheard all crown'd, a Nymph with a Globe, another with Fortunes wheele, then Fortune : After her fowre Kings with broken Crownes and Scepters, chained in siluer Gines and led by her. The foremost come out singing. Fortune takes her Chaire, the Kings lying at her feete, shee treading on them as shee goes vp.

The Song.

Fortune smiles, cry holyday,
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
Fortune frownes, cry wellada,
Her loue is heauen, her hate is hell :
Since heauen and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes doe lowre,
Since heauen and hell her power obey,
When shee smiles, crie holy day.

Holy-day with ioy we cry
And bend, and bend and merily,
Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie,
Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie.

All. { Let vs sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 With our song let heauen refound,
 Fortunes hands our heads haue crown'd,
 Let vs sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1. *King.* Accur'd Queene of chaunce, what had
 we done,
 Who hauing sometimes like young *Phaetons*,
 Ryd in the burnisht Charriot of the Sun,
 And sometimes beene thy minions, when thy fingers
 Weau'd wanton love-nets in our curled hayre,
 And with fweete iugling kifses warm'd our cheekes :
 Oh how haue we offended thy proud eyes,
 That thus we should be spur'd and trod vpon,
 Whilst those infected limmes of the sicke world,
 Are fixt by thee for starres in that bright Sphere,
 Wherein our Sunne like *Radiance* did appeare.

All the Kings.

Accur'd Queene of chaunce, damn'd forcereffe.

The rest.

Most powr'full Queene of chaunce dread foueraign-
 nesse.

Fort. No more : curse on : your cries to me are
 Musicke,
 And fill the sacred roundure of mine eares,
 With tunes more fweete then mouing of the Spheres :
 Curse on : on our celestially browes doe sit
 Un-nubred smiles, which then leaps from their
 throne,
 When they see Peasants daunce and Monarches
 groane.
 Behold you not this Globe, this golden bowle,
 This toy call'd worlde at our Imperiall feete ?
 This world is Fortunes ball wherewith she sports.
 Sometimes I strike it vp into the ayre,
 And then create I Emperours and kings

Sometimes I spurne it : at which spurne crawles out
That wild beaft multitude : curfe on you fooles,
Tis I that tumble Princes from their thrones,
And gild falfe browes with glittering diadems,
Tis I that tread on neckes of Conquerours,
And when like Semi-gods they haue beene drawne,
In Iuorie Charriots to the capitoll,
Circled about with wonder of all eyes,
The fhouts of euery tongue, loue of all hearts,
Being fwolne with their owne greatneffe, I haue prickt
The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
As water bubbles (without memorie)
I thrust bafe cowards into Honours chaire,
Whilst the true spirited Souldiour ftands by
Bare headed, and all bare, whilst at his skarres
They skoffe, that nere durft view the face of warres.
I fet an Ideots cap on vertues head,
Turne learning out of doores, clothe wit in ragges,
And paint ten thoufand Images of Loame,
In gawdie filken colours : on the backes
Of Mules and Affes I make affes ride,
Onely for fport, to fee the Apifh world
Worship fuch beafts with found idolatrie.
This Fortune does, and when this is done,
She fits and fmiles to heare fome curfe her name,
And fome with adoration crowne her fame.

Monck. True center of this wide circumference,
Sacred commaundrefle of the deftinies,
Our tongues fhall onely fownd thy excellence.

The ref. Thy excellence our tongues fhall onely
found.

The fecond King.

Thou painted ftumpet, that with honied fmiles,
Openeft the gates of heauen and criest, Come in,
Whofe glories being feene, thou with one frowne,
(In pride) lower then hell tumbleft vs downe.

All Kings. Euer for euer wil we banne thy name.

Fort. How sweete your howlings rellish in mine eares?
She comes downe.

Stand by ; now rise, behold, here lies a wretch,
 To vex your foules, this begger ile aduance
 Beyond the fway of thought, take instruments,
 And let the raptures of choice Harmonie,
 Through the hollow windings of his eare,

Musicke a while, and he waketh.

Carrie their facred founds, & wake each fence,
 To stand amaz'd at our bright Eminence.

Fortunat. Oh, how am I tranported ? Is this earth ?

Or blest Elizium ?

Fortune. Fortunatus, rise.

Fort. Dread Goddesse, how should such a wretch as I

Be knowne to such a glorious deitie ?

Oh pardon me : for to this place I come,

Lead by my fate, not folly ; in this wood

With wearie sorrow haue I wandered,

And three times seene the sweating Sun take rest,

And three times franticke Cynthia naked ride,

About the rustie high-waies of the skies

Stucke full of burning Starres, which lent her light

To court her Negro paramour grim night.

Fortune. This trauell now expires : yet from this circle,

Where I and these with fairie troopes abide,

Thou canst not flir, unlesse I be thy guide.

I the worlds Empreffe am Fortune my name,

This hand hath written in thicke leaues of steele

An euerlasting booke of changelesse Fate,

Shewing whoe's happie, who vnfortunate.

Fort. If euerie name (dread Queene) be there writ down,

I am sure mine stands in Characters of blacke,

Though happines her selfe lie in my name,

I am sorrowes heire, and eldest sonne to shame.

The Kings. No, we are fons to shame, and for-
rowes heires.

Fortune. Thou shalt be one of Fortunes minions :
Behold these foure chain'd like Tartarian slaues,
These I created Emperours and Kings,
And these are now my basest vnderlings :
This sometimes was a Germane Emperour,
Henry the fift, who being first depof'd,
Was after thrust into a dungeon,
And thus in siluer chaines shall rot to death.
This Frederick Barbarossa Emperour
Of Almaigne once : but by Pope Alexander
Now spurn'd and trod on when he takes his horse,
And in these fetters shall he die his slaue.
This wretch once wore the diademe of Fraunce,
(Lewes the meeke,) but through his childrens pride,
Thus haue I caused him to be famished.
Here stands the verie soule of miserie
Poore Baiazet old Turkish Emperour,
And once the greatest Monarch in the East ;
Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall,
And grieues to see thee glad to licke vp crommes
At the proud feete of that great Scithian fwaine,
Fortunes best minion, warlike Tamberlaine :
Yet must thou in a cage of Iron be drawne
In triumph at his heeles, and there in grieve
Dash out thy braines.

The third King. Oh miserable me.

Fortune. No teares can melt the heart of destinie :
These haue I ruin'd and exalted those :
These hands haue conquerd Spaine, these browes
fill vp
The golden circle of rich Portugall.
Viriat a Monarch now, but borne a shepherd.
This Primisslaus (a Bohemian king)
Last day a Carter : this Monke Gregorie
Now lifted to the Papall dignitie,
Wretches, why gnaw you not your fingers off,
And teare your tongues out, seeing your felues trod
downe,

And this Duch Botcher wearing Munsters crowne ?
 John Leyden borne in Holland poore and base,
 Now rich in Emperie and Fortunes grace.
 As theſe I haue aduanc'd, ſo will I thee.
 Six gifts I ſpend vpon mortalitie,
 Wifedome, ſtrength, health, beautie, long life, and
 riches,

Out of my bountie : one of theſe is thine,
 Choofe then which likes thee beſt.

Fortunat. Oh moſt diuine :

Giue me but leaue to borrow wonders eye,
 To looke (amaz'd) at thy bright maieſtie,
 Wifedome, ſtrength, health, beautie, long life and
 riches.

Fortune. Before thy foule (at this deepe Lotterie)
 Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by deſtinie,
 Know that heres no recanting a firſt choice.
 Choofe then diſcreetly (for the lawes of Fate,
 Being grauen in ſteele, muſt ſtand inuiolate.)

Fortunat. Daughters of Joue and the vnblemifht
 night,

Moſt righteous Parce, guide my Genius right,
 Wifedome, ſtrength, health, beautie, long life, and
 riches.

Fortune. Staie, Fortunatus, once more heare me
 ſpeake,

If thou kiſſe wifedomes cheeke and make her thine,
 Sheele breath into thy lips diuinitie,
 And thou (like Phebus) ſhalt ſpeake Oracle,
 Thy heauen-inſpired foule, on wifedomes wings,
 Shall flie vp to the Parliament of Joue,
 And read the Statutes of eternitie,
 And ſee whats paſt, and learne what is to come.
 If thou lay claime to ſtrength, Armies ſhall quake,
 To ſee thee frowne : as Kings at mine doe lie,
 So ſhall thy feete trample on Emperie ;
 Make Health thine obieſt, thou ſhalt be ſtrong prooffe,
 Gainſt the deepe ſearching darts of furfetting,
 Be euer merrie, euer reuelling.

With but for beautie, and within thine eyes,
 Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
 And on thy cheekes ile mixe such white and red,
 That Joue shall turne away young Ganimede,
 And with immortall armes shall circle thee.
 Are thy desires long life ? thy vitall thread
 Shall be stretcht out, thou shalt behold the chaunge
 Of Monarchies, and see those children die,
 Whose great great Graundfires now in cradles lie.
 If through Golds sacred hunger thou dost pine,
 Those gilded wantons which in swarmes doe runne,
 To warme their slender bodies in the funne,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feete,
 As those are ; so shall these be infinite.
 Awaken then thy foules best faculties,
 And gladly kisse this bounteous hand of Fate,
 Which striues to blesse thy name of Fortunate.

The Kings. Old man, take heede, her smiles wil
 murder thee.

The other. Old man, sheele crowne thee with
 felicitie.

Fort. Oh, whither am I wrap't beyond my selfe ?
 More violent conflicts fight in e'rie thought,
 Than his whose fatall choice Troyes downfall wrought.
 Shall I contract my life to wifedomes loue ?
 Then I lose riches : And a wifeman poore,
 Is like a sacred booke thats neuer read,
 To himselfe he liues, and to all els seemes dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded foole,
 Than of a threedbare Saint in wifedomes schoole.
 I will be strong : then I refuse long life,
 And though mine arme should conquer twentie worlds,
 Theres a leane fellow beates all conquerours :
 The greatest strength expires with losse of breath.
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoopes to death.
 Then take long life, or Health : should I doe so,
 I might grow vgly, and that tedious Scrole
 Of Months and yeeres, much miserie may enrole :

Therefore ile beg for beautie ; yet I will not,
 That fairest cheeke hath oftentimes a foule
 Leaprous as sinne it felfe ; then hell more foule.
 The wisedome of this world is Idiotisme,
 Strength a weake reede : Health sicknesse enemie,
 (And it at length will haue the victorie.)
 Beautie is but a painting, and long life
 Is a long iorney in December gon,
 Tedious and full of tribulation.
 Therefore dread sacred Empreffe make me rich,

Kneele downe.

My choice is store of gold ; the rich are wise.
 He that vpon his backe rich garments weares,
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas eares.
 Gold is the strength, the sinnewes of the world,
 The Health, the foule, the beautie most diuine,
 A maske of Gold hides all deformities ;
 Gold is heauens phisicke, lifes restoratiue,
 Oh therefore make me rich : Not as the wretch,
 That onely seruies leane banquets to his eye,
 Has Gold, yet starues : is famisht in his store :
 No, let me euer spend, be neuer poore.

Fortune. Thy latest words confine thy destinie,
 Thou shalt spend euer, and be neuer poore :
 For prooffe receiue this purse : with it this vertue,
 Still when thou thrusts thy hand into the same,
 Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
 Currant in any Realme where then thou breathest ;
 If thou can'st dribble out the Sea by drops,
 Then shalt thou want : but that can nere be don,
 Nor this grow emptie.

Fortanat. Thankes, great deitie.

Fortune. The vertue ends when thou and thy
 sonnes end.

This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence ;
 Farewel, vaine couetous foole, thou wilt repent,
 That for the loue of droffe thou hast despised
 Wisedomes diuine embrace, she would haue borne thee
 On the rich wings of immortalitie ;

But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die.

The Kings. We dwell with cares, yet cannot quickly die.

Exeunt all singing, manet Fortunatus.

Fortunat. But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die? How quickly? if I die to morrow, ile be merrie to day: if next day, ile be merrie to morrow: goe dwell with cares? Where dwels care? Hum ha, in what house dwels care, that I may choofe an honefter neighbor? In princes courts? No, among faire Ladies, neither, theres no care dwels with them: but care how to be moft gallant. Among gallants then? Fie, fie, no: care is afraid fure of a guilt Rapier, the fent of Mufke is her prifon, Tobacco choakes her, rich attire preffeth her to death. Princes, faire Ladies and gallants, haue amongst you then, for this wet eide wench Care dwelles with wretches: they are wretches that feele want, I shall feele none if I be neuer poore, therefore care I casheire you my companie. I wonder what blind Goffip this minx is that is fo prodigall, fhe fhould be a good one by her open dealing: her name's Fortune: Its no matter what fhe is, fo fhe does as fhe faies. *Thou fhalt fpend euer, and bee neuer poore:* Maffe, yet I feele nothing here to make mee rich, heres no fweete Muficke with her filuer found. Trie deeper: ho God be here: Ha, ha, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, good, iuft ten. Its gold fure, its fo heauie, trie againe, 1, 2, &c. Good againe, iuft ten, and iuft ten. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: a leather mint, admirable: an Indian mine in a Lambs skinne, miraculous: Ile fill three or fowre bagges full for my fonnes, but keepe this for my felfe. If that leane tawnie face Tobacconift death, that turnes all into fmoke, muft turne me fo quickly into afhes, yet I will not mourne in afhes, but in Muficke, hey old lad be merrie. Heres riches, wifdome, ftrengh, health, beautie, and long life. (If I die not quickly, fweete purfe I kiffe thee, Fortune, I adore thee Care, I defpife thee, death, I defie thee.

Enter Ampedo, Shaddow after him, both sad: Andolucia after them.

Andelo. S'hart, why how now : two knights of the poft ?

Shad. I, mafter, and wee are both forfworne, as all fuch wooden knights be, for we both tooke an oath (mary it was not corporall) you may fee by our cheekes, that we would not fast twentie fowre houres to amend, and we haue tasted no meate fince the clocke told two dozen.

Andel. That lackes not much of twentie fowre, but I wonder when that halfe faced Moone of thine wil be at the ful.

Sha. The next quarter, not this, when the figne is in Taurus.

Andel. Ho thats to fay, when thou eat'st bull biefes. But Shadow, what day is to day ?

Shad. Fasting day.

Andel. What day was yefter-day ?

Shad. Fasting day too.

Andel. Will to morrow be fo too ?

Shad. I, and next day too.

Andel. That will be rare, you flaue :

For a leane dyet makes a fat wit.

Shad. I had rather be a foole & weare a fat paire of cheekes.

Andel. Now am I powder of this pouertie, which I know is mine owne, then a wayting gentlewoman is, of a frizled groatefworth of haire, that neuer grewe on her head : Sirrha Shadow, now we can all three fweare like puritans at one bare word : this want makes vs like good bowlers, we are able to rub out and shift in euery^r place.

Shad. Thats not fo, we haue shifted our felues in no place this three moneths : marrie, we rub out in euery corner, but here followes no amendement either of life or of liuerie.

Andel. Why, brother Ampedo, art thou not yet

tir'd with riding post? Come, come, light from this logger-headed Jade, and walke afoote, and talke with your poore friends.

Shad. Nay by my troth he is like me : if his belly be emptie, his heart is full.

Andelo. The famine of Gold gnawes his couetous stomacke, more then the want of good victuals : Thou hast lookt very deuillishly euer since the good Angel left thee : come, come, leaue this broad brim fashions, because the world frownes vpon thee, wilt not thou smile vpon vs ?

Ampé. Did but the bitternes of mine owne fortunes

Infect my taste, I could paint ore my cheekes
With ruddy-coloured smiles : tis not the want
Of costly dyet or desire of gold,
Inforce this rupture in my wounded brest.
Oh no, our Father (if he liue) doth lie
Under the Iron foote of miserie,
And (as a Doue gript in a Faulcons claw)
There pant' th for life being most assur'd of death.
Brother, for him my foule thus languisheth.

Shad. Tis not for my old Master that I languish.

Ampé. I am not enamoured of this painted Idoll,
This strumpet world ; for her most beautious looks
Are poyfnd baits, hung vpon golden hookes.
When fooles doe swim in wealth, her Cynthian beames
Will wantonly daunce on the siluer streames :
But when this squintide age sees vertue poore,
And by a little sparke fits shiuering,
Begging at all, relieu'd at no mans doore,
She smiles on her (as the Sunne shines on fire)
To kill that little heate, and with her frowne
Is proud, that she can treade poore vertue downe :
Therefore her wrinckled brow makes not mine fowre,
Her gifts are toyes, and I deride her power.

Shad. Tis not the crab-tree fac'd world neither that makes mine fowre.

Andelo. Her gifts toyes : wel brother vertue, we

haue let slip the ripe plucking of those toyes so long, that wee florish like Apple trees in September, (which hauing the falling sicknes) beare neither fruit nor leaues.

Shad. Nay by my troth, master, none flourish in these withering times, but Auncient bearers and trumpettors.

Andelo. Shaddow, when thou prouest a substance, then the tree of vertue and honestie, and such fruit of heauen shall flourish vpon earth.

Shad. True, or when the Sunne shines at midnight, or women flie, and yet they are light enough.

Andelo. Twas neuer merie world with vs, since purses and bags were inuented, for now men set lime twiggess to catch wealth : And gold, which riseth like the sunne out of the East Indies, to shine vpon euery one, is like a Conie taken napping in a Purfenet, and suffers his glistering yellow face deitie to be lapt vp in Lambskins, as if the innocencie of those leather prisons, should dispence with the Cheuerill consciences of the Iron harted Jaylers.

Shad. Snudges may well be called Jaylers : for if a poore wretch steale but into a debt of tenne pound, they leade him straight to execution.

Andel. Doth it not vex thee, Shaddow, to stalke vp and downe Cyprus, and to meete the out-side of a man, lapt all in Damafke, his head and beard as white as milke, onely with coniuring in the snowie circles of the field Argent, and his nose as red as Scarlet, onely with kissing the ruddie lippes of Angels, and such an Image to weare on his thumbe, three mens liuings in the shape of a seale Ring, whilst my brother vertue here,

Shad. And you his brother Vice.

Andel. Most true, my little leane Iniquitie, whilst wee three, if we should starue, cannot borrow five shillings of him neither in word nor deede : does not this vex thee, Shaddow ?

Shad. Not me ; it vexes me no more to see such

a picture, then to see an Assie laden with riches, because I know when hee can beare no longer, he must leaue his burthen to some other beast.

Andel. Art not thou mad, to see money on Goldsmithes stalles, and none in our purses?

Shad. It mads not me, I thanke the destinies.

Andel. By my pouertie, and thats but a threed-bare oath, I am more then mad, to see filkes and veluets, lie crowding together in Mercers shops, as in prisons, onely for feare of the smell of waxe (they cannot abide to see a man made out of waxe) for these Satten commodities haue such smooth consciences, that theile haue no man giue his word for them, or stand bownd for their comming forth, but vow to lie till they rot in those shop Counters, except Monsieur money baile them. Shaddow, I am out of my little wits to see this.

Shad. So is not Shaddow: I am out of my wits, to see fat gluttons feede all day long, whilst I that am leane, fast euery day: I am out of my wits, to see our Famagosta fooles, turne halfe a shop of wares into a suite of gay apparrell, onely to make other Ideots laugh, and wife men to crie who's the foole now? I am mad, to see Souldiours beg, and cowards braue: I am mad, to see Schollers in the Brokers shop, and Dunces in the Mercers: I am mad, to see men that haue no more fashion in them then poore Shaddow, yet must leape thrice a day into three orders of fashions: I am mad, to see many things, but horne-mad, that my mouth feelles nothing.

Andel. Why, now shaddow, I see thou hast a substance: I am glad to see thee thus mad.

Amped. The sonnes of Fortunatus had not wont, Thus to repine at others happines:
But fooles haue alwaies this loofe garment wore,
Being poore themfelues, they wish all others poore,
Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madnes,
Turne your eyes inward, and behold your soule,
That wants more then your body: burnish that

With glittering Vertue : and make Ideots grieve,
To see your beautilous mind in wisedome shine,
As you at their rich pouertie repine.

Enter Fortunatus gallant.

And. Peace, good vertue, Shad. here comes
another Shadow.

Shad. It should be a Camelion : for he is all in
colours.

Amp. Oh, tis my Father. With these teares of
ioye,

My loue and duetie greete your faire returne :
A double gladnesse hath refresht my foule ;
One, that you liue, and one, to see your fate
Lookes freshly howsoever poore in state.

And. My father Fortunatus, & thus braue ?

Sha. Tis no wonder to see a man braue, but a
wonder how he comes braue.

Fortunat. Deere Anadelocia and sonne Ampedo,
And my poore seruant Shaddow : plume your spirits
With light-wingd mirth : for Fortunatus hand
Can now powre golden showers into their laps,
That sometimes scorn'd him for his want of gold.
Boyes, I am rich, and you shall ne're be poore ;
Weare gold, spend gold, we all in gold will feede,
Now is your father Fortunate indeede.

Andel. Father, be not angrie, if I set open the
windowes of my mind : I doubt for all your bragging,
you'll prooue like most of our gallants in Famagosta,
that haue a rich outside, & a beggerly inside, and like
Mules weare gay trappings, and good Veluet foote-
clothes on their backes, yet champe on the Iron bitte
of penurie, I meane, want coyne : You gild our eares
with a talke of Gold, but I pray dazell our eyes with
the maiestie of it.

Fort. First will I wake your senses with the
found

Of golds sweete musicke : tell me what you heare ?

Amp. Belieue me, Sir, I heare not any thing.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha. S'hart, I thought as much, if I heare any gingling, but of the purse strings that goe flip, flap, flip, flap, flip, flap, would I were turnd into a flip-flap, and folde to the Butchers.

Fort. Shaddow: He trie thine eares, harke, dost rattle?

Shad. Yes, like three blew Beanes in a blew bladder, rattle bladder, rattle: your purse is like my bellie, th'ones without money, th'other without meate.

Fort. Bid your eyes blame the error of your eares: You misbeleeuing Pagans, fee, heres gold, Ten golden pieces: take them, Ampedo. Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

Amp. Shaddow, theres one for thee, prouide thee foode.

Fort. Stay, boy: hold, Shad. here are ten for thee.

Shad. Ten master? then defiaunce to Fortune, & a Fig for famine.

Fort. Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

Andel. Wee the wags haue gold, Father; but I thinke theres not one Angell more wagging in this sacred Temple; why this is rare: Shaddow, fue will serue thy turne, giue me th' other fue.

Shad. Nay, soft master, liberalitie dyed long agoe: I see some rich beggers are neuer well, but when they be crauing: My ten Duckets are like my ten fingers, they will not ieopard a ioynt for you: I am yours, and these are mine if I part from them, I shall neuer haue part of them.

Amp. Father, if heauen haue blest you once againe,

Let not an open hand disperse that store;
Which gone, lifes gone; for all treade downe the poore.

Fort. Peace, Ampedo: talke not of pouertie, Disdaine, my boyes, to kisse the tawnie cheekes Of leane necessitie: make not inquirie, How I came rich: I am rich, let that suffice;

There are fowre leathern bags trust full of gold:
 Thofe spent, ile fill you more : goe lads, be gallant :
 Shine in the streetes of Cyprus like two starres,
 And make them bow their knees that once did spurne
 you ;

For to effect such wonders gold can turne you :
 Braue it in Famagosta, or els where,
 Ile trauell to the Turkish Emperour :
 And then ile reuell it with Prester John,
 Or banquet with great Cham of Tartarie,
 And trie what frolicke Court the Souldan keeps ;
 Ile leaue you presently : teare off these rags.
 Glitter, my boyes, like Angels, that the world
 May (whilst our life in pleasures circle romes)
 Wonder at Fortunatus and his sonnes.

Andel. Come, Shaddow : now wee'le feast it
 royally.

Shad. Doe, master, but take heede of beggerie.

Exeunt.

*Musick sounds: Enter vice with a gilded face, and
 hornes on her head: her garments long, painted be-
 fore with siluer halfe moones, increasing by litle and
 litle, till they come to the full: in the midst of them
 in Capitall letters this written: CRESCIT
 EVNDO: her garment painted behind with fooles
 faces & diuels heads: and vnderneath it in the
 midst this written, Ha, Ha, He: She and others
 wearing gilded visards, and attirde like deuils,
 bring out a faire tree of Gold with apples on it:
 after her comes Vertue, a coxecombe on her head, all
 in white before, and this written about the middle:
 Sibi sapit: her attire behind painted with Crownes,
 and Laurell garlands, stuck full of starres, held out
 by hands, thrust out of bright cloudes, and among
 them this written: Dominabitur astris: Shee and
 other Nymphes all in white with coxecombs on
 their heads, bring a tree with greene and withered
 leaues mingled together, and litle fruit on it: after*

her Fortune, one bearing her Wheele, another her Globe; and last, the Priest.

Fortune. You ministers of Vertue, Vice, and Fortune,

Teare off this vpper garment of the earth,
And in her naked bosome flicke these trees.

Vertue. How many kingdomes haue I measured,
Onely to find a Climat, apt to cherish
These withering braunches ? but no ground can prooue
So happie ; (ay mee) none doe vertue loue ;
He trie this foyle ; if here I like wise fade,
To heauen ile flie, from whence I tooke my birth,
And tel the Gods, I am banisht from the earth.

Vice. Vertue, I am sworne thy foe : if there thou
plant,
Here opposite to thine, my tree shall flourish,
And (as the running wood-bind) spread her armes,
To choke thy withering boughes in their embrace,
He driue thee from this world : were Vertue fled,
Vice as an Angell should be honoured.

Fort. Seruants of this bright diuell & and that
poore Saint,
Applie your taske whilst you are labouring :
To make your paines seeme short our priest shall sing.

The song : whilst he sings, the rest set the trees into the earth.

Priest, Vertues braunches wither, vertue pines,
O pittie, pittie, and alacke the time,
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glorie shines,
Her gilded boughs about the Cedar clime,
Vice hath golden cheekes, O pittie, pittie,
She in euery land doth monarchize.
Vertue is exile from euery Cittie,
Vertue is a foole, Vice onely wife.
O pittie, pittie, Vertue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint (alacke the time)
This finckes : with painted wings the other
flies,

Alacke that best should fall, and bad should
 clime,
 O pittie, pittie, pittie, mourne, not sing,
 Vice is a Saint, Vertue an vnderling.
 Vice doth florish, Vice in glorie shines,
 Vertues braunches wither, Vertue pines.

Fort. Florish or wither, Fortune cares not which,
 In eithers fall or height our Eminence
 Shines equall to the Sunne : the Queene of chance
 Both vertuous foules and vicious doth aduance.
 These shadowes of your felues shall (like your felues,)
 Striue to make men enamoured of their beauties,
 This groue shall be our temple ; and henceforth
 Be consecrated to our deities.

Vert. How few will come and kneel at vertues
 shrine ?

Vice. This contents vertue, that she is cal'd diuine.

Fort. Poore Vertue, Fortune grieues to see thy
 lookes

Want cunning to intice : Why hang these leaues,
 As loofe as Autumnes haire (which euery wind,
 In mockerie blowes from his rotten browes ?)
 Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at ?
 Why is this Motley-scorne fet on thy head ?
 Why stands thy Court wide open, but none in it ?
 Why are the Chrifall pauements of thy temple,
 Not worne, not trod vpon ? All is for this,
 Because thy pride is to weare base attire,
 Because thine eyes flame not with amorous fire.

Vert. Vertue is fairest in a poore aray.

Fort. Poore foole, tis not this badge of puritie,
 Nor *Sibi fapit*, (painted on thy breast,)
 Allures mortalitie to seeke thy loue.
 No : now the great wheele of thy Globe hath runne,
 And met his first point of creation.
 On Crutches went this world but yester-day,
 Now it lies bed-rid, and is growne so old,
 That its growne young ; for tis a child againe,
 A childifh foule it hath, tis a meere foole :

And fooles and children are well pleafde with toyes :
 So muft this world, with fhewes it muft be pleafed,
 Then Vertue, buy a golden face like Vice,
 And hang thy bofome full of filuer Moones,
 To tell the credulous world, As thofe increafe,
 As the bright Moone fwelles in her pearled Spheare,
 So wealth and pleafures them to heauen fhall reare.

Vert. Vertue abhorres to weare a borrowed face.

Vice. Why haft thou borrowed then that Idiots
 hood?

Vert. Fooles plac'd it on my head that knew me
 not,

And I am proud to weare the fcorne of fooles.

Fort. Mourne in that pride & die, all the world
 hates thee.

Vert. Not all, ile wander once more through the
 world :

Wifedome I know hath with her bleffed wings
 Fled to fome bofome : if I meete that brest,
 There ile erect my temple, and there refte.
 Fortune nor Vice, fhall then ere haue the power,
 (By their loofe eyes) to intice my Paramour ;
 Then will I caft off this deformitie,
 And fhine in glorie, and triumph to fee
 Your conquerd at my feete, that tread on me.

Fort. Vertue begins to quarrell : Vice, farewell.

Vice. Stay, Fortune, whilft within this Groue we
 dwell,

If my Angelicall and Saint-like forme
 Can win fome amorous foole to wanton here,
 And tafte the fruite of this alluring tree,
 Thus fhall his fawcie browes adorned bee,
 To make vs laugh.

Makes hornes.

Fort. It will be rare : adiew,

Ver. Foule hel-bred fiend, Vertue fhall ftriue with
 you,

If any be enamoured of thine eyes,
 Their loue muft needes beget deformities.
 Men are transformed to beaftes, feafting with finne ;

But if (in spite of thee) their soules I winne,
To taste this fruite, though thou disguise their head,
Their shapes shall be re-metamorphosed.

Vice. I dare thee doe thy worst.

Ver. My best ile trie.

Fort. Fortune shall iudge who winnes the foue-
raightie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. The world to the circumference of heauen,
Is as a small point in Geometrie,
Whose greatnes is so little, that a lesse
Cannot be made : into that narrow roome,
Your quicke imaginations we must charme,
To turne that world : and (turn'd) againe to part it
Into large kingdomes, and within one moment,
To carrie Fortunatus on the wings
Of actiue thought, many a thousand miles.
Suppose then since you last beheld him here,
That you haue saild with him vpon the seas,
And leapt with him vpon the Asian shores,
Beene feasted with him in the Tartars palace,
And all the Courts of each Barbarian kings :
From whence (being cald by some vnluckie starre,)
(For happines neuer continues long,)
Helpe me to bring him backe to Arragon :
Where for his pride (Riches make all men proude)
On slight quarrell, by a couetous Earle,
Fortunes deere minion is imprisoned ;
There thinke you see him sit with folded armes,
Teares dropping downe his cheekes, his white haire
torne,
His legges in rustie fetters, and his tongue
Bitterly curling that his fquint-eide soule
Did not make choice of wisedomes sacred loue,
Fortune (to triumph in vnconstancie,)
From prison bailes him, (libertie is wild)
For being fet free, he like a lustie Eagle,
Cuts with his ventrous feathers through the skie,

And lights not till he find the Turkish court.
Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him,
Reuelling with the Emperour of the East,
From whence (through feare) for safegard of his life,
(Flying into the armes of vgly night,)
Suppose you see him brought to Babylon ;
And that the Sunne (clothed all in fire) hath rid
One quarter of his hot celestially way
With the bright morning, and that in this instant,
He and the Soldan meete, but what they say,
Listen you, the talke of Kings none dare bewray.

*Exit.**Enter the Souldan, his Noblemen, and Fortunatus.*

Sould. Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,
Being carried in the Charriot of the winds,
Hast fild the Courts of all our Asian kings,
With loue and enuie, whose deere prefence tyes
The eyes of admiration to thine eyes ?
Art thou that Joue that in a shower of gold
Appearedst before the Turkish Emperour ?

Fortunat. I am that Fortunatus, mightie Souldan.

Sould. Where is that purse which threw abroad
such treasure ?

Fort. I gaue it to the Turkish Soliman,
A second I bestowed on Prester Iohn,
A third the great Tartarian Cham receiued :
For with these Monarches haue I banquetted,
And rid with them in triumph through their courts,
In christall Charriots drawne by Unicornes.
England, Fraunce, Spaine, and welthy Belgia,
And all the rest of Europs bleffed daughters,
Haue made my couetous eye rich in th' embrace
Of their celestially beauties ; now I come,
To see the glorie of faire Babylon.
Is Fortunatus wel-come to the Soldan ?
For I am like the Sunne, if Ioue once chide,
My gilded browes from amorous heauen I hide.

Sould. Most welcome, and most happie are mine
armes

In circling such an earthly deitie ;
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed
By fight of such a purse ?

Fort. Ere I depart,
The Soldan shall receiue one at my hands :
For I must spend some time in framing it,
And then some time to breathe that vertuous spirit
Into the heart thereof, all which is don
By a most sacred inspiration.

Sould. Wel-come, most welcome to the Soldans
court ;

Stay here and be the king of Babylon,
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine eyes
With wondrous fights, then can all Asia :
Behold yon towre, there stands mine Armourie,
In which are Corlets forg'd of beaten gold,
To arme ten hundred thousand fighting men,
Whose glittering squadrons when the Sunne beholds,
They seeme like to ten hundred thousand Ioues,
When Ioue on the proude backe of thunder rydes,
Trapt all in lightning flames : there can I shew thee
The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire ;
There shalt thou see the skarfe of Cupids mother,
Snatcht from the soft moyst Iuorie of her arme,
To wrap about Adonis wounded thigh,
There shalt thou see a wheele of Titans care,
Which dropt from heauen when Phaeton fir'd the
world :

Ile giue thee (if thou wilt) two siluer Doues
Compof'd by Magicke to diuide the ayre,
Who (as they flie) shall clap their siluer wings,
And giue straunge musicke to the Elements ;
Ile giue thee els the fanne of Proserpine,
Which in reward (for a sweete Thracian song,)
The black-browd Empresse threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Euridice from hell.

Fort. Hath euer mortall eye beheld these wonders ?

Sould. Thine shall behold them, and make choice of any,

So thou wilt giue the Souldan such a purse.

Fort. By Fortunes blessed hand (who chriſtned me)

The mightie Souldan shall haue such a purse,

Provided I may see theſe prizeleſſe wonders.

Sould. Leaue vs alone : neuer was mortal eare

Exeunt Nobles.

Acquainted with the vertue of a Jewell,

Which now ile ſhew, (out-valuing all the reſt.)

Fort. It is impoſſible.

Sould. Behold this Casket,—*Draw a Curtaine.*

Fettered in golden chaines, the Lock pure gold,

The key of follide gold, which my ſelfe keepe,

And heres the treaſure thats contained in it.

Takes out the Hat.

Fort. A courſe felt Hat ? is this the precious Jewel ?

Sould. Ile not exchange this, for ten Diadems.

On paine of death, none liſten to our talke.

Fort. What needes this ſolemne coniuration !

Sould. O, yes, for none ſhall vnderſtand the worth Of this ineſtimable ornament,

But you : and yet not you, but that you ſweare

By her white hand, that lent you ſuch a name,

To leaue a wondrous purse in Babylon.

Fort. What I haue ſworne, I will not violate,

But now vncouer the vertues of this Hatte.

Sould. I thinke none liſten ; if they doe, they die.

Fort. None liſten : tell : what needes this iealouſie ?

Sould. You ſee tis poore in ſhew ; did I want Jewels,

Gold could beget them, but the wide worlds wealth

Buyes not this Hat ; this clapt vpon my head,

I (onely with a wiſh) am through the ayre,

Transported in a moment ouer Seas,

And ouer lands to any secrete place ;
 By this I steale to euery Princes court,
 And heare their priuate counsels and preuent
 All daungers which to Babylon are meant.
 By helpe of this I oft see armies ioyne,
 Though when the dreadfull Aluarado founds,
 I am distant from the place a thousand leagues,
 Oh, had I such a purse and such a Hat,
 The Souldan were, of all, most fortunate.

Fort. Oh, had I such a Hat, then were I braue.
 Wheres he that made it ?

Sould. Dead, and the whole world
 Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. No does ? by what trick shal I make this
 mine ? *Aside.*

Me thinkes, me thinkes, when you are borne o're Seas,
 And ouer lands, the heauineffe thereof
 Should waigh you downe, drowne you, or breake your
 necke.

Sould. No, tis more light then any Hat beside :
 Your hand shal peise it.

Fort. Oh, tis wondrous heauie.

Sould. Fie, ya're deceau'd : trie it vpon your head.

Fort. Would I were now in Cyprus with my sons.
Exit.

Sould. Stay, Fortunatus, stay, I am vndone.
 Treason, Lords, treason, get me wings, ile flie
 After this damn'd Traytor through the ayre.

Enter Nobles.

Nob. Who wrongs the mightie king of Babylon ?

Sould. This Fortunatus, this fiend wrongs your
 king.

Nobl. Locke the Court gates, where is the dinell
 hid ?

Sould. No gates no grates of Iron imprifon him,
 Like a Magician breakes he through the clouds,
 Bearing my soule with him, for that Iewell gon,

I am dead, and all is droffe in Babylon.
Flie after him, tis vaine, on the winds wings,
Heele ride through all the Courts of earthly kings.

Nobl. What is the Iewell that your grace hath lost?

Sould. He dies that troubles me: call me not
king;

For ile consume my life in forrowing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Andelocia very gallant, and Shaddow.

Andel. Shaddow? what haue I lost to day at dice?

Shad. More then you will win againe in a month.

Andel. Why sir, how much comes it to?

Shad. It comes to nothing, Sir, for you haue lost
your wits, and when a mans wittes are lost, the man is
like twentie poundes worth of Tobacco, which mounts
into th' aire, and prooues nothing but one thing.

Andelo. And what thing is that, you Assie?

Shad. Marrie sir, that he is an asse that melts so
much money in smoke.

Andel. Twere a charitable deed to hang thee a
smoking.

Shad. I should neuer make good bacon, because I
am not fat.

Andel. Ile besworne thy wit is leane.

Shad. Its happie I haue a leane wit: but master,
you haue none; for when your money tript away, that
went after it, and euer since you haue beene mad; here
com's your brother; borrowe a dramme of him.

Enter Ampedo.

If his be not mouldie: for mens wits in these daies,
Are like the Cuckoo, bald once a yeere, and that
makes Motley so deere, and fooles so good cheape.

Andel. Brother, all haile.

Shad. There's a ratling salutation.

Andel. You must lend me some more money:
Nay neuer looke so straunge, and you will come off, so:
if you will barre me from square play, doe: come

come, when the old traeller my Father comes home, like a young Ape, full of fantasticke trickes, or a painted Parrat stucke full of outlandish feathers, heele leade the world in a string, and then (like a hot shot) Ile charge and discharge all.

Shad. I would be loth, master, to see that day : for he leades the world in a string that goes to hanging.

And. Take heede I turne not that head into the world, and leade you so ?

Brother wilt be : Hay any ends of Gold or Siluer ?

Amp. Thus wanton reuelling breeds beggerie.

Brother, twere better that you still liu'd poore.

Want would make wifedome rich : but when your Coffers

Swell to the brim, then royt sets vp sayles,

And like a desperate vnskild Mariner

Driues your vnsteddie fortunes on the point

Of wracke ineuitable ; of all the wealth,

Left (by our Father, when he left vs last)

This little is vnspent, and this being wasted,

Your ryot ends ; therefore consume it all,

Ile liue ; or dying, find some buriall.

Thankes for my crownes.

Andel. Shaddow, I am villainous hungrie, to heare one of the feuen wife Masters talke thus emptily.

Shad. I am a villaine, master, if I am not hungrie.

Andel. Because ile faue this gold, firra Shaddowe, wee leede our selues with Paradoxes.

Shad. Oh rare : what meat's that ?

Andel. Meate, you gull : tis no meate : a dish of Paradoxes is a feast of straunge opinion, tis an ordinarie that our greatest gallants haunt nowadaies, because they would be held for Statefmen.

Shad. I shall neuer fill my belly with opinions.

And. In despite of sway-bellies, gluttons, & sweet mouth'd Epicures, Ile haue thee maintaine a Paradox in commendations of hunger.

Shad. I shall neuer haue the stomacke to doo't.

And. Seest thou this Crufado? do it, & turne this into a feast.

Shad. Couetoufneffe and lecherie are two diuels, they'le tempt a man to wade through deepe matters : Ile doo't though good cheare cōspire my death, for speaking treason against her.

Andel. Fall to it then with a full mouth.

Shad. Oh famine, inspire me with thy miserable reafons.

I begin, mafter.

Amf. O miserable inuocation.

Andel. Silence.

Shad. Theres no man but loues one of thefe three beastes, a Horfe, a Hound, or a Whore ; the Horfe by his goodwill, haſ his head euer in the maunger ; the Whore with your ill will has her hand euer in your purfe ; and a hungrie Dogge eates durtie puddings.

Andel. This is profound, forward : the conclufion of this now.

Shad. The conclufion is plaine : For ſince all men loue one of thefe three monſters, being ſuch terrible eaters, therefore all men loue hunger.

Amf. A very leane argument.

Shad. I can make it no fatter.

Andel. Proceede, good Shaddow ; this fats me.

Shad. Hunger is made of Gun-powder.

Andel. Giue fire to that opinion.

Shad. Stand by, leſt it blow you vp : hunger is made of Gun-powder, or Gun-powder of hunger ; for they both eate through ſtone walles ; hunger is a grindſtone, it ſharpens wit, hunger is fuller of loue then Cupid, for it makes a man eate himſelfe ; hunger was the firſt that euer open'd a Cookes ſhop ; Cookes the firſt that euer made ſawce ; ſawce being lickeriſh, lickes vp good meate ; good meate preferues life : Hunger therefore preferues life.

Amf. By my conſent thou ſhouldeſt ſtill liue by hunger.

Shad. Not ſo, hunger makes no man mortall :

hunger is an excellent Phyfition : for hee dares kill any body : hunger is one of the feuen liberall fciences.

Andel. O learned ? Which of the feuen ?

Shad. Muficke, for sheele make a man leape at a cruft : but as few care for her fixe lifters, fo none loue to daunce after her pipe : Hunger, mafter, is hungrie and couetous ; therefore the Crufado.

Andel. But haft thou no sharper reafons then this ?

Shad. Yes one : the dagger in Cyprus had neuer ftabd out fuch fixe penie pipes, but for hunger.

And. Why, you dolt, thefe pies are but in their minority.

Shad. My belly and my purfe haue beene twentie times at daggers drawing, with parting the little vrchins.

Enter Fortunatus.

Amp. Peace, Idiot, peace, my Father is return'd.

Fort. Touch mee not, boyes, I am nothing but ayre, let none fpeake to me, till you haue markt me well.

Shad. Now fpeake your mind.

Amp. Villaine, why haft thou chalkt my Fathers backe ?

Shad. Onely to marke him, & to trie what colour aire is of.

Fort. Regard him not, Ampedo : Andelocia, Shaddowe : view me, am I as you are, or am I transform'd ?

And. I thought trauel would turne my father, mad man or foole.

Amp. How fhould you be tranfform'd I fee no chaunge.

Shad. If your wits be not planet ftrucken, if your braines lie in their right place, you are well inough ; for your body is little mended by your fetching fegaries.

Andel. Mee thinkes, father, you looke as you did, onely your face is more withered.

Fort. Thats not my fault, age is like loue, it cannot be hid.

Shad. Or like Gun-powder a fire, or like a foole, or like a young nouice new come to his lands : for all these will shew of what houle they come : now sir, you may amplifie.

Fort. Shaddow, turne thy tongue to a shaddow, be silent : Boyes be proud, your Father hath the whole world in this compasse, I am all felicitie, vp to the brimmes. In a minute am I come from Babylon, I haue beene this half howre in Famagosta.

And. How? in a minute, father? Ha, ha, I see trauellers must lie.

Shad. Tis their destinie : the Fates doe so conspire.

Fort. I haue cut through the ayre like a Falcon ; I would haue it seeme straunge to you.

Shad. So it does, Sir.

Fort. But tis true : I would not haue you believe it neither.

Shad. No more we doe not, Sir.

Fort. But tis miraculous & true : desire to see you, brought me to Cyprus ; ile leaue you more Gold, and goe visite more Countries.

Sha. Leaue vs gold inough, and wee le make all Countries come visit vs.

Amp. The frostie hand of age now nips your bloud, And strowes her snowie flowers vpon your head, And giue you warning that within few yeeres, Death needes must marrie you : those short liues minutes,

That dribble out your life, must needes be spent,

In peace not trauell : rest in Cyprus then.

Could you suruaie ten worlds, yet you must die ;

And bitter is the sweete thats reapt thereby.

And. Faith father, what pleasure haue you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I haue reueld with kings, daunc'd with Queenes, dallied with Ladies, worne straunge attires, scene fantasticoes, conuerst with

humorists, beene rauisht with diuine raptures of Dorick, Lidian and Phrigian harmonies, I haue spent the day in triumphes, and the night in banquetting.

Andel. Oh rare : this was heauenly.

Shad. Me thinkes t'was horrible.

Andel. He that would not be an Arabian Phenix to burne in these sweete fires, let him liue like an Owle for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities ?

Fort. Vanities ? Ampedo, thy foule is made of lead, too ponderous to mount vp to the incomprehensible glorie, that trauell lifts men to.

Shad. My olde masters foule is Corke and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount vp.

Ande. Sweeten mine eares, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine owne countries armes

We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small Horizon Imprison'd vp my body, then mine eyes Worshipt these clouds as brightest ; but, my boyes, The glistering beames which doe abroad appeare, (In other heauens) fire is not halfe so cleare.

Shad. Why, fir, are there other heauens in other countries ?

Andel. Peace, interrupt him not vpon thy life.

For. For still in all the Regions I haue seene, I scorn'd to crowd among the muddie throng Of the rancke multitude, whose thickned breath, Like to condensed Fogs doe choake that beautie, Which els would dwell in euery kingdomes cheeke. No, I still boldly slept into their Courts, For there to liue tis rare, O tis diuine ; There shall you see faces Angelicall, There shall you see troopes of chaste Goddeffes, Whose star-like eyes haue power, (might they still shine)

To make night day, and day more christalline. Neere these you shall behold great *Heroes*,

White headed Councillors and Jouiall spirites,
Standing like fierie Cherubins to gard
The Monarch, who in God-like glorie fits.
In midft of thefe, as if this deitie
Had with a looke created a new world ;
The flanders by, being the faire workemanfhip.

Andel. Oh how my foule is rapt to a third heauen.
He trauell fure, and liue with none but kings.

Shad. Then Shaddow muft die among knaues ;
and yet why fo ? in a bunch of Cards, knaues waite
vpon the kings.

And. When I turne king, then fhalt thou waite
on me.

Shad. Well, theres nothing impoffible : a dog has
his day, and fo haue you.

Amp. But tell me, father, haue you in all courts
Beheld fuch glorie, fo maiefticall ?
In all perfection ? no way blemifhed ?

Fort. In fome Courts fhall you fee ambition
Sit piecing Dedalus old waxen wings,
But being clapt on, and they about to flie,
Euen when their hopes are bufied in the clouds,
They melt againft the Sunne of maieftie,
And downe they tumble to deftruftion :
For fince the heauens ftrong armes teach kings to ftand,
Angels are plac'd about their glorious throne,
To gard it from the ftrokes of Traitrous hands.
By trauell, boyes, I haue feene all thefe things,
Fantafticke complement flalkes vp and downe,
Trickt in out-landifh Fethers, all his words,
His lookes, his oathes, are all ridiculous,
All apifh, childifh, and Italianate.

Enter Fortune : after her three deftinies working.

Shad. I know a medicine for that maladie.

Fort. By trauell, beyes, I haue feene all thefe
things.

Andel. And thefe are fightes for none, but gods &
kings.

Shad. Yes, and for Christen creatures, if they be not blind.

Fort. In these two hands doe I gripe all the world.
This leather purse, and this bald woollen Hat
Make me a Monarch : heres my Crowne and Scepter.
In progresse will I now goe through the world,
Ile cracke your shoulders, boyes, with bags of gold
Ere I depart ; on Fortunes wings I ride,
And now sit in the height of humane pride.

Fortune. Now, foole, thou liest ; where thy proud
feete doe tread

These shal throw downe thy cold & breathlesse head.

Fort. O sacred deitie, what sinne is don,
That deaths Iron fist should wrestle with thy sonne ?

All kneele.

Fortune. Thou art no sonne of Fortune, but her
slaue :

Thy Cedar hath aspir'd to his full height.
Thy Sunne like glorie hath aduanc'd her selfe
Into the top of prides Meridian,
And downe amaine it comes. From beggerie
I plum'd thee like an Ostrich, like that Ostrich
Thou hast eaten Metals, and abus'd my giftes,
Hast plaid the Ruffian, wasted that in ryots,
Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

Fort. Forgiue me, I will be more prouident.

Fortune. No, endlesse follies follow endlesse wealth.
Thou hadst thy fancie, I must haue thy fate,
Which is, to die when th'art most fortunate.
This inckie thread thy vgly sinnes haue spun,
Blacke life, blacke death ; faster, that it were don.

Fort. Oh, let me liue, but till I can redeeme.

Fortune. The destinies denie thee longer life.

Fort. I am but now lifted to happines.

Fortune. And now I take most pride to cast thee
downe.

Hadst thou chofen wifedome, this blacke had beene
white,

And deaths sterne browe could not thy foule afright.

Fort. Take this againe: giue wisedome to my
fonnes.

Fortune. No, foole, tis now too late: as death
strikes thee,

So shall their ends suddenn and wretched bee.
Ioues daughters (righteous destinies) make haste,
His life hath wastefull beene, and let it waste.

Exeunt.

Andel. Why the pox doest thou sweate so?

Shad. For anger to see any of Gods Creatures
haue such filthie faces as these Semsters had that went
hence.

Andel. Semsters? why, you asse, they are destinies.

Shad. Indeepe, if it bee ones destinie to haue a
filthie face, I know no remedie but to goe Maskt and
crie, Woe worth the Fates.

Amp. Why droopes my father? these are onely
shaddowes,

Raizd by the malice of some enemye,
To fight your life, o're which they haue no power.

Shad. Shaddowes? I defie their kinred.

Fort. O Ampedo, I faint; helpe me, my fonnes.

Andel. Shaddow, I pray thee runne and call more
helpe.

Shad. If that desperate Don Dego death hath
tane vp the Cudgels once, heres neuer a Fencer in
Cyprus dare take my old masters part.

Andel. Runne, villaine, call more helpe.

Shad. Bid him thanke the destinies for this. *Exit.*

Fort. Let me shrinke downe, & die betweene
your armes,

Helpe comes in vaine. No hand can conquer Fate,
This instant is the last of my lifes date.

This Goddesse (if at least shee be a goddesse)
Names her selfe Fortune: wandring in a wood,
Halfe famisht, her I met. I haue, quoth shee,
Sixe gifts to spend vpon mortalitie,
Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life and
riches.

Out of my bountie one of these is thine.

Amp. What benefit did from your choyce arise ?

Fort. Listen, my sonnes : In this small compasse
lies,

Infinite treasure : this thee gaue to mee,
And gaue to this, this vertue, Take (quoth thee)
So often as from hence thou drawst thy hand,
Ten golden peeces of that kingdomes coyne,
Where er'e thou liu'ft, which plenteous sure shall last,
After thy death, till thy sonnes liues doe waste.

Andel. Father, your choice was rare, the gift
diuine.

Fort. It had beene so, if riches had beene mine.

Amp. But hath this golden vertue neuer faild ?

Fort. Neuer.

Andel. O admirable : heare's a fire

Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
And giue stones life, by this most sacred death,
See brother, heres all India in my hand.

Fort. Inherite you (my Sonnes) that golden land.
This Hat I brought away from Babylon,
I robd the Souldan of it, tis a prize
Worth twentie Empires. In this Jewell lies.

Andel. How, father ? Jewell ? call you this a
Jewell ? It's course Wooll, a bald fashion, and greasie
to the brim ; I haue bought a better Felt for a
French crowne fortie times : Of what vertuous blocke
is this Hat, I pray ?

Fort. Set it vpon thy head, and with a wish,
Thou in the moment on the winds swift wings,
Shalt be transported into any place.

Andel. A wishing Hat, and a golden mine ?

For. O Andelocia, Ampedo, now death
Sounds his third fommoms : I must hence : these
Jewels

To both I doe bequeath ; diuide them not,
But vse them equally : neuer bewray
What vertues are in them ; for if you doe,

Much shame, much grieve, much daunger followes
you.

Peruse this booke : farwell : behold in me

The rotten strenght of proud mortalitie. *Dyes.*

Amp. His foule is wandring to the Elizium shades.

Andel. The flowre thats fresh at noone, at Sun-set
fades.

Brother, close you downe his eyes, because you were
his eldest ; and with them close vp your teares, whilst
I (as all yonger brothers doe) shift for my selfe : let
vs mourne, because hees dead, but mourne the lesse,
because he cannot reuiue : the honour we can doe him,
is to burie him royally, lets about it then, for ile not
melt my selfe to death with scalding fighes, nor drop
my foule out at mine eyes, were my father an Empe-
rour.

Amp. Hence, hence, thou stop'st the tide of my
true teares.

True grieve is dumbe, though it hath open eares.

Andel. Yet God fend my grieve a tongue, that I
may haue good vtterance for it : Sob on, brother mine,
whilst you sigh there, ile sit & read what Storie my
father has written here.

*They both fall asleepe : Fortune and a companie of
Satyres enter with Musicke, and playing about For-
tunatus body, take them away ; They gone, Shad-
dow enters running.*

Shad. I can get none, I can find none : where are
you, master ? Haue I tane you napping ? and you
too ? I see sorrowes eye-lids are made of a Dor-
mouse skin, they seldome open, or of a misers purse,
that's alwaies shut : So ho, master.

Andel. Shaddow, why how now ? whats the mat-
ter ?

Shad. I can get none Sir, tis impossible:

Amp. What is impossible ? what canst not get.

Shad. No helpe for my old master.

Andel. Haft thou beene all this while calling for helpe?

Sha. Yes fir: he scorn'd all Famagosta when he was in his huffing, and now hee lies puffing for wind, they say they scorne him.

Amp. The poyson of their scorne infects not him; He wants no helpe. See where he breathles lies: Brother, to what place haue you borne his body?

Andel. I beare it? I toucht it not.

Amp. Nor I: a leaden slumber prest mine eyes.

Shad. Whether it were lead or lattin that hast downe those winking casements, I knowe not, but I found you both snorting.

Amp. And in that sleepe (me thought) I heard the tunes

Of fullen passions apt for Funerals,
And saw my Fathers liuelesse body borne
By Satyres: O I feare that deitie
Hath stolne him hence, that Snudge his destinie.

And. I feare hees ryfen againe, didst not thou meete him?

Shad. I fir? doe you thinke this white and red durst haue kist my sweete checkes, if they had seene a ghost? But, master, if the destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, or the Fayries haue stolne him, neuer indite them for the Felonie: for by this meanes the charges of a Tombe is sau'd, and you being his heyres, may doe as many rich Executors doe, put that money in your purses, and giue out that he dyed a begger.

Andel. Away, you Roague, my Father die a begger?

He build a Tombe for him of massie Gold.

Shad. Methinkes, master, it were better to let the memory of him shine in his owne vertues (if hee had any) than in Alablafter.

Andel. I shall mangle that Alablafter face, you whorefson vertuous vice.

Shad. He has a Marble heart, that can mangle a face of Alablafter.

Andel. Brother, come, come, mourne not, our Father is but slept to agree with Charon for his boate hyre to Elizium. See, heres a Storie of all his trauels; this booke shall come out with a new Addition: Ile treade after my Fathers steps; ile goe measure the world, therefore lets share thefe Jewels, take this or this.

Amp. Will you then violate our Fathers Will?

Andel. A puritane? keepe a dead mans Will? Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft Church-yardes, that their Ghosts might rise, it was good: but, brother, now they are imprisond in strong Brick and Marble, they are fast: feare not: away, away, thefe are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies; heres this or this, or I am gon with both.

Amp. Doe you as you please, the sinne shall not be mine.

Foolles call those things prophane, that are diuine.

Andel. Are you content to weare the Jewels by turnes? Ile haue the purse for a yeere, you the Hat, and as much gold, as youle aske; & when my purfourship ends, ile resigne, and cap you.

Amp. I am content to beare all discontents. *Exit.*

Andel. I should serue this bearing Affe rarely now, if I should load him, but I will not, though conscience bee (like Phycicke) feldome vsed, (for so it does least hurt) yet ile take a dram of it: this for him, and some gold: this for me: for hauing this mint about me, I shall want no wishing Cap: gold is an Eagle, that can flie to any place, and like death, that dares enter all places.

Shaddow, wilt thou trauell withme?

Sha. I shal neuer fadge with the humor because I cannot lie.

And. Thou dolt, weele visit all the kings courts in the world.

Shad. So we may, and returne dolt home, but what shall we learne by trauaile?

Andel. Fashions.

Shad. Thats a beastly difeafe : me thinks its better staying in your owne countrie.

Andel. How ? In mine owne countrie ? like a Cage-birde and fee nothing ?

Shad. Nothing ? yes you may fee things enough, for what can you fee abroad that is not at home ? The same Sunne cals you vp in the morning, and the same man in the Moone lights you to bed at night, our fields are as greene as theirs in fummer, and their frosts will nip vs more in winter : Our birds sing as sweetly & our women are as faire : In other countries you shall haue one drinke to you, whilst you kisse your hand, and ducke, heele poyson you : I confesse you shall meete more fooles, and asses, and knaues abroad then at home (yet God be thanked we haue prettie store of all) but for Punckes, wee put them downe.

And. Prepare thy spirits, for thou shalt goe with me,

To England shall our starres direct our course,
Thither the prince of Cyprus (our kings sonne)
Is gon to see the louely Agripyne,
Shaddow, wee le gaze vpon that English dame,
And trie what vertue gold has to inflame.
First to my brother, then away lets flie,
Shaddow must be a Courtier ere he die.

Exit.

Shad. If I must, the Fates shall bee seru'd : I haue seene many clownes Courtiers, then why not Shaddow ? Fortune, I am for thee.

Exit.

Enter Orleans melancholike, Galloway with him, a boy after them with a Lute.

Orle. Be gone : leaue that with me, and leaue me to my selfe, if the King aske for me, fweare to him I am sicke, and thou shalt not lie, pray thee leaue me.

Boy. I am gon, Sir.

Exit.

Orle. This musicke makes me but more out of
tune.

O, Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.

Thou faiest loue is a madnes, hate it then,
Euen for the names fake.

Orle. O, I loue that madnes,
Euen for the names fake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzie,
By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
By telling thee shees daughter to a king,
By telling thee the king of Cyprus sonne
Shines like a Sunne, betweene her lookes and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a starre to Agripyne :
He loues her.

Orle. If he doe : why so doe I.

Gall. Loue is ambitious and loues maiestie.

Orle. Deere friend, thou art deceiued, loues voice
doth fing
As sweetely in a begger as a king.

Gall. Deere friend, thou art decey'd : O bid thy
foule

Lift vp her intellectual eyes to heauen,
And (in this ample booke of wonders) read,
Of what celestiaall mold, what sacred essence,
Her selfe is formd, the search whereof will driue
Sounds muscally among the iarring spirits,
And in sweete tune set that which none inherits.

Orle. Ile gaze on heauen if Agripyne be there :
If not : Fa, La, la, Sol, la, &c.

Gall. O, call this madnes in, see from the win-
dowes

Of euery eye Derision thrusts out cheekes,
Wrinkled with Idiot laughter : euery finger
Is like a Dart shot from the hand of scorne,
By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torne.

Orle. Laugh they at me, sweete Galloway ?

Gall. Euen at thee.

Orle. Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are not they mad,

That let my true true forrow make them glad
 I daunce and sing onely to anger grieve,
 That in that anger, he might fmitte life downe
 With his Iron fist : good heart, it seemeth then,
 They laugh to see grieve kill me : O, fond men,
 You laugh at others teares, when others smile,
 You teare your selues in peeces : vile, vile, vile,
 Ha, ha, when I behold a swarme of fooles,
 Crowding together to be counted wise,
 I laugh becaufe sweete Agripine's not there,
 But weepe becaufe shee is not any where,
 And weepe becaufe whether shee be or not,
 My loue was euer and is still forgot : forgot, forgot,
 forgot.

Gall. Draw backe this streame, why should my
 Orleans mourne ?

Orle. Looke yonder, Galloway, doest thou see that
 Sunne ?

Nay good friend, stare vpon it, marke it well,
 Ere he be two howres elder, all that glorie
 Is banisht heauen, and then (for grieve) this skie,
 That's now so iocund, will mourne all in blacke,
 And shall not Orleans mourne ? Alacke, alacke.
 O what a Sauage tyrannie it were
 To inforce care, laugh and woe : not shed a teare ?
 Dead is my loue, I am buried in her scorne,
 That is my Sun-set, and shall I not mourne ?
 Yes by my troth I will.

Gall. Deere friend forbear,
 Beautie (like forrow) dwelleth euery where.
 Race out this strong Idea of her face,
 As faire as hers shineth in any place.

Orle. Thou art a Traytor to that white and red,
 Which sitting on her cheekes (being Cupids throne)
 Is my hearts foueraigne : O when shee is dead,
 This wonder (Beautie) shall be found in none.
 Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
 In loue with nothing but deformitie.
 O faire Deformitie, I muse all eyes

Are not enamord of thee : thou didst neuer
Murder mens hearts, or let them pine like wax,
Melting against the Sunne of thy destinie,
Thou art a faithfull nurse to Chastitie,
Thy beautie is not like to Agripynes,
For cares, and age, and sicknesse hers deface,
But thine's eternall : O Deformitie,
Thy fairenes is not like to Agripynes,
For (dead) her beautie will no beautie haue,
But thy face lookes most louely in the graue.

Enter Prince of Cyprus and Agripyne.

Gall. See where they come together hand in hand.

Orle. O, watch sweete Galloway, when their hands doe part,

Betweene them, shalt thou find my murdred heart.

Cypr. By this then it seemes a thing impossible, to know when an English Lady loues truely.

Agrip. Not so, for when her soule steales into her heart, and her heart leapes vp to her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands, then if shee say, Heres my hand, shees your owne, else neuer.

Cyp. Heres a paire of your prifoners, lets try their opinion.

Agrip. My kind prifoners well encountred, the Prince of Cyprus here and my selfe haue beene wrangling about a question of loue : my Lord of Orleans, you looke leane, and likest a louer ; Whether is it more torment to loue a Lady and neuer enioy her, or alwaies to enioy a Lady, whome you cannot choofe but hate ?

Orle. To hold her euer in mine armes whome I loath in my heart, were some plague, yet the punishment were no more then to be enioyned to keepe poyson in my hand, yet never to taste it.

Agri. But say you should be compeld to swallow the poyson ?

Orle. Then a speedy death would end a speeding miserie: But to loue a Lady and neuer enioy her, oh it is not death, but worfe then damnation; Tis hell, tis.

Agrip. No more, no more, good Orleans, nay then I fee my prifoner is in loue too.

Cypr. Me thinkes, fouldiers cannot fal into the fafhion of loue.

Agrip. Me thinkes, a Souldier is the moft faithfull louer of all men els: for his affection ftands not vpon complement: his wooing is plaine home-fpun ftuffe; theres no outlandifh thred in it, no Rethoricke: a Souldier cafts no figures to get his miftris heart, his loue is like his valour in the field, when he payes downe-right blowes.

Gall. True, Madam, but would you receiue fuch paiment?

Agrip. No, but I meane, I loue a Souldier beft, for his plaine dealing.

Cypr. Thats as good as the firft.

Agrip. Be it fo, that goodneffe I like: for what Lady can abide to loue a Spruce filken face Courtier, that ftands euery morning two or three howres learning how to looke by his Glaffe, how to fpeake by his Glaffe, how to figh by his glaffe, how to court his Miftris by his Glaffe. I would wifh him no other plague, but to haue a Miftris as brittle as glaffe.

Gall. And that were as bad as the horne plague.

Cypr. Are any louers poffeft with this madnes?

Agrip. What madman are not poffeft with this loue? yet by my troth, wee poore women doe but fmile in our fleeces to fee all this fopperie: yet we all defire to fee our louers attirde gallantly, to heare them fmg sweetely, to behold them daunce comely and fuch like; but this apifh monkie fafhion of effeminate niceneffe, out vpon it: Oh, I hate it worfe then to be counted a fould.

Cypr. Indeede men are moft regarded, when they leaft regard themfelues.

Gall. And women most honored, when they shew most mercy to their louers.

Orle. But ist not a miserable tyrānie, to see a Lady triumph in the passions of a foule languishing through her crueltie ?

Cypr. Me thinkes it is.

Gall. Me thinkes tis more then tyrannie.

Agrip. So thinke not I ; for as there is no reason to hate any that loue vs, so it were madnes to loue all that doe nothatevs ; women are created beautifull, onely because men should wooe them ; for twere miserable tyrannie to inioyne poore women to wooe men : I would not heare of a woman in loue for my fathers kingdome.

Cyp. I neuer heard of any woman that hated loue.

Agrip. Nor I : but we had all rather die then confesse wee loue ; our glorie is to heare men sigh whilst we smile, to kil them with a frowne, to strike them dead with a sharpe eye, to make you this day weare a Feather, and to morrow a ficke nightcap : Oh, why this is rare, there's a certaine deitie in this, when a Lady by the Magicke of her lookes, can turne a man into twentie shapes.

Orle. Sweete friend, shee speakes this but to torture mee.

Gall. Ile teach thee how to plague her : loue her not.

Agrip. Poore Orleans, how lamentably he lookes : if hee stay, heele make me surely loue him for pure pittie. I must send him hence, for of all fortes of loue, I hate the French ; I pray thee, sweet prisoner, intreate Lord Longaule to come to me presently.

Orle. I will : and esteeme my selfe more then happie, that you will imploy me. *Exit.*

Agrip. Watch him, watch him for Gods sake, if hee sigh not or looke not backe.

Cyp. He does both : but what misterie lyes in this ?

Agrip. Nay, no misterie, tis as plaine as Cupids forehead : why this is as it should be : And esteeme my selfe more then happie, that you will imploy me : my French prisoner is in loue ouer head and eares.

Cypr. Its wonder how he scapes drowning.

Gall. With whom thinke you ?

Aerip. With his keeper, for a good wager : Ah, how glad is he to obey ? And how proud am I to command in this Empire of affection ? Ouer him and such Spungy-liuerd youthes, (that lie soaking in loue) I triumph more with mine eye, then euer he did ouer a Souldier with his sword. Ist not a gallant victorie for me to subdue my Fathers enemy with a looke ? Prince of Cyprus, you were best take heede, how you encounter an English Lady.

Cypr. God bleffe me from louing any of you, if all bee so cruell.

Agryp. God bleffe me from suffring you to loue me, if you be not so formable.

Cyp. Wil you commaund me any seruice, as you haue done Orleans ?

Agrip. No other seruice but this, that (as Orleans) you loue me, for no other reason, but that I may torment you.

Cypr. I wil : conditionally, that in all companie I may call you my tormenter.

Agr. You shall : conditionally, that you neuer beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.

Gall. Come, sweete Madam.

Exeunt.

Manet Cyprus.

Cypr. The Ruby-colour'd portals of her speech
Were clos'd by mercy : but vpon her eye,
(Attir'd in frownes) sat murthering crueltie.

Enter Agrip. and listens.

Shees angrie, that I durst so high aspire.
O, shee disdaines that any straungers brest

Should be a Temple for her deitie :
 Shees full of beautie, full of bitternes.
 Till uow, I did not dally with loues fire :
 And when I thought to try his flames indeede,
 I burnt me euen to cinders : O, my starres,
 Why from my natue shore did your beames guide me,
 To make me dote on her that doth deride me ?

She kneeles : he walkes musing.

Agri. Hold him in this mind, sweete Cupid, I con-
 iure thee. O, what musick these hey-hoes make ? I
 was about to cast my litle litle selfe into a great loue
 trance for him, fearing his hart had been flint : but
 since I see tis pure virgin wax, he shal melt his belly
 full : for now I know how to temper him. *Exit.*

Cypr. Neuer beg mercy ? yet be *He spies her.*
 my tormenter.

I hope thee heard me not : doubtlesse thee did :
 And now will she insult vpon my passions,
 And vex my constant loue with mockeries.
 Nay, then ile be mine owne Phyfician,
 And out face loue, and make her thinke that I
 Mournd thus, because I saw her standing by.
 What newes, my Lord of Cornewall ?

Enter Cornewall.

Cornew. This faire Prince,
 One of your Countrie-men, is come to Court,
 A lustie gallant braue in Cyprus Ile,
 With fiftie bard Horfes prawning at his heeles,
 Backt by as many strong limbd Cypriots.
 All whom he keepes in pay : whose offred seruice,
 Our king with Armes of gladnes hath embrac'd.

Cypr. Borne in the Ile of Cyprus ? whats his
 name ?

Cornew. His seruants call him Fortunatus sonne.

Cypr. Rich Fortunatus sonne ? Is he ariu'd ?

*Enter Longauile, Galloway, and Chefter
with Jewels.*

Longa. This he bestowed on me.

Cheft. And this on me.

Gallow. And this his bounteous hand inforc'd mee
take.

Longa. I prize this Jewell at a hundred Markes,
Yet would he needes bestow this gift on me.

Cyp. My Lords, whose hand hath beene thus prodigal?

Gallow. Your countrieman my Lord, a Cypriot.

Longa. The gallant fure is all compact of gold,
To euery Lady hath he giuen rich Jewels,
And sent to euery seruant in the Court
Twentie faire English Angels.

Cypr. This is rare.

Enter Lincolne.

Lincol. My Lords, prepare your selues for re-
ueling,

Tis the kings pleasure that this day be spent

In royall pastimes, that this golden Lord,

(For so all that behold him, christen him)

May tast the pleasures of our English court.

Here comes the gallant, shining like the Sunne.

*Trumpets sound: Enter Athelstane, Andelocia, Agri-
pyne, Orleans, Ladies, and other attendants, In-
fultado a Spanish Lord: Musicke sounds within.*

Andel. For these your royall fauours done to me,
(Being a poore straunger) my best powres shall
proue,

By Acts of worth, the foundnes of my loue.

Athelst. Herein your loue shall best fet out it selfe,
By staying with vs: if our English Ile
Hold any obiect welcome to your eyes,

Doe but make choice, and claime it as your prize.

The King and Cyprus conferre aside.

Ande. I thanke your grace : would he durst keepe
his word,

I know what I would claime : Tuff, man, be bold,
Were shee a Saint, shee may be wonne with gold.

Cypr. Tis straunge I must confesse, but in this pride,
His Father Fortunatus (if he liue)
Consumes his life in Cyprus : still he spends,
And fill his Coffers with abundance swell,
But how he gets these riches none can tell.

The King and Agripyne conferre aside.

Athelst. Hold him in talke : come hither, Agripyne.

Cypr. But what intic'de young Andelociaes foule
To wander hither ?

Andel. That which did allure,

My foueraignes sonne, the wonder of the place.

Agr. This curious heape of wonders, (which an
Empresse

Gaue him) he gaue me, and by Venus hand,
The warlike Amorato needes would sweare,
Hee left his countrie Cyprus for my loue.

Athelst. If by the foueraigne Magicke of thine eye,
Thou canst inchant his lookes to keepe the circles
Of thy faire cheekes, be bold to trie thy charmes,
Feede him with hopes, and find the royall veine,
That leades this Cypriot to his golden mine.
Here's Musicke spent in vaine, Lords, fall to dauncing.

Cypr. My faire tormentor, will you lend a hand ?

Agrip. Ile try this strangers cunning in a daunce.

Andel. My cunning is but small, yet whoo'le not
proue

To shame himsele for such a Ladies loue ?

Orle. These Cypriots are the diuels that torture me.
He courts her, and shee smiles, but I am borne,
To be her beauties slaue, and her loues scone.

And. I shall neuer haue the face to aske the ques-
tion twice.

Agrip. Whats the reason ? Cowardlynes or pride ?

Andel. Neither : but tis the fashion of vs Cypriots, both men and women, to yeeld at first assault, and we expect others should doe the like.

Agrip. Its a signe, that either your women are very black, & are glad to be sped, or your men very fond, & wil take no denial.

Andel. Indeede our Ladies are not so faire as you.

Agrip. But your men more ventrous at a breach then you, or els they are all daftardly fouldiers.

Andel. Hee that fightes vnder these sweete colours, & yet turnes coward, let him bee shot to death with the terrible arrowes of faire Ladies eyes.

Athelst. Nay Infultado, you must not denie vs. Infultad. *My Corocon es muy pesada, my Anima muy a-tormentada,* *No per los Cielos :*

La piede de Espagnoll, no haze musica in Tierra Inglesa.

Cypr. Sweete Infultado let vs see you daunce.

I haue heard the Spanissh daunce is full of state.

Infultad. *Verdad Signor: la danza spagnola, es muy alta,*

Maestlica, y para Monarcas: vuestra Inglesa,

Baxa, Fantastica, y muy humilde.

Agrip. Doth my Spanissh prisoner denie to daunce ? Hee has sworne to me by the crosse of his pure Toledo, to bee my seruant : by that oath (my Castilian prisoner) I coniure you to shew your cunning, though all your body bee not free, I am sure your heeles are at libertie.

Infultad. *Nolo quire contra dezir: vuestra oio haze conqwesto a su prisionero: Oyres, la pauyne Hispanola, sea vuestra musica y grauidad, y maestlad: Paie, dadime Tabacca, Toma my capa, e my espada. Mas alta, Mas alta: Desuiaios, Desuiaios, Companieros, Mas alta, Mas alta.*

Hee daunces.

Athelst. Thankes, Infultado.

Cypr. Tis most excellent.

Agrip. The Spaniards daunce, is as his deedes bee, full of pride.

Athelst. The day growes old, & what remains
vnspent,
Shall be confum'd in banquets, Agripyne,
Leaue vs a while, if Andelocia please,
Goe beare our beautilous daughter companie.

And. Fortune I thanke thee : now thou fmil'st on
me. *Exeunt Agrip. and Andel. and Ladies.*

Athel. This Cipriot beares a gallant princely mind.
My Lord, of what birth is your country-man?
Thinke not, sweete Prince, that I propound this ques-
tion,

To wrong you in your loue to Agripyne :
Our fauours grace him to an other end.
Nor let the wings of your affection droope,
Because shee seemes to shun loues gentle lure.
Belieue it on our word, her beauties prize
Onely shall yeeld a conquest to your eyes.
But tell me whats this Fortunatus sonne ?

Cypr. Of honourable bloud, and more renownd
In forreine kingdomes (whither his proud spirit,
Plum'd with ambitious fethers, carries him)
Then in his natie Countrie, but last day
The father and the sonnes were through their riots,
Poore and disdaine of all, but now they glister,
More bright than Midas : if some damned fiend
Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

Athelst. His pride weelee somewhat tame, & curb
the head
Of his rebellious prodigalitie :
He hath inuited vs, and all our Peeres,
To feast with him to morrow, his prouision,
I vnderstand may entertaine three kings.
But Lincolne, let our Subiects secretly
Be chargde on paine of life that not a man
Sell any kind of Fewell to his seruants.

Cypr. This pollicy shall clip his golden wings,
And teach his pride what tis to striue with kings.

Athelst. Withdraw awhile : *Exeunt.*

Manet Athelstane.

Athelſ. None ſild his hands with Gold, for we fet ſpies,
 To watch who fed his prodigalitie ;
 He hung the Marble boſome of our Court,
 As thicke with gliftring Spangles of pure gold,
 As ere the ſpring hath ſlucke the earth with flowers.
 Unleſſe he melt himſelfe to liquid gold,
 Or be ſome God, ſome diuell, or can tranſport
 A mint about him, (by enchanted power)
 He cannot raine ſuch ſhowers : with his owne hands
 He threw more wealth abroad in euery ſtreete,
 Then could be thurſt into a Chariot :
 Hees a Magician ſure, and to ſome fiend,
 His ſoule (by infernall couenants) has he fold,
 Alwaies to ſwimme vp to the chin in gold.
 Be what he can be, if thoſe doting fires,
 Wherein he burnes for Agripinaes loue,
 Want power to melt from him this endleſſe Myne,
 Then (like a ſlaue) weele chaine him in our Tower,
 Where tortures ſhall compell his ſweating hands
 To caſt rich heapes into our treaſorie.

*Muſicke ſounding ſtill: A curtaine being drawne,
 where Andelocia lies ſleeping in Agripines lap,
 ſhee has his purſe, and her ſelfe and another Lady
 tye another (like it) in the place, and then riſe
 from him.*

Agrip. I haue found the ſacred ſpring that neuer
 ebs.
 Leaue vs : *Exit Lady.* But ile not ſhew't your
 maieſtie,
 Till you haue ſworne by Englands royall crowne,
 To let me keepe it.

Athelſ. By my Crowne I ſweare,
 None but faire Agripyne the Jem ſhall weare.

Agrip. Then is this mine : ſee Father, here's the
 fire,
 Whoſe gilded beames ſtill burne, this is the Sunne,
 That euer ſhines, the tree that neuer dies,

Here growes the Garden of Hesperides,
The out-side mockes you, makes you thinke tis poore,
But entring it, you find eternall store.

Athelst. Art fure of this? How didst thou driue
it out?

Agrip. Feare not his waking yet, I made him
drinke

That soporiferous Juice which was composd,
To make the Queene (my Mother) rellish sleepe,
When her last sicknes sommond her to heauen.
He sleepes profoundly: when his amorous eyes
Had finge their wings in Cupids wanton flames,
I fet him all on fire, and promist loue:
In pride whereof, he drew me forth this purse,
And swore, by this he multiplyed his gold.
I tride and found it true: and secretly
Commaunded Musicke with her siluer tongue,
To chime soft lullabies into his soule,
And whilst my fingers wantond with his hayre,
(T'intice the sleepe Juice to charme his eyes)
In all points was there made a purse, like his,
Which counterfet is hung in place of this.

Athelst. More then a second kingdome hast thou
won.

Leaue him, that when he wakes he may suspect,
Some els has robd him, come deere Agripyne,
If this strange purse his sacred vertues hold,
Weele circle England with a waft of Gold. *Exeunt.*

Musicke still: Enter Shaddow very gallant, reading
a Bill, with emptie bags in his hand singing.

Shad. These English occupiers are mad Troians:
let a man pay them neuer so much, theile giue him
nothing but the bag. Since my master created me
steward ouer his fiftie men, and his one and fiftie
horse, I haue rid ouer much businesse, yet neuer was
gald, I thanke the destinies: Musicke? O delicate
warble: O these Courtiers are most sweete triumphant

creatures. Seignior, Sir, Monsieur : fweete Seignior : this is the language of the accomplishment : O delicious strings : these heauenly wyre-drawes haue stretcht my master euen out at length : yet at length he must wake : master ?

Andel. Wake me not yet, my gentle Agripyne.

Shad. One word Sir, for the billets, and I vanish.

And. Theres heauen in these times : throw the musicians

A bounteous largeesse of three hundred Angels.

Andelocia starts up.

Shad. Why, sir, I haue but ten pound left.

And. Ha, Shaddow ? where's the Princeesse Agripyne ?

Shad. I am not Apollo, I cannot reueale.

Andel. Was not the princeesse here, when thou cam'st in ?

Shad. Here was no Princeesse but my princely selfe.

Andel. In faith ?

Shad. No in faith, Sir,

Andel. Where are you hid ? where stand you wantoning ? Not here ? gone ifaith ? haue you giuen me the slip ? well, tis but an amorous tricke and so I embrace it : my horse, Shaddow, how fare my horse ?

Shad. Upon the best Oates my vndersteward can buy.

An. I meane, are they lusty, sprightly, gallant, wanton, fiery ?

Shad. They are as all horses are, Caterpillers to the Commonwealth, they are euer munching : but Sir, for these billets, and these fagots and bauins ?

Andel. S'hart what billets, what fagots ? doe't make mee a Woodmonger ?

Shad. No fweete Seignior, but you haue bid the King and his Peeres to dinner, and he has commaunded that no Woodmonger sell you a flicke of wood, and that no Collyer shall cosen you of your measure, but must tie vp the mouth of their Sackes, least their Coales kindle your choler.

Andel. Ist possible? ist true, or hast thou learnt of the English gallants to gull?

Shad. Hees a gul that would be taught by such guls.

Andel. Not a flicke of wood? Some child of enuie has buzd this stratagem into the kings eare, of purpose to disgrace me: I haue inuited his maiestie, and though it cost me a Million, ile feast him. Shadow, thou shalt hyre a hundred or two of Carts, with them post to all the Grocers in London, buy vp all the Cynamon, Cloues, Nutmegs, Licorish and all other spices, that haue any strong heart, and with them make fires to prepare our Cookerie:

Ere Fortunatus sonne looke red with shame,
Heele dresse a Kings feast in a spiced flame.

Shad. This diuice, Sir, will bee somewhat a kin to Lady Pride, twill aske cost.

And. Fetch twentie Porters, ile laid all with gold.

Shad. First, master, fil these bags.

And. Come then, hold vp, how now? trickes, new crochets, Madam Fortune? Drie as an Eele-skin? Shaddow, take thou my Gold out.

Shad. Why Sir, here's none in.

Andel. Ha, let me see: O heres a bastard cheeke, I see now tis not mine; tis counterfet,
Tis so: slaue thou hast robd thy master.

Sha. Not of a peny, I haue beene as true a steward.

And. Vengeance on thee and on thy stewardship.

Yet wherefore curse I thee? thy leaden foule
Had neuer power to mount vp to the knowledge
Of the rich misterie closde in my purse.

Oh no, ile curse myfelfe, mine eyes ile curse,
They haue betrayd me, I will curse my tongue,
That hath betraid me: Ile curse Agripyne,
Shee hath betraid me. Sirens cease to sing,
Your charmes haue tane effect, for now I see,
All your inchantments were, to cosen me.

Musicke ceaseth.

Shad. What shall I doe with this ten pound, Sir?

Andel. Goe buy with it a Chaîne and hang thy selfe.

Now thinke I on my Fathers prophecie.
 Tell none (quoth he) the vertue, if you doe,
 Much shame, much grieve, much danger follows you.
 With teares I credit his diuinitie.
 O fingers, were you vpright Iustices,
 You would teare out mine eyes : had not they gazde
 On the fraile colour of a painted cheeke,
 None had betraid me : henceforth ile defie
 All beautie, and will call a louely eye,
 A Sun whose scorching beames burne vp our ioyes,
 Or turne them blacke like Ethiopians.
 O women, wherefore are you borne mens woe,
 Why are your faces fram'd Angelicall ?
 Your hearts of spunges, soft and smooth in shew,
 But toucht, with poyson they doe ouer-flow.
 Had sacred wisedome beene my Fathers Fate,
 He had died happie, I liu'd fortunate.
 Shaddow, beare this to beautious Agripyne,
 With it this message, tell her, ile reprooue
 Her couetous sinne the lesse, because for gold,
 I see that most mens foules too cheape are sold.

Sha. Shal I buy these spices to day or to morrow ?

And. To morrow ? I, to morrow thou shalt buy them.

To morrow tell the Princeffe I wil loue her,
 To morrow tell the king, ile banquet him,
 To morrow, Shaddow, will I giue thee gold,
 To morrow pride goes bare and lust acold.
 To morrow will the rich man feede the poore.
 And vice to morrow vertue will adore,
 To morrow beggers shall be crowned kings,
 This No-time, morrowes-time, no sweetnes sings :
 I pray thee hence ; beare that to Agripyne.

Shad, Ile goe hence, because you fend me : but ile goe weeping hence, for grieve that I must turne villaine as many doe, and leaue you when you are vp to the eares in aduersitie.

Exit.

Andel. Shee hath robd me, and now ile play the thiefe,
 I steale from hence to Cyprus, for blacke shame
 Here (through my riots) brands my loftie name.
 Ile sell this pride for helpe to beare me thither,
 So pride and beggerie shall walke together :
 This world is but a Schoole of villanie,
 Therefore ile rob my brother, (not of gold,
 Nor of his vertues, vertue none will steale :)
 But (if I can,) ile steale his wishing Hat.
 And with that, wandring round about the world,
 Ile search all corners to find miserie,
 And where thee dwels, ile dwell, languish and die.

Exit.

Chorus. Gentels, if ere you haue beheld the paffions,
 The combats of his foule who being a king,
 By some vsurping hand hath beene deposde
 From all his royalties : euen such a foule,
 Such eyes, such heart swolne big with fighes and teares,
 The star-croft sonne of Fortunatus weares.
 The thoughts crownd him a Monarch in the morne,
 Yet now hees bandyed by the Seas in scorne,
 From waue to waue : his golden treafures spoyle
 Makes him in desperate language to intreate,
 The winds to spend their furie on his life :
 But they (being milde in tyrannie) or scorning
 To triumph in a wretches funerall,
 Toffe him to Cyprus. O what treacherie
 Cannot this Serpent gold intice vs to ?
 He robs his brother of the Souldans prize,
 And hauing got his wish (the wishing Hat)
 He does not (as he vould) seeke miserie,
 But hopes by that to win his purfe againe,
 And in that Hope from Cyprus is he fled.
 If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings,
 In Genoway may you take this fugitiue,
 Where hauing cozened many Jewellers,
 To England backe he comes, step but to court,

And there (disguizde) you find him bargoning
 For Jewels with the beautilous Agripyne,
 Who wearing at her side the vertuous purse,
 He claspes her in his armes, and as a Rauen,
 Griping the tender-hearted Nightingale,
 So flies he with her (wishing) in the ayre,
 To be tranported to some wilderneffe :
 Imagine this the place : see here they come.

Enter Andelocia and Agripyne.

Since they themselues haue tongues, mine shall be
 dumbe.

Exit.

*Enter Andelocia with the wishing Hat on : Agripyne in
 his hand.*

Agrip. What diuell art thou that affrightft me thus,
 Haling a Princeffe from her fathers court,
 To spoyle her in this sauage wilderneffe ?

Andel. Indeed the diuel and the pick-purse should
 alwaies flie together, (for they are fworne brothers :)
 but Madam Couetoufnes, I am neither a diuel as you
 cal me, nor a Jeweller as I call my felfe, no, nor a
 Jugler, yet ere you and I part, wee le haue some leger-
 dimain together : do you know me ?

Agrip. I am betrayd : this is the Cypriot.
 Forgiue mee, twas not I that changde thy purse,
 But Athelstane my father, fend me home,
 And heres thy purse againe : here are thy Jewels,
 And I in satiffaction of all wrongs.

Andel. Talke not you of satiffaction, this is some
 recompence that I haue you, tis not the purse I
 regard : put it off, and ile mince it as small as pie
 meate : the purse ? hang the purse : were that gon,
 I can make another, and another, and another,
 I and another : tis not the purse I care for, but
 the purser : you, I you. Ist not a shame that a
 kings daughter, a faire Lady, a Lady not for Lords,
 but for Monarches, should for gold fell her loue, and
 when shee has her owne asking, and that there stands

nothing betweene, then to cheate your sweete heart ?
O fie, fie, a shee cony-catcher ? You must be dealt
foundly with.

Agrip. Inioyne what paines thou wilt, and ile
endure them,
fo thou wilt fend me to my fathers court.

Ande. Nay gods lid, y' are not gon so : set your
heart at rest, for I haue set vp my rest, that except
you can runne swifter then a Hart, home you goe
not : what paines shall I lay vpon you ? Let me see :
I could serue you now but a flipperie touch : I could
get a young King or two, or three of you, and then
send you home, and bid their grand-fire king nurse
them : I could pepper you, but I will not.

Agrip. O, doe not violate my chastitie.

Andel. No, why I tell you I am not giuen to the
flesh, though I fauor (in your nose) a little of the
diuell, I could run away else, and starue you here.

Agrip. If I must die, doome me some easier
death.

Andel. Or tranforme you (because you loue pick-
ing) into a Squirell, and make you picke out a poore
liuing here among the Nut trees : but I will not
neither.

Agrip. What will my gentle Andelocia doe ?

Andel. Oh, now you come to your old byas of
cogging.

Agrip. I pray thee Andelocia, let me goe :
Send me to England, and by heauen I sweare,
Thou from all kings on earth my loue shalt beare.

And. Shall I in faith ?

Agrip. In faith, in faith thou shalt.

Andel. Here, god a mercie : now thou shalt not
goe.

Agrip. Oh God.

Andel. Nay doe you heare Lady ? crie not y' are
best : no nor curse me not : if you thinke but a
crabbed thought of me, the spirit that caried you in
mine armes through the ayre, will tell me all : there-

fore fet your Sunday face vpont. Since you'le loue me, ile loue you, ile marrie you, and lie with you, and beget little Juglers : marie home you get not : England you'le fay is yours : but Agripyne, loue me, and I will make the whole world thine.

Agrip. I care not for the world, thou murdrest me, Betweene my forrow, and the scalding Sunne I faint, and quickly will my life be done, My mouth is like a Furnace, and drie heate Drinks vp my bloud. Oh God, my heart will burst, I die, vnlesse some moysture quench my thirst.

Andel. S' hart now I am worse then ere I was before :

For halfe the world I would not haue her die. Heres neither spring nor ditch, nor raine, nor dew, Nor bread nor drinke : my louely Agripyne, Be comforted, see here are Apple trees.

Agrip. Clime vp for Gods sake, reach me some of them.

Andel. Looke vp, which of these Apples likes thee best ?

Agrip. This hath a withered face, tis some sweete fruit.

Not that, my forrowes are too sowre already.

Andel. Come hither, here are Apples like gold.

Agrip. O, I for Gods sake, gather some of these. Ay me, would God I were at home againe.

Andel. Stand farder, leaft I chance to fall on thee. *Climes vp.*

Oh here be rare Apples, rare red-cheekt Apples, that cry come kiffe me : Apples, hold your peace, ile teach you to cry. *Eates one.*

Agrip. O England, shal I ne're behold thee more ?

Andel. Agripyna, tis a most Sugred delicious tast in ones mouth, but when tis downe, tis as bitter as gall.

Agrip. Yet gather some of them. Oh, that a Princeffe

Should pine for foode : were I at home againe, I should disdaine to stand thus and complaine.

And. Heres one Apple that growes highest,
Agripyna, and I could reach that, ile come downe.

Hee stands fishing with his girdle for it.

Agrip. Make haft, for the hot Sun doth scald my
cheekes.

Andel. The funne kisse thee? hold, catch, put on
my Hat, I will haue yonder highest Apple, though
I die for 't.

Agrip. I had not wont be Sun-burnt, wretched
mee.

O England, would I were againe in thee.

Exit. He leapes downe.

And. Swounds Agripyna, stay, O I am vndone,
Sweete Agripyna, if thou hearst my voice,
Take pittie of me, and returne againe.
Shee flies like lightning: O she heares me not,
I wish myselfe into a wilderneffe,
And now I shall turne wilde: here I shall famish,
Here die, here curving dye, here rauing die,
And thus will wound my brest, and rent mine hayre.
What hils of Flint are growne vpon my browes?
O me, two forked hornes, I am turn'd beaft,
I haue abuzde two blessings, welth and knowledge,
Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my Hat,
By which being borne into the Courts of kings,
I might haue seene the wondrous workes of Ioue,
Acquirde Experience, Learning, Wifedome, Truth,
But I in wilderneffe tottred out my youth,
And therefore must turne wild: must be a beaft,
An vgly beaft: my body hornes must beare,
Becaufe my foule deformitie doth weare.
Liues none within this wood? If none but I
Liue here (thanks heauen) for here none els shal
die.

*He lies downe and sleepes under the tree: Enter
Fortune, Vice, Vertue, the Priest: Satyres with
Musiicke, playing as they come in before Fortune.
They play awhile.*

Fortune. See where my new-turn'd diuel has built
his hel.

Vice. Vertue, who conquers now? the foole is
tane.

Vert. O sleepe finne.

Vice. Sweete tunes wake him againe.

Musicke awhile, and then cease.

Fort. Vice fets too heauie on his drowzy foule,
Musicks sweete concord cannot pierce his eare.
Sing and amongst your Songs, mix bitter scorne.

Vert. Those that teare Vertue, must by Vice be
torne.

The Song.

1. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside : the foole is caught,
Laugh to see him, laugh alowd to wake him,
Follies nets are wide, and neatly wrought,
Mocke his hornes, and laugh to see Vice
take him.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Who's the foole ? the foole, he wears a horne.

Andel. wakens and stands vp.

2. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside, mock him, mock him,
mock him
Laugh alowd to see him, call him foole.
Error gaue him fucke, now sorrowes rocke
him,
Send the riotous beaft to madnes schoole.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Who's the foole ? the foole, he weares a horne.

3. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside : your schoole he hates.
Laugh alowd to see him, mocke, mocke,
mock him.
Vanitie and hell keepe open gates,
Hees in, and a newe nurse (Despaire) must
rocke him.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Foole, foole, foole, foole, foole, weare still the
horne.

*When they haue done finging, Vice and Vertue hold
Apples out to him, Vice laughing, Vertue griewing.*

Andel. O me, what hell is this? fiends, tempt me
not.

Thou glorious diuell hence. O now I fee,
This fruit is thine, thou hast deformed mee :
Ideot auoide, thy gifts I loath to taft.

Away : fince I am entred madnes Schoole,
As good to be a beaft, as be a foole.

Away, why tempt you me? fome powrefull grace
Come and redeeme me from this hideous place.

Fort. To her hath Andelocia (all his life)
Sworne fealtie, woudft thou forfake her now?

Andel. Whose blessed tongue names Andelocia?

Fort. Hers, who (attended on by destinies)
Shortned thy Fathers life, and lengthens thine.

Andel. O facred Queene of chance, now shorten
mine,

Elfe let thy deitie take off this shame.

Fort. Wooe her, t' was shee that fet it on thy head.

Andel. She laughs to fee me metamorphosed. *Rifes.*

Vert. Wooe me, and ile take off this vgly scorne.

Vice. Wooe me, and ile clap on another horne,

Andel. I am befet with anguifh, shame and death.
O bid the Fates worke fast, and ftop my breath.

Fort. No Andelocia, thou muft liue to fee
Worfe torments (for thy follies) light on thee.
This golden tree, which did thine eyes intice,
Was planted here by Vice : loe, here ftands Vice :
How often haft thou fued to win her grace?

Andel. Till now, I neuer did behold her face.

Fort. Thou didft behold her at thy fathers death,
When thou in scorne didft violate his will,
Thou didft behold her, when thy ftrecht-out arme
Catcht at the higheft bough, the loftieft vice,

The fairest Apple, but the fowleſt price.
 Thou didſt behold her, when thy lickeriſh eye
 Fed on the beautie of faire Agripyne,
 Becauſe th' adſt gold, thou thoughtſt al women thine.
 When look'ſt thou off from her ? for they whoſe ſoules
 Still reuell in the nights of vanitie,
 On the faire cheekes of Vice ſtill fixe their eye.
 Becauſe her face doth ſhine, and all her boſome
 Beares ſiluer Moones, thou waſt enamord of her.
 But hadſt thou vpward lookt, and ſeene theſe ſhames,
 Or viewd her round about, and in this glaſſe
 Seene Idiots faces, heads of diuels and hell,
 And read this ha, ha, he, this merrie ſtorie,
 Thou wouldſt haue loathd her : where, by louing her,
 Thou beaſt this face, and wearſt this vgly head,
 And if ſhee once can bring thee to this place,
 Lowd founds theſe ha, ha, he, ſheelee laugh apace.

Andel. O, re-tranſforme me to a glorious ſhape,
 And I will learne how I may loue to hate her.

Fort. I cannot re-tranſforme thee, wooe this
 woman.

Andel. This woman ? wretched is my ſtate, when I,
 To find out wifedome, to a foole muſt flie.

Fort. Foole, cleere thine eyes, this is bright Arete,
 This is poore Vertue, care not how the world
 Doth crowne her head, the world laughs her to ſcome,
 Yet *Sibi ſapit*, Vertue knowes her worth.
 Runne after her, ſheelee give thee theſe and theſe
 Crownes and Bay-garlands : (honours victories :)
 Serue her, and ſhee will fetch thee pay from heauen,
 Or giue thee ſome bright office in the ſtarres.

Ande. Immortall Arete, Vertue diuine, *Kneeles.*
 O ſmile on me, and I will ſtill be thine.

Vert. Smile thou on me, and I will ſtill be thine :
 Though I am iealous of thy Apoſtaſie,
 Ile entertaine thee : here, come taſt this tree,
 Here's Phyſicke for thy ficke deformitie.

Andel. Tis bitter : this fruit I ſhall ne're diſgeſt.

Vert. Trie once againe, the bitterneſs ſoone dies.

Vice. Mines sweete, taft mine.

Vert. But being downe tis fowre,
And mine being downe has a delicious taft.
The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
Thornie and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,
But being gon through, you find all heau'nly sweetes,
The entrance is all flintie, but at th' end,
To towres of pearle and chriftall you afcend.

Ande. O delicate, O sweete Ambrofian rellifh,
And fee, my vglinesfe drops from my browes,
Thankes beautilous Arete : O had I now
My Hat and purfe againe, how I would fhine,
And gild my foule with none but thoughts diuine.

Fort. That fhall be tride, take fruit from both
theſe trees,
By helpe of them, winne both thy purfe and Hat,
I will inſtruct thee how, for on my wings
To England fhalt thou ride ; thy vertuous brother
Is (with that Shadow who attends on thee,)
In London, there ile fet thee preſently.
But if thou loſe our fauours once againe,
To taſte her sweetes, thoſe sweetes muſt prooue thy
bane.

Vert. Vice, who fhall now be crownd with victorie ?

Vice. Shee that triumphes at laſt, and that muſt I.

Exeunt.

*Enter Athelſtane, Lincolne with Agripyne, Cyprus,
Galloway, Cornewall, Cheſter, Longauile and
Montroſſe.*

Athelſt. Lincolne, how fet'ſt thou her at libertie ?

Lincol. No other priſon held her but your court,
There (in her chamber) hath ſhee hid her ſelfe
Theſe two daies, onely to ſhake off that feare,
Which her late violent rapture caſt vpon her.

Cyp. Where hath the beautilous Agripyna been ?

Agryp. In heauen or hel, in or without the world,
I know not which, for as I oft haue ſeene
(When angrie Thameſis hath curld her lockes,)

A whirle-wind come, and from her frizeld browes,
 Snatch vp a handful of those sweatie pearles,
 That floode vpon her forehead, which awhile,
 Being by the boyftrous wind hung in the ayre,
 At length hath flung them downe and raizd a storme.
 Euen with such furie was I wherryed vp,
 And by such force held prisoner in the cloudes,
 And throwne by such a tempest downe againe.

Cornw. Some foule is dam'd in hell for this black
 deede.

Agrip. I haue the purse safe, and anon your grace
 Shall heare the wondrous historie at full.

Cypr. Tel me, tormenter, shall faire Agripyne,
 Without more difference be now christend mine?

Agrip. My choice must be my Fathers faire con-
 sent.

Athelst. Then shall thy choyce end in this Cyprus
 prince.

Before the Sunne shall fixe times more arise,
 His royall marriage will we solemnfie.
 Proclaime this honord match, come Agripyne,
 I am glad th' art here, more glad the purse is mine.

*As they are all going in: Enter Andelocia and Shad-
 dowe, like Irish Coster-mongers, Agripyne, Longa-
 uyle, and Montrosse stay listening to them, the rest
 Exeunt.*

Both. Buy any Apples, feene Apples of Tamasco,
 feene Tamasco peepins: peeps feene, buy Tamasco
 peepins.

Agrip. Damasco apples? good my Lord Mont-
 rosse,

Call yonder fellows.

Montr. Sirra Coster-monger.

Shad. Who cals: peeps of Tamasco, feene peeps:
 I fat tis de sweetest apple in de world, tis better den
 de Pome water, or apple John.

Andel. By my trat Madam, tis reet Tamasco
 peepins, looke here els.

Shad. I dare not say, as de Irishman my countryman say, taft de goodnesse of de fruit: No fayt tis farie teere mistress, by Saint Patrickes hand tis teere Tamasco apple.

Agrip. The fairest fruit that euer I beheld,
Damasco apples, wherefore are they good?

Longa. What is your price of halfe a score of these?

Both. Halfe a score, halfe a score? dat is doos many mester.

Longa. I, I, ten, half a score, thats fwe and fwe.

Andel. Feeue and feeue? By my trat and as Creeze faue me la, I cannot tell, wat be de price of feeue and feeue, but tis tree crowne for one Peepin, dat is de preez if you take em.

Shad. I fat, tis no lesse for Tamasco.

Agrip. Three crownes for one? what wondrous vertues haue they?

Shad. O, tis feene Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teale wife, and make you no foole, and make feene memorie.

Andel. And make dis fash be more faire and amiable, and make dis eyes looke alwaies louely, and make all de court & countrie burne in desire to kisse di none sweete countenance.

Montr. Apples to make a Lady beautifull?
Madam thats excellent.

Agrip. These Irishmen,
Some say, are great diffemblers, and I feare,
These two the badge of their owne countrie weare.

Andel. By my trat, and by Saint Patrickes hand, and as Creez faue me la, tis no diffemblem: de Irish man now and den cut di countrie-mans throate, but yet in fayt hee loue di countrie-man, tis no diffemblem: dis feene Tamasco apple can make di sweete countenance, but I can take no lesse but three crownes for one, I weare out my naked legs and my footes, and my tods, and run hidder and didder to Tamasco for dem.

Shad. As Creez faue me la, hee fpeakes true :
Peeps feene.

Agrip. Ile trie what power lies in Damasco fruit.
Here are ten crownes for three. So fare you well.

Montr. Lord Longaule, buy fome.

Longa. I buy? not I :

Hang them, they are toyes, come Madam, let vs
goe. *Exeunt.*

Both. Saint Patricke and Saint Peter, and all de
holy Angels look vpon dat fash and make it faire.

Enter Montrosse softly.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha, shees sped, I warrant.

Andel. Peace, Shaddow, buy any peepins, buy.

Both. Peeps feene, feene Tamaasco apples.

Montr. Came not Lord Longaule to buy fome
fruit?

Andel. No fat, mafter, here came no Lords nor
Ladies, but di none fweete felfe.

Montr. Tis well, fay nothing, heres fix crownes for
two :

You fay the vertues are to make one ftrong.

Both. Yes fat and make sweet countenance &
ftrong too.

Montr. Tis excellent, here : farwell, if thefe proue,
Ile conquer men by ftrength, women by loue. *Exit.*

Enter Longaule.

Both. Ha, ha, ha, why this is rare.

Shad. Peace, mafter, here comes another foole.

Both. Peepes feene, buy any peepes of Tamaasco?

Longa. Did not the Lord Montrosse returne to
you?

Both. No fat, fweete mafter, no Lord did turne to
vs : Peepes feene.

Longa. I am glad of it : here are nine crownes for
thee :

What are the vertues befides making faire?

Andel. O, twill make thee wondrous wife.

Shad. And dow shall bee no more a foole, but
sweete face and wife.

Longa. Tis rare, farwell, I neuer yet durst wooe.
None loues me : now ile trie what thefe can doe.

Exit.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha, So, this is admirable, Shaddow,
here end my torments in Saint Patrickes Purgatorie,
but thine shall continue longer.

Shad. Did I not clap on a good false Irish face ?

Andel. It became thee rarely.

Shad. Yet thats lamentable, that a false face
should become any man.

Andel. Thou art a gull, tis all the fashion now,
which fashion becaufe wee keepe, step thou abroad,
let not the world want fooles : whilst thou art commen-
fing thy knauerie there, ile proceede Doctor Dodipoll
here : that done, thou Shaddow and I will fat our felues
to behold the tranfformation of thefe fooles : goe flie.

Shad. I feare nothing, but that whilst wee strue
to make others fooles, we shall weare the Coxcombes
our felues, Pips fine &c.

Exit Shaddow.

Enter Ampedo.

Andel. S'hart, here's my brother whome I haue
abuzde :

His prefence makes me blufh, it ftrikes me dead,
To thinke how I am metamorphofed.
Feene peepins of Tamaſco &c.

Amp. For ſhame caſt off this Maſke.

Andel. Wilt thou buy any pips ?

Amp. Mocke me no longer

With idle apparitions : many a land
Haue I with wearie feete and a ſicke foule
Meafurd to find thee ; and when thou art found,
My greateſt grieve is, that thou art not loſt :
Yet loſt thou art, thy fame, thy welth are loſt,
Thy wits are loſt, and thou haſt in their ſtead,
With ſhame and cares, and miſery crownd thy head.
That Shaddow that purſues thee, fild mine eares

With sad relation of thy wretchednesse,
Where is the purse, and where my wishing Hat ?

Andel. Where? and where? are you created Con-
stable, you stand so much vpon Intergatories? the
purse is gone, let that fret you, and the Hat is gone,
let that mad you: I runne thus through all trades to
ouer-take them, if youle bee quiet, follow me, and
helpe, if not, flie from me, and hang your selfe: wilt
thou buy any pippins? *Exit.*

Amp. O, how I grieve, to see him thus transformd?
Yet from the circles of my iealous eyes,
He shall not start, till he haue re-possesst
Thofe vertuous Jewels, which found once againe,
More cause they ne're shall giue me to complaine,
Their worth shall be consum'd in murthering flames,
And end my grieffe, his ryot, and our shames. *Exit.*

*Enter Athelstane, Agripyne, Montrosse and Longaule
with hornes, Lincolne and Cornwall.*

Athelst. In spite of forcerie trie once againe,
Trie once more in contempt of all dam'd spels.

Agrip. Your maiestie fights with no mortall power.
Shame and not conquest, hangs vpon his strife.
O, touch me not, you adde but paine to paine,
The more you cut, the more they grow againe.

Lincol. Is there no art to coniuere downe this
scorne?

I ne're knew Phisicke yet against the horne.

Enter Cyprus.

Athelst. See, prince of Cyprus, thy faire Agripyne
Hath turnd her beautie to deformitie.

Cypr. Then I defie thee, Loue, vaine hopes, adew,
You haue mockt me long; in scorne ile now mocke
you.

I came to see how the Lord Longaule
Was turnd into a monster, and I find
An obiect, which both strikes me dumbe and blind.
To morrow should haue beene our marriage morne,

But now my bride is shame, thy bridegrome scorne.
O tell mee yet, is there no Art, no charmes,
No desperate Phylicke for this desperate wound?

Ath:lf. Al meanes are tride, but no meanes can
be found.

Cypr. Then England, farwell : haplesse maide, thy
stars,
Through spitefull influence set our hearts at warres.
I am infor't to leaue thee, and resigne
My loue to grieve.

Enter Orleans and Galloway.

Agrip. All grieve to Agripyne.

Cypr. Adew, I would say more, had I a tongue
Able to helpe his master : mightie king,
I humbly take my leaue, to Cyprus I,
My fathers Sonne, must all such shame defie. *Exit.*

Orle. So doth not Orleans, I defie all those,
That loue not Agripyne, and him defie,
That dares but loue her halfe so well as I.
O pardon me, I haue in sorrowes Jayle,
Beene long tormented, long this mangled bosome
Hath bled, and neuer durst expose her wounds,
Till now, till now, when at thy beautilous feete,
I offer loue and life, O cast an eye
Of mercy on me, this deformed face
Cannot affright my foule from louing thee.

Agri. Talk not of loue, good Orleans, but of hate.

Orle. What sentence will my loue pronounce on
me?

Gall. Will Orleans then be mad? O gentle friend.

Orle. O gentle, gentle friend, I am not mad:
Hees mad, whose eyes on painted cheekes doe doate,
O Galloway, such read beauties booke by roate.
Hees mad, that pines for want of a gay flowre,
Which fades when grief doth blast, or sicknes lowre,
Which heate doth wither, and white ages frost
Nips dead : such fairenes, when tis found, tis lost.
I am not mad, for louing Agripyne,

My loue lookes on her eyes, with eyes diuine,
 I doate on the rich brightnes of her mind,
 That sacred beautie strikes all other blind,
 O make me happie then, since my desires
 Are fet a burning by loues purest fires.

Athelst. So thou wilt beare her far from England
 fight

Inioy thy wishes.

Agrip. Locke me in some caue,
 Where staring wonders eye shall not be guiltie
 To my abhorred lookes, and I will die
 To thee, as full of loue as miserie.

Athelst. I am amazde and mad, some speckled
 foule

Lies pawnd for this in Hell, without redemption,
 Some fiend deludes vs all.

Cornw. O vniust Fates,
 Why doe you hide from vs this misterie?

Lincol. My Lord Montrosse, how long haue your
 browes worne

This fashon? these two feather-springs of horne?

Montr. An Irish kerne sold me Damasco apples,
 Some two howres since, and (like a credulous foole)
 Hee swearing to me that they had this power,
 To make me strong in body rich in mind,
 I did beleue his words, tasted his fruit,
 And since haue been attirde in this disguise.

Longa. I feare that villaine hath beguild me too.

Cornw. Nay before God he has not cozend you,
 You haue it foundly.

Longa. Me he made beleue,
 One apple of Damasco would inspire
 My thoughts with wisedome, and vpon my cheekes
 Would cast such beautie, that each Ladies eye,
 Which lookt on me, should love me presently.

Agrip. Desire to looke more faire, makes me more
 fowle,

Those apples did intice my wandring eye,
 To be enamord of deformitie.

Athelf. This prooues that true, which oft I haue
heard in schooles,
Those that would seeme most wife, doe turne most
fooles.

Lincol. Here's your best hope, none needes to
hide his face,
For horned foreheads swarme in euery place.

Enter Chester bringing Andelocia like a French Doctor.

Athelf. Now Chester, what Physitions hast thou
found?

Chef. Many, my leige, but none that haue true skill
To tame such wilde diseases : yet here's one,
A Doctor and a Frenchman, whome report
Of Agripynes grieve hath drawne to court.

Athelf. Cure her, and Englands treasorie shall
stand,
As free for thee to vse, as rayne from heauen.

Montr. Cure me, and to thy Coffers I will send,
More gold from Scotland then thy life can spend.

Logna. Cure Longauile, and all his wealth is thine.

Andel. He Monsieur Long-villaine gra tanck you :
Gra tanck your mashestie a great teale artely by my
trat : where be dis Madam Princeza dat be so much
tormenta ? O Jesu : one, 2 : an tree, 4 & 5,
feez horne : Ha, ha, ha, pardona moy prea wid al
mine art, for by my trat, me can no point shofe but
laugh, Ha, ha, ha, to marke how like tree bul-beg-
gera, dey stand. Oh, by my trat and fat, di diuela
be whorefon, scuruie, paltry, ill fauore knaue to mocke
de Madam, and gentill-home so : Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lincol. This Doctor comes to mocke your maiestie.

Ande. No by my trat la, but me loua mucha
mucha merymant : Come Madam, prea-artely stand
still, and letta mee feele you : dis horne, O tis prettie
horne, dis be facile, easie for pull de vey, but Madame
dis O be grand, grand horne, difficill, and very
deepe, tis perilous, a grand Laroone. But Madam,
prea be patient, we shall take it off vell.

Athe. Thrice haue we parde them off, but with
fresh paine,

In compasse of a thought they rise againe.

Andel. Its true, tis no easie mattra, to pull horne
off, tis easie for pull on, but hard for pull off, some
horne bee so good fellow, hee will still inhabit in de
mans pate, but tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all
dis : Madam trust dis downe into your little belly.

Agrip. Father, I am in feare to taste his phyficke.
First let him worke experiments on those.

Andel. Ile sawce you for your infidelitie. *Aside.*
In no place can I spie my wishing Hat.

Longa. Thou learned Frenchman, trie thy skill on me,
More vgly then I am, I cannot be.

Montr. Cure me, and Montrosse welth shall all be
thine.

Andel. Tis all one for dat : shall doe presently,
Madam prea marke me : Monsieur, shamp dis in your
two shaps, so, now Monsieur Long-villaine, dis so :
nowe dis, feare noting, tis eshelent medicyne : so,
now cram dis into your guts, and belly : So, now
snap away dis whorefson fowre diuela ; Ha, ha, Is no
point good ?

Puts Gallowayes hornes off.

Athelst. This is most strange.

Wast painefull Longaule ?

Longa. Eafe tooke them off, and there remaines no
paine.

Agrip. O trie thy sacred Phyficke on me.

Andel. No by my trat, tis no possibla, tis no possi-
bla, al de mattra, all de ting, all de substance, all de
medicyne, be among his and his belly : tis no possibla,
till me prepare more.

Athelst. Prepare it then, and thou shalt haue more
gold

From Englands Coffers, then thy life can wast.

Andel. I must buy many costily tings dat grow in
Arabia, in Asia, and America, by my trat tis no possi-
bla, till anoder time, no point.

Agrip. There's nothing in the world, but may for gold
Be bought in England, hold your lap ile rayne
A shower of Angels.

Andel. Fie, fie, fie, fie, you no credit le dockature ?
Ha, but vel, tis all one for tat : tis no mattera for gold :
Vel, vel, vel, vel, vel, me haue some more, preafay noting,
shall bee presently prepara for your hornes.

Shee has my purse, and yonder lies my Hat,
Worke braines, and once more make me fortunat.
Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient Madam, presently, presently,
be patient, mee haue two, tree, fowre and fiue medicines
for de horne : presently Madam, stand you der, prea wid
all mine art, stand you all der : and fay noting, fo :
nor looke noting dis vey : fo, presently, presently
Madam, snip dis horne off wid de rufhes & anoder ting
by and by, by and by, by and by, prea looke none dis vey,
and fay noting. *Gets his Hat vp.*

Athelf. Let no man speake, or looke, vpon his life.

Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy skill.

Andel. So, taka dis hand : winck now prea artely
wid your two nyes : why fo.

Would I were with my brother Ampedo.

Exit with her.

Agrip. Helpe, Father, helpe, I am hurried hence
perforce.

Athelf. Draw weapons, wheres the princeffe, follow him,

Stay the French Doctor, stay the Doctor there.

Cornwall and some other run out, and enter presently.

Cornw. Stay him, fh'art who dare stay him ? tis the
diuell

In likenesse of a Frenchman, of a Doctor.

Looke how a rafcall Kyte having swept vp

A Chicken in his clawes, fo flies this hell-hound

In th' ayre with Agripyne in his armes.

Orle. Mount euery man vpon his swiftest horse.

Flie feuerall waies, he cannot beare her farre.

Gall. These paths wee beate.

Exeunt Gall. and Orleans.

Lincol. And this way shall be mine.

Cornw. This way, my Leige, ile ride.

Athelst. And this way I :

No matter which way, to seeke miserie. *Exit Athelst.*

Loga. I can ride no way, to out-runne my shame.

Montr. Yes, Longaule, lets gallop after too,
Doubtlesse this Doctor was that Irish diuell,
That cozend vs, the medicine which he gaue vs,
Tasted like his Damasco villanie.

To horse, to horse, if we can catch this fiend,
Our forked shame shall in his heart bloud end.

Longa. O how this mads me, that all tongues in
scorne,

Which way so ere I ryde, cry, Ware the horne.

Exeunt.

Enter Andelocia, with Agripync, Ampedo and Shaddow.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia pittie me,
Take off this infamie, or take my life.

Andel. Your life ? you thinke then that I am a
true Doctor indeede, that tie vp my liuing in the
knots of winding sheetes : your life ? no, keepe your
life, but deliuer your purse : you know the theifes salu-
tation, Stand & deliuer. So, this is mine, and these
yours : Ile teach you to liue by the sweate of other
mens browes.

Shad. And to strue to be fairer then God made
her.

Andel. Right, Shaddow : therefore vanish, you
haue made me turne Iugler, and crie hey-passe, but your
horne shall not repasse.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

And. Andelocia is a Nettle : if you touch him
gently, heele sting you.

Shad. Or a rose, if you pul his sweete stalke heele
prick you.

Andel. Therefore not a word, goe, trudge to your Father : figh not for your purfe, money may be got by you. as well as by the little Welshwoman in Cyprus, that had but one horne in her head, you have two ; and perhaps you fhall caft both : as you vfe me, marke thofe words well, as you vfe me, nay, y'are beft flie, ile not endure one word more. Yet ftay too, becaufe you intreate me fo gently, and that ile make fome amends to your Father, although I care not for any King in Chriftendome, yet hold you, take this Apple, eate it as you goe to court, and your hornes fhall play the cowards and fall from you,

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

Andel. Nay away, not a word.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha, &c. Ware hornes.

Exit Agrip. weeping.

Andel. Why doeft thou laugh, Shaddow ?

Shad. To fee what a horne plague followes coueteoufneffe and pride.

Amp. Brother, what mifteries lie in all this ?

Andel. Trickes, Ampedo, trickes, deuifes, and mad Herogliphickes, mirth, mirth, and melody. O, there's more muficke in this, then all the Gammoth ares, and Sol fa Res, in the world ; here's the purfe, and here's the Hat : becaufe you fhall be fure ile not ftart, weare you this you know his vertue ; if danger befet you, flie & away : A fort of broken-shind limping legd Jades runne hobbling to feeke vs : Shaddow, weelee for all this haue one fit of mirth more, to make vs laugh and be fat.

Shad. And when we are fat, mafter, weelee doe as all gluttons doe, laugh and lie downe.

Andel. Hiet hee to my chamber, make ready my richeft attire, ile to Court prefently.

Shad. Ile goe to Court in this attire, for apparell is but the fhaddow of a man, but fhaddow is the fubftance of his apparell.

Exit Shaddow.

Andel. Away, away, and meete me prefently.

Amp. I had more neede to crie, away to thee.

Away, away with this wilde lunacie,
 Away with ryots.

Andel. Away with your puritie, brother, y'are an Affe, why doth this purfe spit out gold but to be spent? why liues a man in this world, to dwell in the Suburbs of it, as you doe? Away forren simplicitie, away: are not eyes made to see faire Ladies? hearts to loue them? tongues to court them, & hands to feele them? Out your Stocke, you stone, you logs end: Are not legs made to daunce, and shall mine limp vp and downe the world after your cloth-stockin-heeles? you haue the Hat, keepe it, anon ile visit your vertuous countenance againe, adew, pleafure is myfwete miftris, I weare her loue in my Hat, and her foule in my heart: I haue fworne to bee merry, and in spite of Fortune and the blacke-browd deftinies, ile neuer be fad. *Exit.*

Amped. Goe, foole, in spite of mirth, thou shalt be fad.

Ile burie halfe thy pleasures in a graue
 Of hungrie flames, this fire I did ordaine
 To burne both purfe and Hat: as this doth perifh,
 So fhall the other; count what good and bad
 They both haue wrought, the good is to the ill,
 As a fmall Pible to a mightie hill.
 Thy glorie and thy mifchiefes here fhall burne,
 Good gifts abuzde to mans confufion turne.

Enter Longauile, and Montroffe with Souldiers.

Longa. This is his brother: Souldiers, bind his armes.

Montr. Bind armes and legs, and hale the fiend away.

Amp. Vnciuill: wherefore muft I tafte your fpite?

Longa. Art thou not one of Fortunatus fonnes?

Amped. I am, but he did neuer doe you wrong.

Longa. The diuell thy brother has, villaine, looke here.

Montr. Where is the beautilous purfe and wifhing Hat?

Amph. My brother Andelocia has the purfe,
This way heele come anon to paffe to court,
Alas, that finne should make mens hearts fo bold,
To kill their foules for the bafe thirst of gold.
The wifhing Hat is burnt.

Montr. Burnt? Souldiers bind him.
Tortures shall wring both hat and purfe from you,
Villaine, ile be reueng'd for that bafe fcorne,
Thy hell-hound brother clapt vpon my head.

Longa. And fo will Longaule.
Away with him.

Montr. Drag him to yonder towre, there shackle him,
And in a paire of Stockes, locke vp his heeles,
And bid your wifhing Cap deliuer you.
Giue vs the purfe and Hat, wee le fet thee free,
Els rot to death and flarue.

Amph. Oh tyranny, you need not fcorne the badge
which you did beare :
Beafts would you be, though hornes you did not weare.

Montr. Drag hence the cur: come noble Long-
aule,
One's fure, and were the other fiend as faft,
Their pride should coft their liues: their purfe and
Hat
Shall be both ours, wee le share them equally.

Longa. That will be fome amends for arming me.

Enter Andelocia and Shaddow after him.

Montr. Peace, Longaule, yonder the gallant comes.

Longa. Y'are well encountred.

Andel. Thankes, Lord Longaule.

Longa. The king expects your prefence at the court.

Andel. And thither am I going.

Shad. Pips fine, fine apples of Tamaſco, ha, ha, ha.

Montr. Wert thou that Iriſhman that cozend vs ?

Shad. Pips fine, ha, ha, ha, no not I : not Shad-dow.

Andel. Were not your Apples delicate and rare ?

Longa. The worſt that ere you fold ; Sirs, bind him faſt.

Andel. What, wil you murder me ? helpe, help, ſome helpe.

Shad. Helpe, helpe, helpe. *Exit Shaddow.*

Montr. Follow that Dog, and ſtop his balling throate.

Andel. Villaines, what meanes this barbarous trechery ?

Longa. We meane to be reueng'd for our diſgrace.

Montr. And ſtop the golden current of thy waſt.

Andel. Murder, they murder me, O call for helpe.

Long. Thy voice is ſpent in vaine, come, come, this purſe,

This wel-ſpring of your prodigalitie.

Andel. Are you appointed by the king to this ?

Montr. No, no, riſe, ſpurne him vp : know you who's this ?

Andel. My brother Ampedo ? Alas, what fate Hath made thy vertues ſo infortunate ?

Amp. They ryot and the wrong of theſe two Lords,

Who (cauſeleſſe) thus do' ſtarue me in this prifon.

Longa. Striue not y'are beſt, villaines, liſt in his legs.

Andel. Traitors to honor, what doe you intend ?

Longa. That ryot ſhall in wretchedneſſe haue end.

Queſtion thy brother with what coſt hees fed,

And ſo aſſure thou ſhalt be banquetted.

Exeunt they two.

Amp. In want, in miſerie, in woe and care,

Poore Ampedo his fill hath ſurfeted :

My want is famine, bolts my miſerie,

My care and woe ſhould be thy portion.

Andel. Giue me that portion, for I haue a heart

Shall spend it freely, and make bankrowt
The proudest woe that euer wet mans eye.
Care with a mischief? wherefore should I care?
Haue I rid fide by fide by mightie kings,
Yet be thus bridled now? Ile teare these fetters.
Murder, crie murder, Ampedo, alowd.
To beare this scorne our Fortunes are too proud.

Amp. O folly, thou hast powre to make flesh
glad,

When the rich foule in wretchednesse is clad.

Ande. Peace, foole, am not I Fortunes minion?
These bands are but one wrinkle of her frowne,
This is her Euening maske, her next mornes eye
Shall ouer-shine the Sunne in maiestie.

Amp. But this sad night will make an end of me.
Brother, farwell, grieve, famine, sorrow, want,
Haue made an end of wretched Ampedo.

Andel. Where is the wishing Hat?

Amp. Consum'd in fire.

Ande. Accursed be those hands that did destroy it,
That would redeeme vs, did we now enioy it.

Amp. Wanton, farwel, I faint, deaths frozen hand
Congeales lifes little Riuer in my brest.
No man before his end is truly blest.

Dyes.

Andel. O miserable, miserable foule.

Thus a foule life makes death to looke more foule.

Enter Longauyle and Montrosse with a hallic.

Longa. Thus shall this golden purse diuided be,
One day for you, another day for me.

Montr. Of daies anon, say, what determine you,
Shall they haue libertie, or shall they die?

Long. Die sure: and see, I thinke the elder's dead.

And. I, murderers, he is dead, O sacred wisdom,
Had Fortunatus beene enamored
Of thy celestiall beautie, his two sonnes
Had shind like two bright Sunnes.

Longa. Pul hard, Montrosse.

Andel. Come you to strangle me? are you the hangman?

Hell-hounds y' are dam'd for this impietie.
 Fortune, forgiue me, I deferue thy hate,
 My felfe haue made myfelfe a reprobate :
 Vertue, forgiue me, for I haue transgreft
 Againft thy lawes, my vowes are quite forgot,
 And therefore shame is falne to my finnes lot.
 Riches and knowledge are two gifts diuine.
 They that abufe them both as I haue done,
 To shame, to beggerie, to hell muft runne.
 O confcience hold thy fting, ceafe to afflict me.
 Be quicke, tormentors, I defire to die.
 No death is equall to my miferie.
 Cyprus, vaine world, and Vanitie farwell.

Who builds his heauen on earth, is fure of hell.

Lon. He's dead : in fome deepe vault lets throw
 their bodies.

Montr. Firft let us fee the purfe, Lord Longaule.

Longa. Here tis, by this weele fill this towre with
 gold.

Montr. Frenchman, this purfe is counterfeit.

Longa. Thou lyest.

Scot, thou haft cozend me, giue me the right,

Els shall thy bofome be my weapons graue.

Montr. Villaine, thou shalt not rob me of my due.

*They fight : Enter Athelstane, Agripyna, Orleans,
 Galloway, Cornewall, Chester, Lincolne, and
 Shaddow with weapons at one dore : Fortune,
 Vice, and their attendants at another dore.*

All. Lay hands vpon the murderers, strike them
 downe.

Fortune. Surrender vp this purfe for this is mine.

All. Are thefe two diuels, or fome powers diuine?

Shad. O fee, fee, O my two masters, poore Shad-
 dows substances ; what shall I doe ? whose body shall
 Shaddow now follow ?

Fort. Peace, Ideot, thou shalt find rich heapes of
fooles,

That will be proud to entertaine a Shaddow.
I charme thy babbling lips from troubling me.
You need not hold them, see, I smite them downe
Lower then hell : base foules, sincke to your heauen.

Vice. I doe arrest you both my prisoners.

Fort. Stand not amazed, you gods of earth, at this,
Shee that arresteth these two fooles is Vice,
They haue broke Vertues laws, Vice is her sericant,
Her Jayler and her executioner.

Looke on those Cypriots, Fortunatus sonnes,
They and their Father were my minions,
My name is Fortune.

All. O dread deitie.

Fort. Kneele not to me : if Fortune list to frowne,
You need not fall downe, for sheele spurne you downe,
Arise, but fooles, on you ile triumph thus.
What haue you gained by being couetous ?
This prodigall purse did Fortunes bounteous hand
Bestow on them, their ryots made them poore,
And set these markes of miserable death,
On all their pride, the famine of base gold
Hath made your foules to murders hands be sold,
Onely to be cald rich. But Ideots see
The vertues to be fled, Fortune hath cauld it so,
Those that will all deuowre, must all forgoe.

Athelst. Most sacred Goddesse.

Fortune. Peace, you flatterer.

Thy tongue but heapes more vengeance on thy head.
Fortune is angrie with thee, in thee burnes
A greedie couetous fire, in Agripyne
Pride like a Monarch reuels, and those finnes
Haue lead you blind-fold to your former shames,
But Vertue pardond you, and so doth Fortune.

Athelst. and Agrip. All thanks to both your sacred
deities.

Fort. As for these Mettall-eaters, these base thieues,
Who rather then they would be counted poore,

Will dig through hell for gold, you were forgiuen
 By Vertues generall pardon ; her broade feale
 Gaue you your liues, when shee tooke off your hornes.
 Yet hauing scarce one foote out of the Jayle,
 You tempt damnation by more desperate meanes,
 You both are mortall, and your paines shall ring
 Through both your eares, to terrifie your foules,
 As please the Iudgement of this mortall king.

Athelst. Faire Empreffe of the world, since you
 refigne

Your power to me, this sentence shall be mine,
 Thou shalt be torturd on a wheele to death,
 Thou with wild hores shalt be quartered.

Vice. Ha, ha, weake Judge, weake iudgement, I
 reuerfe

That sentence, for they are my prifoners,
 Embalme the bodies of those Cypriots,
 And honour them with princely buriall,
 For those doe as you please, but for these two,
 I kisse you both, I loue you, y' are my minions.
 Untie their bands, Vice doth repriue you both,
 I fet you free.

Both. Thankes, gracious deitie.

Vice. Be gon, but you in libertie shall find
 More bondage then in chaines, fooles, get you
 hence,

Both wander with tormented conscience.

Longa. O horrid Iudgement, thats the hell in-
 deede.

Mon. Come, come, our death ne're ends if con-
 science bleede.

Both. O miserable, miserable men. *Excunt.*

Fortune. Fortune triumphes at this, yet to appeare,
 All like my selfe, that which from those I tooke,
 King Athelstane I will bestow on thee,
 And in it the old vertue I infuse :

But, king, take heede how thou my gifts doest vse.
 England shall ne're be poore, if England striue,
 Rather by vertue, then by wealth to thriue.

Enter Vertue, crown'd: Nymphes and kings attending on her, crown'd with Olive branches and lawrels, musicke sounding.

Vice. Vertue ? alas good foule, shee hides her head.

Vert. What enuious tongue said, Vertue hides her head ?

Vice. Shee that will driue thee into banishment.

Fort. Shee that hath conquerd thee : how dar'st thou come,

Thus trickt in gawdy Feathers, and thus garded,
Which crown'd kings and Muses, when thy foe
Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphs fo ?
Where 's vertuous Ampedo ? See, hees her slaue,
For following thee this recompence they haue.

Vert. Is Ampedo her slaue ? why thats my glorie.
The Idiots cap I once wore on my head,
Did figure him, those that (like him) doe muffle
Vertue in clouds, and care not how shee shine,
Ile make their glorie like to his decline :
He made no vse of me, but like a miser,
Lockt up his wealth in rustie barres of sloth :
His face was beautifull, but wore a maske,
And in the worlds eyes seemd a Blackamore.
So perish they that so keepe vertue poore.

Vice. Thou art a foole to striue, I am more strong,
And greater then thy selfe, then Vertue flie,
And hide thy face, yeeld me the victorie.

Vert. Is Vice higher then Vertue ? thats my glorie,
The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid,
The world will loue me for my comlynesse.

Fortu. Thine owne selfe loues thy selfe : why on the heads
Of Agripyne, Montrosie and Longauyle,
(English, Scot, French) did Vice clap vgly hornes,
But to approue that English, French and Scot,
And all the world els, kneele and honour Vice,

But in no Countrie, Vertue is of price ?

Vert. Yes, in all Countries Vertue is of price,
In euery kingdome some diuiner brest
Is more enamord of me then the rest.
Haue English, Scot, and French bowd knees to
thee ?

Why that's my glorie too, for by their shame,
Men will abhor thee and adore my name.
Fortune, thou art too weake, Vice th' art a foole,
To fight with me, I suffred you awhile,
T' ecllips my brightnes, but I now will shine,
And make you sweare your beautie's bafe to mine.

Fort. Thou art too infolent, see here 's a court
Of mortall Judges, lets by them be tride,
Which of vs three shall most be deifide.

Vice. I am content.

Fort. And I.

Vert. So am not I.

My Judge shall be your sacred deitie.

Vice. O miserable me, I am vndon.

Exit Vice and her traine.

All. O stop the horrid monster.

Vert. Let her runne.

Fortune, who conquers now ?

Fort. Vertue, I see,

Thou wilt triumph both ouer her and me.

All. Empreffe of heauen and earth.

Fort. Why doe you mocke me ?

Kneele not to me, to her transfer your eyes,
There fits the Queene of Chance, I bend my knees,
Lower then yours : dread goddesse, tis most meete,
That Fortune fall downe at thy conqu'ring feete.
Thou sacred Empreffe that commandst the Fates,
Forgiue what I haue to thy handmaid don,
And at thy Chariot wheelles Fortune shall run,
And be thy captiue and to thee resign
All powers which heau'ns large Patent haue made
mine.

Vert. Fortune th'art vanquisht : sacred deitie,
O now pronounce who winnes the victorie,
And yet that sentence needes not, since alone,
Your vertuous prefence Vice hath ouer-throwne,
Yet to confirme the conquest on your side,
Looke but on Fortunatus and his fonnies
Of all the welth those gallants did possesse,
Onely poore Shaddow is left comfortlesse,
Their glorye's faded and their golden pride.

Sha. Onely poore Shaddow tels how poore they
died.

Vert. All that they had, or mortall men can haue,
Sends onely but a Shaddow from the graue.
Vertue alone liues still, and liues in you,
I am a counterfeit, you are the true,
I am a Shaddow, at your feete I fall,
Begging for these, and these, my selfe and all.
All these that thus doe kneele before your eyes,
Are shaddowes like my selfe, dred Nymph it lyes
In you to make vs substances. O doe it,
Vertue I am sure you loue, shee woes you to it.
I read a verdict in your Sun-like eyes,
And this it is : Vertue the victorie.

All. All loudly cry, Vertue the victorie.

Vert. Vertue the victorie : for ioy of this,
Those selfe same himnes which you to Fortune sung
Let them be now in Vertues honour rung.

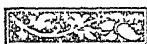
The Song.

Vertue smiles : crie hollyday,
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
Vertue frownes, crie wellada,
Her loue is Heauen, her hate is Hell.
Since heau'n and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes doe lowre.

174 *The Comedie of Olde Fortunatus.*

Since heau'n and hell her power obey,
Where thee smiles, crie hollyday.
Hollyday with ioy we crie,
And bend, and bend, and merily,
Sing hymnes to vertues deitie :
Sing hymnes to Vertues deitie.

As they all offer to goe in, Enter the two old men.



THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

1. **N** Ay stay, poore pilgrims, when I entred first
The circle of this bright celestiall Sphære,
I wept for ioy, now I could weepe for feare.

2. I feare we all like mortall men shall proue
Weake (not in loue) but in expresseing loue.

1. Let euery one beg once, more on his knee,
One pardon for himselfe, and one for mee,
For I intic'd you hither : O deere Goddesse,
Breathe life in our nombd spirits with one smile,
And from this cold earth, we with liuely foules
Shal rife like men (new-borne) and make heau'n found
With Hymnes fung to thy name, and praiers that we
May once a yeere so oft enioy this fight,
Til these yong boyes change their curld locks to white,
And when gray-winged Age sits on their heads,
That so their children may supply their Steads,
And that heau'ns great Arithmetician,
(Who in the Scales of Number weyes the world)
May still to fortie two, and one yeere more,
And still adde one to one, that went before,
And multiply fowre tennes by many a ten :
To this I crie Amen.

All. Amen, amen.

1. Good night (deere mistris) those that with thee
harne,
Thus let them stoope vnder destructions arme.

All. Amen, Amen, Amen. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

Tho. Dekker.





Satiro-mastix.

OR

*The vntrussing of the Humo-
rous Poet.*

As it hath bin presented publikely,
by the Right Honorable, the Lord Cham-
berlaine his Seruants ; and priuately, by the
Children of Paules.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis idq ; coactus.



LONDON,

Printed for *Edward VVhite*, and are to bee
solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules
Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

Dramatis personæ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthofe.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Afinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Miftris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi.—Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc nouimus esse nihil.*



To the World.

World, I was once resolv'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with eucry bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Judge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st *Middasses cares*, and art *Monstrum horrendum*, informe: *Ingens cui lumen ademptum*; whose great *Poliphemian eye* is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy *Vniuersality*) of that terrible *Poetomachia*, lately commenc'd betwene Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted Poetafters. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serue them, but (for want of *Chopins*) haue stalk't vpon Stages.

Horace hal'd his Poetafters to the Barre, the Poetafters vnruff'd Horace: how worthily cyther, or how wrongfully. (World) leane it to the *furie*: Horace (*questionles*) made himsele beleene, that his *Burgonian wit* might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take vp the foyles against him: It's likely, if he had not so belein'd, he had not bin so deceiu'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before *Apollo himsele* (who is *Coronator Poetarum*) an

Inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount Helicon to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetafters side Se defendendo. Notwithstanding the Doctors think otherwife. I meete one, and he runnes full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrufsing Horace I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes if his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, obseru'd in himfelfe, as it did little spots vpon others, without all difputation: Horace would not haue left Horace out of Euery man in's Hvmour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and fee. A fecond Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calles me Barren, becaufe my braines could bring forth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would haue fpoke, if honeft Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Ift not as lewfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Tye fo euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-weighed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to fet the same dog vpon Horace, whom Horace had fet to worrie others.

I could heere (euen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuineft part of true Poesie) that (howfoeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue bin, tortured on the racke) they are free from conspiring

the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca, haue walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was rais'd vp (in print) by newe Exorcismes. World, if thy Hugenes will beleiue this: doc, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne: Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction bite till his teeth bee worne to the stumps: Enuy feede thy Snakes so fat with poyson till they burst: World, let all thy Adders shoote out their Hydra-headed-forked Stinges, Ha, ha, Nauci; if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true Venufian Horace) for these good wordes thou giu'st me: Populus me sibylat at mihi plaudo. World farewell.

Malim Conuiuiis quàm placuisse Cocis.







The Vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1. **C**OME bedfellow come, strew apace, strew,
strew : in good troth tis pitty that these
flowers must be trodden vnder feete as they are like
to bee anon.

2. Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art forry to see
any good thing fall to the ground : pitty ? no more
pitty, then to see an Innocent Mayden-head deliucred
vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband.
Beauty is made for vse, and hee that will not vse a
sweete soule well, when she is vnder his fingers, I pray
Venus he may neuer kisse a fair and a delicate, soft,
red, plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty ? come foole, fling them about lustily ; flowers
neuer dye a sweeter death, than when they are
smother'd to death in a Louers bosome, or else paue
the high wayes, ouer which these pretty, simpring,
setting things, call'd brides, must trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vse at wed-
dings to furnish all places thus, with sweete hearbes
and flowers ?

2. One reason is, because tis — ô a most sweet
thing to lye with a man.

1. I think tis a O more more more more sweet to
lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde : another reason is, because they slicke like the scutchions of madame chastity, on the fable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and wincking with theyr yellow-sunke eyes, as loathe to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead : what fenceless thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new set-vp Schoolemafter ?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournst, because th'ast mist thy turne, I doe by the quiuer of *Cupid* : you see the torches melt themselues away in teares : the instruments weare theyr heart stringes out for sorrow : and the Siluer Ewers weepe most pittifull Rosewater : five or sixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my sight choose rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on ; and looke this Rosemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to derke th' invisible coarce of the Bride's Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) about cleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furthest, it descends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Cecelyne* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I see by thy sighing thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I have hayres on my head, I'de venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place ; prethy strew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am sure thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten with fleas, it neuer lyes still : fye vpont, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's such delayes in rising, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in Reuels, & last of all in cursing the poore nodding fiddlers, for keeping Mistris Bride so long vp from sweeter Reuels ; that, oh I could neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harken, musicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is she vp? nay then I see she has been downe : Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall still, and when we haue husbands we play upon them like Virginal Jackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'l neuer get any good straines of musicke out of vs ; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head.

flrew.

As they flrew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthofe with Peeter Flafh and two or three feruingmen, with lights.

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man ; day playes the theefe and steales vpon vs ; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, ther's an Embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is, come pew-fellow. *Exeunt.*

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet ? so much to do ! Is come ?

Omnes. Come sir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cases ouer their instruments cares ?

Flafh. As soone as they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiacoes founded at least thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuin'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and sugar ; firra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings : Is my daughter vp yet ?

Flafh. Vp sir ? she was fecne vp an houre agoe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early slurrer, ah firra.

Flafh. Shee'l be a late slurrer soone at night sir.

Sir Quint. Goe too *Peeter Flafh*, you haue a good

fodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians bearded, still ith stubble : about your busines and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If youre wine play with my nose Sir, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

Sir quin. Doe *Peter*, and weare it for thy labour ; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terrell* ready yet ?

Omnes. Ready Sir. *Exit another.*

Sir Quin. One of you attend him : Stay *Flash*, where's the note of the guesstes you haue invited ?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your guesstes out of my bosome ; the men that will come, I haue crost, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir Quin. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues : Sir *Adam Prickestaff*, thou hast crost him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe sir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickestaff* home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir quint. Justice *Crop*, what will he come ?

Flash. He took phisicke yesterday sir.

Sir quint. Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, sir yes, twas but to make more roome in his *Crop* for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

Sir quint. Widdow *Mineuer*.

Flash. Shee's prickt you see sir, and will come.

Sir quint. Sir *Vaughan ap Rers*, oh hee's crost twise, fo, fo, fo, then all these Ladyes, that fall downewardes heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quint. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women ; and *Peter*, when we are at Church bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

Enter fir Adam a light before him.

Sir Adam Pricke shaft. God morrow, god morrow :
goe, in, in, in, to the Bridgroom, taste a cup of
burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better
all the day after,

Sir Adam. You are au early flyrrer *Sir Quintilian Shorthofe.*

Sir qui. I am so, it behoues me at my daughters
wedding, in, in, in ; fellow put out thy torch, and put
thy selfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy
hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in, in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for *Sir Adam Pricke shaft*: your Worship— *Exit.*

Enter Sir Vaughan and Mistris Mineuer.

Sir quin. *Sir Vaughan* and Widdow *Mineuer*, wel-
come, welcome, a thousand times : my lips *Mistris*
Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the
Bridgroom, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then *Sir quintilian Shorthofe*, I
will step into *mistris* Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*,
shall goe vpon M. Bridgroom.

Mineu. No pardon, for by my truly *Sir Vaughan*,
He ha no dealings with any M. Bridgrooms.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vaug. I will vsher you *mistris* widdow.

Flash. Light there for *Sir Vaughan* ; your good
Worship—

Sir Vaug. Drinke that shilling Ma. *Pecter Flash*,
in your guttes and belly.

Fla. He not drinke it downe fir, but He turne it
into that which shall run downe, oh merrily !

Exit Sir Vaughan.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with Ladies, lights before them.

Sir quin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gen-

tlemen, that haue Vshered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all ; musick ? nay then the bridegroomes comming, where are these knaues heere ?

Flask. All here sir.

Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer, *and other Ladies and attendants with lights.*

Teri. Good morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depos'd the drowzy King of sleep, to *Crowne our* traine with your rich preferences, *I salute you all ;*

Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Cris. God morrow M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow M. Bride-groome.

Ter. Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare, For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night, Our Soueraigne will in person grace our marriage.

Sir quin. What will the king be heer ?

Ter. Father he will.

Sir quin. Where be these knaues ? More Rosemary and gloues, gloues, gloues : choofe Gentlemen ; Ladyes put on soft skins vpon the skin of foster hands ; so, so : come mistris Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the Batchelors ; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues together, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march thether.

Ter. Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines to step to *Horace*, for our nuptiall songs ; now Father when you please.

Sir quin. Agreed, fet on, come good Sir *Vaughan*, must we lead the way ?

Sir Vau. *Peter* you goe too fast for Mistris pride : so, gingerly, gingerly ; I muse why Sir *Adam Pricke-shaft* sticks so short behinde ?

Sir quin. He follows close, not too fast, holde vp knaues,

Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues.

Exeunt.

Horace sitting in a study behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe.

Hor. To thee whose fore-head fwels with Rofes,
Whofe most haunted bower
Giues life & sent to euery flower,
Whofe most adored name inclofes,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine,
Whofe yellow trefles shine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.
O me thy Priest inspire.
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In—in—in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name—
In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swim-
ming :
In sacred raptures fwimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, flame, proclaime, oh—
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—
O me thy Priest inspyre !
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with spright &
flame.

Enter Asinius Bubo.

Asini. *Horace, Horace*, my sweet ningle, is alwayes
in labour when I come, the nine Muses be his mid-
wives I pray *Jupiter* : Ningle.

Ho. In flowing numbers fild with spright and
flame,
To thee.

Asini. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by
Bacchus quaffing boule, I thought th' adst drunke to
me.

Hor. It must haue been in the deuine lycour of *Pernaffus*, then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me, but come sweet roague, fit, fit, fit.

Afini. Ouer head and eares yfaith? I haue a sacke-full of newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, if God send vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy sacke anon, but come here first honest roague, come.

Afini. Ist good, Ist good, pure *Helicon* ha?

Hor. Dam me ist be not the best that euer came from me, if I have any iudgement, looke fir, tis an *Epi-thalamium* for Sir *Walter Terrels* wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it but this morning.

Afin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun powder ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague marke, for they are the best lynes that euer I drew.

Afin. Hcer's the best leafe in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, to thee whose fore-head fwels with *Roses*.

Afin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, becaufe fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. Puff away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy to say the fore head fwels.

Afin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods loue.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower,
Giues life and sent to euery flower,
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine.
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.

Afini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as *Eoan* fire,
O me thy Priest inpire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name . . . marke
this.

In flowing numbers fild with spryte and flame.

Afini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Hor. A pox, a this Tobacco.

Afin. Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue always a consort of Pypes about mee, myne Ingle is all fire and water ; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started backe at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To the Loues mightiest King,

Himen ô Himen, does our chafe muse sing.

Afin. Ther's musicke in this ;

Hor. Marke now deare *Afinius*.

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye their Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

Afini. So doe I by *Venus*.

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet : but how ist ? how ist ? nay prethee good *Afinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how ?—

Afin. If I haue any iudgement :

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceits, oh the end shall be admirable ! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how ?

Afin. If I have any Iudgement, tis the best stufte that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my Acrosticks ?

Afi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a Coppy of mine Odes to, hast not *Bubo* ?

Afi. Your odes ? O that which you spoke by word a mouth at th' ordinary, when Musco the gull cryed Mew at it :

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke : and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with

his new Sattin fute, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Ast. At which he would faine ha blusht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Ney firra the Palinode, which I meane to stich to my Reuels, shall be the best and ingenious piece that euer I swet for ; flay roague, Ile sat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Ast. Shall I? sayth Ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Ast. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet ; heere lyes in-tomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my answere to him : I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I ador'd, as subiectes doe their Soueraignes : the honest knight Angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baites—but why doost laugh my good roague ? how is my answere, prethee, how, how?

Ast. Answere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Iustice of peace in England I warrant ; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, I readst as leageably as some that haue bin sau'd by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how dost like the Knights inditing?

Ast. If I haue any iudgement ; a pox ont, heer's worshipfull lynes indeed, heer's stuffe : but firra Ningle, of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

Hor. Why you see ; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with some the most pittyfull dry gallants.

Ast. Troth so I think ; good peeces of lantskip, shew best a far off.

Hor. I, I, I, excellent sumpter horses, carry good cloaths ; but honest roague, come, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horses walking a' the top of Paules.

Ast. Ha ye? why thê Captain Tucca rayles vpon you most preposterouſly behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

Ho. A pox vpon him: by the white & ſoft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the moſt ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath ſtage: &—ſcuruy lympling tongu'd captaine, poore greaſie buffe Ierkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Aſinius* to bee ſtab'd with his dudgion wit: ſirra, Ile compoſe an Epigram vpon him, ſhall goe thus—

Ast. Nay I ha more news, ther's Crispinus & his Torneyman Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they ſweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th ſtage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo they muſt preſſe more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath ſtage? ha, ha. Ile ſtarue theire poore copper-lace work maſters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my ſake ſhal diſtaſte euery vnſalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies.

Ast. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100 gallants of my ranke.

Hor. That ſame Crispinus is the ſillieſt Dor, and Faninus the ſlighteſt cob-web-lawne pcece of a Poet, oh God!

Why ſhould I care what euery Dor doth buz
In credulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the beſt iudgements can report me wrong'd.

Ast. I am one of them that can report it:

Hor. I thinke but what they are, and am not moou'd.

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a ſtrange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Aſin. S'lid do not Criticus Reuel in theſe lynes,
ha Ningle ha?

Knocking.

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.

Cris. Horrace.

Dem. Flaccus.

Cris. Horrace, not vp yet ;

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my Papers ; who's
this so early ?

Some of my rookes, some of my guls ?

Cris. Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor. Who's there ? stray, treade softly : *Wat*
Trill on my life : who's there ? my gowne sweete
roague, fo, come vp, come in.

Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Cris. God morrow Horrace.

Hor. O, God saue you gallants.

Cris. *Afinius* Bubo well met.

Afin. Nay, I hope so Crispinus, yet I was sicke a
quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-
atch : a pox ont, it bit me vilyc, as God sa me la I
knew twas you by your knocking so soone as I saw
you ; Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this
morning ? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will
play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowr-
ing too.

Dem. I, and a Hodghead too of your owne, but
that will neuer be scowred cleane I feare.

Afin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas neuer
vfe since, if you will tis at your seruice gallants, and
Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you ; a Lady
or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and
praizde it for the Heauens, shall I fill Flannius ?

Dem. I thanke you good *Afinius* for your loue,
I sildome take that Phisicke, tis enough
Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs
leau. . . .

Af. Leau haue you deare Ningle, marry for read-
ing any book Ile take my death vpont (as my Ningle
sayer) tis out of my Element : no faith, ever since I felt
one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarkes are not

the wisest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at *As in presenti* and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

Afinius reads and takes Tobacco.

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe struie to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each fillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searhing eyes
Looke through & through me, caruing my poore
labours

Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As even Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in their eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Crif. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your guilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should
sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with
flings.

Hor. Tis true.

Crif. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen?
and mocke
The Makers workmanship; be not you grieu'd
If that which you molde faire, vpight and smooth,
Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your daftard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,

If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

Hor. Crispinus.

Cri. Say that you haue not sworne vnto your
Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices : say you sweare
Your loue and your allegiance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing,
Say you sweare ;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing iestes make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court City, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike ; yet Court, nor City,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you ; great pitty.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Faninus, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you :
I wonder then, that of fiiue hundred, foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man ?

Hor. Deare Faninus.

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can—

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to
hide it.

Cri. We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her disease.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations :
Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men :

Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smoother sayle,
Tis the easiest and the safest Aite to raile.

Hor. Deliuer me your hands, I loue you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Cri. What reads Afinius?

Afi. By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable
booke, it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

Afi. Mas it smells of Rose-leaues a little too.

Hor. Then it must be a sweet booke, he would
faine perfume his ignorance.

Afi. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cri. Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

Afi. The whoorfon made me meete with a hard
file in two or three places as I went ouer him.

Dem. I beleeeue thee, for they had need to be very
lowe & easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

Enter Blunt and Tucca.

Blun. Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen :
what's this deuise done yet Horace?

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow
dog you into my Chamber?

Blun. Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let
vs see.

Tuc. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses,
why do you walke heere in this gorgeous gallery of
gallant inuentions, with that whoorefon poor lyme &
hayre-rascall? why—

Cri. O peace good Tucca, we are all sworne
friends,

Tuc. Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in
Rug, will dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serue
vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact rascal wil for
a good supper out fwcare twelue dozen of graund
Iuries.

Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Hor. By Iesu within this houre, saue you Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines?

Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

Asin. *Morrow Captaine Tucca*, will you whiffe this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzel; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether theep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th' adst beg'd out of a Iayle: drawe, I mean not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way march, follow your commaunder you scoundrell: So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephosphiles.

Hor. To doe your pleasure Captayne I will, but whether.

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost flare my Sarsens-head at Newgate? dost gloate? Ile march through thy dun-kirkes guts for shooting iestes at me.

Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.

Tuc. Out bench-whistler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye: you browne-bread-mouth flinker, ile teach thee turne me into Dankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a Iugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No you staru'd rascal, thou't bite off mine eares then, you must haue three or foure suites of names, when like a lowlie Pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reawling then the Stile a the big Turkes: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.

Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen bases I stand, and therefore—

Tuc. Bases? wud the roague were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare 'Tucca, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Crisp. & Deme. For our fake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good honest rascall Crispinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou sayst Crispinus Sattin dublet is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out of elboes, goe two my good full mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your fecte, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me so, olde Coale come? doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league first with these two rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithyaffe; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde cast Sattin fuite, and Demetrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor. Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt, becaufe Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't.

Aji. Mine Ingle weare an olde cast Sattin fuite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.

Ast. If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.

Tuc. Mary muffle, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?

Ast. No Captaine, woud you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde Suites?

Hor. No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded Pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaiers old cast Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and fentest it home lowlie, didst not? *Reppond;* didst not?

Blun. So, so, no more of this, within this houre—

Hor. If I can found retreate to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Jacke? what will he bee fiftene weekes about this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet he sweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muse has fore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipsie wantes Phisicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten shillings my faire Angelica, they'll make his Muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blu. He shall not want for money if heele write.

Tuc. Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten shillings into this Bafon; doe, drop, when Jacke? hee shall call me his Mæccenas: besides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling at's: So, ist right Jacke? ist sterling? fall off now to the vanward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shal

goe? the Knight shall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight.—

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, shall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make some haſt.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Aſin. I never ſawe mine Ingle ſo daſht in my life before.

Criſ. Yes once Aſinius.

Aſi. Maſ you ſay true, hee was daſht worſe once going (in a rainy day) with a ſpeech to 'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any diſcreation.

Tuc. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha ſeene the day thou didſt not ſcorne to holde vp thy golles: ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, becauſe I know thou canſt not write without quick-filuer: vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double preſſe-money: Stay, becauſe I know thou haſt a noble head, ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a teſton more; goe, thou and thy Muſe munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou ſhalt florish: farewell my ſweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come Iacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine ſtay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then:

Cri. Horace farewell, adue Aſinius. *Exeunt.*

Aſi. Ningle lets goe to ſome Tauerne, and dine together, for my ſtomache riſes at this ſcuruy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne diſgrace,
Which (fooles) ile ſpit againe euen in your face. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthoſe, Sir Adam, Sir Vaugham, Mineuer *with ſeruingmen.*

Sir quinti. Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of ſtooles there.

Sir Van. Sefu pleffe vs all in our fue fences a peece, what meane yee fir Kintilian Sorthofe to stand so much on a dozen flooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen flooles, vnleffe you wiffe some of vs preake his finnes.

Sir quin. I fay fir Vaughan no thinne shal be broken heer, what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft bellie, great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

Mineu. God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha beene worshipt in my conscience to my face a thousand times, I cannot denye fir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest oman shud haue?

Min. Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man or two that serue my turne, and other things which Ide bee loath euery one should see, because they shal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

Sir Vaug. I pray mistris Mineuers, let vs all see that point for our better vnderstanding.

Mi. For I ha some thinges that were fetcht (I am sure) as faire as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

Sir qui. And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaug. In my soule and conscience, and well fauoured enough to be a Lady: heere is fir Kintilian Sorthofe, and heere is fir Adam Prickshaft, a sentleman of a very good braine, and well heauled; you see he shootes his bolt fildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is fir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleue if God sud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the

bottom of our bellies, and our hearts : and therefore mistress Mineuer, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of vs, whom you shall desire to put into your deuice and minde.

Min. One I must haue sir Vaughan.

Sir quin. And one of vs thou shalt haue widdow.

Min. One I must haue, for now euery one seekes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Sefu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis possible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muse why sir Adam Prickshaft flies so farre from vs.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne study, my deare, if loue should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Asse, because of his bearing.

Min. I thinke (sauing your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christian that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reason——

Sir Vaug. Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reason in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tayles; In my iudgment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a bunce of Reddis; for a bunce of Reddis is wife meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

Mi. Ther's the yawning Captaine (sauing your reuerence that has such a fore mouth) would one day needes perswade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reason was (sauing your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he said loue was.

Sir Vaug. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wifely too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato must

be poaked ; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes——

Sir Adam. Must be poakt.

Sir Vau. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute.

Musicke.

Sir qui. The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, *euery one with a Lady.*

All. The King's at hand.

Ter. Father the King's at hand.

Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaug. I pray doe so, Musitions besfir your fingers, that you may haue vs all by the eares.

Sir quin. His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men ? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate ; tickle them till they found agen.

Blun. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaug. Pray all stand bare, as well men as women : Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wife braines take key-colde : on afore Sir Kintilian ; Sentlemen fall in before the Ladyes, in seemely order and fashion ; so this is comelye.

Enter Trumpets founding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Traine, and whilst the Trumpets found the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bridegroome in dumbe shew.

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Miltris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loofe your head at night ; you that doe stand
Taking your last leaue of virginity ;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide :
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooc,
Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

Sir Vaughan. God bleſſe your Maieſty, and ſend you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he fees his times & pleaſures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words..

Sir quint. Lowde Muſicke there.

Sir Van. I am glad your Maieſty will take any thing at my hands; my words I truſt in Sefu, are ſpoken betweene my foule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treaſons about them, I hope.

King. Good words, Sir Vaughan, I prethee give vs leaue.

Vaug. Good words fir Vaughan? thats by interpretation in english, you'r beſt giue good words fir Vaughan : god and his Anſells bleſſe me, what ayles his maieſtye to be ſo tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that ſile rascall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboue a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely cares : by god and he vſe it, his being Phœbus prieſt cannot faue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide preaſe vpon his coxcomb : good lord bleſſe me out of his maieſties celler : King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a ſupplication to god a mightie for your long life : for by theſu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that will haue your grace take ſhalke for ſhees, and vnleſſe Horace has ſent lyce to your maieſty.

King. Horace, what's he fir Vaughan?

Vaugh. As hard-fauoured a fellow as your maieſtie has ſeene in a ſommers day : he does pen, an't pleaſe your grace, toyes that will not pleaſe your grace : tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, ſinges ballads and rymes, and I was mightie ſcalous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maieſtie, and ſo liſted vp your hyc and princely collar.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger, If as thou ſaiſt our high and princely choller

Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces ; Ladies
Loofe not your men ; faire measures must be tread,
When by to faire a dauncer you are lead.

Vaugh. Mistris Miniuer :

Min. Perdie fir Vaughan I cannot daunce.

Vaugh. Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and acording to his masesties leaue too, you shall be put in among theise Ladies, & daunce ere long I trell in god, the saking of the fectes.

They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on, the King and Celysine stay.

Kin. That turne faire Bride shews you must turne at night,

In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

Cæl. Then pleasure is a thiefe, a fit, a feauer :

Kin. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

Another change ; they fall in, the rest goe on.

Kin. This change sweet Maide, saies you must change your life,

As Virgins doe.

Cæl. Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiu'd a maide, is Maide and wife.

Kin. But she that dyes a Maide ;—

Cæl. Thrice happy then.

Kin. Leades Apes in hell.

Cæl. Better leade Apes then men.

At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.

Kin. Well met.

Cæl. Tis ouertaken.

Kin. Why faire sweet ?

Cæl. Women are ouertaken when they meete ;

King. Your blood speakes like a coward.

Cæl. It were good,

If euery Maiden blush, had such a blood.

Kin. A coward blood, why whom should maidens feare ?

Cæ. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come
fo nere,

My Lord the Measure's done, I pleade my duetic.

Kin. Onelie my heart takes measure of thy beautie.

Sir quin. Now by my hofe I sweare, that's no deepe
oath,

This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentlie mou'd,
By the soft winde of whispering Silkes : come Ladies,
Whose ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now ;
In the Brides Chamber ; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

*Celestine and all the Ladies doing obeysance to the
King, who onely kisses her, Exeunt, Short-hofe
manning them, the Gallants stand aloofe.*

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. My confirmed Leige.

Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent
More then her owne with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord ?

Kin. Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subiects ;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.

Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all
shine,

Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse ;
That glaunce, which louers mongst themfelues deuise,
Walkes as inuisible to others eies :
Giue me thine eare.

Ter. What meanes the King ?

Dem. Tis a quaint straine.

Ter. My Lord.

King. Thou darst not Wat.

Ter. She is too coarse an object for the Court.

King. Thou darst not Wat: let to night be to morrow,

Ter. For shee's not yet mine owne.

King. Thou darst not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but——

King. But I see thou darst not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'st of night, the more thou darst not;

Thus farre I tend, I woud but turne this spheare,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride should for the Zodiacke shine,
And euery Lady else fit for a signe.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud
Rebels, th'art iealous Wat; thus with proude reuels
To emmulate the masking firmament,
Where Starres dance in the siluer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleasure should be seasoned, and thy bed
Relish thy Bride, But, but thou darst not Wat.

Ter. My Loord I dare.

King. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

King. Agen kinde Wat, and then I know thou darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,
Which she and I swore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the surueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that subiects owe
To Maiesty, by that, by this, by both,
I sweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She shall a Virgin come.

King. To Court? *Ter.* To Court.
I know I tooke a woman to my wife,

And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer shine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,
Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinckes,
Then home can minister : all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boast of mine, and saie that I know none ;
I haue a woman but not such a one.

Kin. Why, she's confirmed in thee ; I now ap-
prooue her,
If constant in thy thoughts who then can moue her ?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir qui. Wilt please your Highnes take your place
within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

Kin. I goe good Knight ; Wat thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horace in his true attyre, Asinius bearing his
Cloake.*

Asi. If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake ; I
thinke it raines too.

Ho. Hide my shoulders in't.

Asi. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in
thy Pee and Kue ; thou hast such a villanous broad
backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any
mans iestes in England.

Hor. It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee
thinckes ; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critick,
since you fell into my hands : ah little roague, your
wit has pickt vp her crums prettie and well.

Asi. Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand

Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poet-
after next Commencement, if I haue my grace per-
fectlie: euerie one that confer with me now, stop their
nose in merriment, and sweare I smell somewhat of
Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces
Beagle, and such Poeticall names it passēs. I was but
at Barbers last day, and when he was rencing my face,
did but crie out, fellow thou makst me *Connie* too
long, & sayes he sayes hyce, Master *Afinius Bubo*, you
haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit
them into your mouth.

Hor. Well, away deare Afinius, deliuer this letter
to the young Gallant *Druso*, he that fell so strongly in
loue with mee yesternight.

Afin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull;
by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but hast writ
all this since Ningle? I know thou hast a good run-
ning head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh come, your great belly'd wit must long
for euerie thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a set of
letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh
fuited gallant, that but newlie enters his name into
my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a
clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with clapping
my hand to't, that my Nouice shall start, ho and his
haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of
my writing: what you prettie Diminitiuē roague, we
must haue false fiers to amaze these spangle babies,
these true heires of Ma. Iustice Shallow.

Afin. I woud alwaies haue thee saue a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, stay: here be Epigrams vpon
Tucca, divulge these among the gallants; as for
Crispinus, that Crispin-affe and Fannius his Play-
dresier; who (to make the Muses belceue, their sub-
iects eares were staru'd, and that there was a dearth of
Poetrie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to serue
him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-
worke of it, as for these Twynnes, these *Poet-apes*:
Their Mimicke trickes shall serue

With mirth to feast our Muse, whilst their owne starue.

Afn. Well Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the
Randeuow?

Hor. Well thought off, marie at Sir Vaughans
lodging the Welsh knight, I haue compos'd a loue-
letter for the gallants worship, to his Rosamond: the
second, Mistris Miniuer, because she does not thinke
so foundly of his lame English as he could wish; I
ha gull'd his Knight-ship heere to his face, yet haue
given charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to per-
ceiue it: nay Gods so, away deare Bubo.

Afn. I am gone.

Exit.

Hor. The Muses birdes the Bees were hui'd and
fled,

Vs in our cradle, thereby prophecyng;

That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,

But to the vulger and adulterate braine,

Should loath to prostitute our Virgin straine.

No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe,

Horace thy Poesie, wormwood wreathes shall weare,

We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam and Miniuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow
hand wide, a long yard I assure you: and as for
Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue
all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow? not all, let Sir Adam bee
your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art stolne from Table? I Sir
Adam,

Are you my riual? well, flye faire y' are best;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride blush with his merrie words
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,
And euerie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.

Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine care,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring ; nay weare it.

Mineu. Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no
golde.

Sir Ada. Harke in thine care, take me, I am no
golde.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Sir Vau. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about
Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and con-
sidering you.

Flash. I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good
a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vau. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your
stomack Master Peter : What two vpon one Gentle-
men ; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir
Adam.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, haue you din'd well Sir
Vaughan ?

Sir Vau. As good feere as would make any hun-
grie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world)
eate and hee had anie stomacke : One word Sir
Quintilian in hugger mugger ; heere is a Gentleman
of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tefirous to haue his
blew coate pul'd ouer his eares ; and . . .

Flash. No, Sir, my petition runs thus, that your
worshippe would thrust me out of doores, and that I
may follow Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. I can tell you Master Flash, and you
follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience,
I am one of the lightest knights in England.

Flash. It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer
bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall
dog you good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace walking.

Sir Vau. Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure
markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.

Fla. Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

Sir Vau. You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name, and you shall be christned Peter Salamander.

Peter Flash. The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Vau. Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements, you haue put in enough for her ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Vau. Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

Sir quin. What Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a foldyer?

Sir Vau. No, tho he has a very bad face for a fouldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cuffes for; tis a Gentleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamimums, for M. Pridegroome, on vrd widdow.

Sir qui. Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

Hor. Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus welcome.

He walkes vp and downe.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Mini. Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

Sir Vaughan. By Sefu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

Mini. Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vau. Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

Mi. Your deuices come not neere my mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha sworne to leade a sngle and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answerd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Affe Mistris Miniuers ?

Min. If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life ! by Sefu tis the life of a foole, a simple life !

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan ?

Sir Vaug. My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaug. Master Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuersalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay by Sefu you shall take it if 't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie:

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterlie vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you fall cate downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Anfell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and erie and you will Sir.

Sir Vau. Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile fet out my wits, Baldnes the Theame ? My words shall flow hyc in a silver streame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbes.

Tuc. Wher's my most costlly and sumptuous Short-hose?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucca?

Tuc. How? risen? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; God-amercy good Diues for these crummes: how now? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he falles so hard to that Oyfter-pye yonder.

Sir quin. Oyfter-pye Captaine? ha, ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Dost loue her, my finest and first part of the Mirroure of Knighthood? hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer'd with snow.

Sir quin. All's one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I? saist thou so Friskin? I haue her ath hip for some causes, I can found her, she'll come at my becke.

Sir quin. Wod I could found her too Noble com-maunder.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Tristram, lend mee thy chaine, doc, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou shalt weare hergloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in 't still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine? no, heere tis, giue it her if she 'll take it, or weare it thy selfe if shee 'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft,

and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko : dost heere me my noble Gold-finch ? —

Sir quin. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou my smug Belimperia ? how dost thou ? hands off my little bald Derricke, hands off : harke hether Sufanna, beware a these two wicked Elders, shall I speake well or ill of thee ?

Min. Nay, eene as you please Captaine, it shal be at your choice.

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose.

Sir quin. I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry father time ? art angric because I tooke mother-Winter aside ? Ile holde my life thou art stricke with Cupids Birde-bolt, my little prick-shaft, art ? dost loue that mother Mumble-crust, dost thou ? dost long for that whim-wham ?

Sir Ada. Wod I were as sure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee ? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taste her my selfe) no thou shouldst not : yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thine, I can doo't, thou heardst her say eene now, it should bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did so, worke the match and Ile bestow—

Tuc. Not a filke point vpon mee, little Adam shee shall be thy Eeue, for lesse then an Apple ; but send, bee wife, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt flicke in her (Prickshaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purse of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted ?

Tuc. Goe to, it shal bee accepted, and twere but fluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hose sleppes hence : vanish too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purse of golde doe, let me alone.

Sir quin. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King;

Widdow, thinkc on my wordes, I must be gone
To waite his rising, Ile returne anone.

Sir Ad. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir quint. Widdow wee'll trust that Captaine there
with you. *Exeunt.*

Tuc. Now, now, mother Bunch how dost thou?
what dost frowne Queene Gwyniuer? dost wrinkle?
what made these paire of Shittle-cockes heere? what
doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of these Kites
fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my
West Indyces, and none but trim Tuccha shall discouer
thee.

Min. Discouer me? discouer what thou canst of
me.

Tuc. What I can? thou knowst what I can discouer,
but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min. Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-
croffe, I will not.

Min. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy
Charing-croffe: I sorne to be Croffe to such a scab as
thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a
Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou—

Min. I? dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee,
thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide
mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a
cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I,
for thy loue, Ile sinke, I, for thee.

Min. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable
finnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy words hast thou
to answere for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile an-
swer for none; my words shall be forth comming at

all times, & shall answer for them felues ; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine : they shall Sisse Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Suger-candle words, I will not Puffe : goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. Why dost call mee such horrible vngodlie names then ?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-apye I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou shalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Min. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou—

Tuc. Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles ; for, Gammier Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, because thy teeth stand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband ; No, come my Cub, doe not scorne mee because I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too ; thou seest I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I scorne thee not, not I.

Tuc. I know thou dost not, thou shalt see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what ? I could shew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I would not make my selfe a Gold-smithes stall I ; I scorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hospitall, I doe ; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.

Min. To mee ? why Master Capitaine, you know that I haue my choise of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue finall reason to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre ? come thou knowst not what a worshipfull focation tis to be a Capitaines wife :

three or foure payre of Knights? why dost heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou shalt be Ladified.

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou shalt, Ile ha this frocke turn'd into a foote-cloth : and thou shalt be carted drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge ; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Mini. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.

Tuc. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how then thou wilt Maide-marian ; come buffe thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria ; so, so, goe thy waies Alexis secrets, th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud't head a Garlick in England : come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

Mini. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I fay Mary Ambree, thou shalt march foremost,
Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Mini. Perdie, I will be set ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,
As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, *with papers, laughing.*

Cri. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucce. *All hold up papers.*

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Crif. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you
By Horace.

Dem. And difperft amongft the gallants
In feuerall coppies, by Atinius Bubo.

Tuc. By that liue Bele? read, *Lege Legito*, read
thou Iacke.

Blu. *Tucca's growne monstrous, how! rich? that I
feare,*

He's to be feene for mouny euery where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts, nay
and the roague write no better I care not, farewell
blacke Iacke farewell.

Cri. But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hie,*

He fights with skill, but does moft vilye lye.

Tuc. Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to
make my aduerfarie come on; and then Sir, heere
am I in's bofome: nay and this be the world, I shal
hug the poore honeft face-maker, He loue the little
Atheift, when he writes after my commendation, an-
other whip? come yerke me.

Dem. *Tucca will bite, how! growne Satiricall,
No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.*

Tuc. The whorefon clouen-foote deuill in mans
apparell lyes,

There flood aboue forty dishes before me to day,
That I nere toucht, becaufe they were empty.

Min. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

Tuc. Farewell flinckers, I finel thy meaning
Screech-owle, I doe, tho I flop my nose: and Sirra
Poet, we'll haue thee vntruft for this; come, mother
Mum-pudding, come. *Exeunt.*

*Trumpets found a floriff, and then a fennate: Enter
King with Cæleftine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir
Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt and other Ladies and
attendants: whilst the Trumpets found the King
takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and Sir Quin-
tilian, and laft of the Bride.*

Kin. My fong in parting doth this burden beare

A kisse the Ditty, and I set it heere.
Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember soone at night ;
Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

Kin. Till then my leaue commend.

They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore
Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite
vpon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pellies
at a dinner of plums behinde noone ; there be Suckets,
and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white
plummes that faine would kisse your delicate and
sweet lippes ; I indite you all together, and you espe-
cially my Ladie Pride ; what doe you saie for your
felles ? for I indite you all.

Cel. I thanke you good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Vau. Say Sentlewomen will you stand to me
too ?

All. Wee'll fit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. God a mightie plesse your faces, and
make your peauties last, when wee are all dead and
rotten :—you all will come.

r Lady. All will come.

Sir Vaug. Pray God that Horace bee in his right
wittes to raile now.

Exit.

Cris. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing
guest.

To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

Dicach. A maze is like a doubt :

Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philoca. That measure's best.

Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest.

Exeunt.

*Exeunt all saving Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, and Sir
Walter Terrill.*

Ter. Father, and you my Bride ; that name to day
Wife comes not till to-morrow : but omitting
This interchange of language ; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning : first to Aime our wittes
With compleat Steele of Iudgement, and our tongs
With found artillery of Phrases : then
Our Bodies must bee motions ; moouing first
What we speake : afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and sute out speech ;
For a true furnisht Cortyer hath such force,
Though his tongue faints, his very legs discourse.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou hast drawne his picture right,

For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not euery ioynt stucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies say, that is the Bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cæl. Then, ô my father must I goe ? O my husband

Shall I then goe ? O my selfe, will I goe ?

Sir quin. You must.

Ter. You shall.

Cæl. I will, but giue me leaue,
To say I may not, nor I ought not, say not
Still, I must goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You must and shall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cæl. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.

Ter. What shall I cancell faith, and breake my oath ?

Cæl. If breaking constancie, thou breakst them both.

Ter. Thy constancie no euill can pursue.

Cæl. I may be constant still, and yet not true.

Ter. As how?

Cæ. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.

Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heavy, yet
my oath

Weighes downe that word; the kinges thoughts are at
oddes,

They are not euen ballanft in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loofe my felfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my felfe; my oath, my oath.

Sir quin. I fweare another, let me fee, by what,
By my long ftocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to fit vpon, she fhall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that fhall lay downe
The fpirit of luft, and keep thee vndeflowred;
Thy husbands honor fau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme.

Exit.

Cæl. God keep thy honour safe, my blood from
harme.

Ter. Come, my ficke-minded Bride, Ile teach thee
how,

To relifh health a little: Taffe this thought,
That when mine eyes feru'd loues commiffion,
Vpon thy beauties I did feife on them,
To a Kings vfe; cure all thy grieve with this,
That his great feale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King. *Exeunt.*

*A banquet fet out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Af-
nius Bubo, Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mif-
tris Miniuer and Peter Flash.*

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Sentlemen, you are almoft
all welcome, to this sweet nuncions of Plums.

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan ? why to which of vs are you to niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

Sir Vaugh. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am forrie my Lady Pride is not among you.

Ast. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a ?

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt flooles, & Ladies sit downe vpon their wodden faces.

Flash. I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good floole.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hypocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railles at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire.

Hor. Leauie it to my iudgment.

Sir Vau. M. Bubo sit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables : M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies ; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Afisi. Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole ?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam ?

Dicach. Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintanc.

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer saies of you.

Philo. Why what saies she Madam Dicache.

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too, for then I should be fure to lead a merrie life.

Afini. Yes faith Ladie, Ide make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oathes that euer I heard a gallant of his pitch sweare; by these Comfits, & these Carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

Afini. Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me.
I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders wine, I beseech you. Master Afinius Bubo, not to sweare so deeplie, for there comes no fruite of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drinke of one cup.

Afi. Peter I prethee fill me out too.

Flash. Ide fling you out too and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuers, pray bee lustie, wod Sir Adams Prickshaft flucke by you.

Hor. Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent qualitie to bee balde; for and there flucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

Afi. As God saue me la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am fure the best and tallest Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scuruie lowlie commodity.

Hor. Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stop and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. For, if of all the bodies parts, the head
Be the most royall: if discourse, wit, Iudgement,
And all our vnderstanding faculties,
Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,
Enactiſg lawes to ſway this humorous world:

*This little Ile of Man : needes must that crowne,
Which stands vpon this supream head, be faire,
And helde inualluabk, and that crowne's the Haire :
The head that wants this honour stands awry,
Is bare in name and in authority.*

Sir Van. He meanes balde-pates Mistris Miniuers.

Hor. Haire, tis the roabe which curious nature
weaues,

*To hang vpon the head : and does adorne,
Our bodies in the first houre we are borne :
God does bestow that garment : when we dye,
That (like a soft and silken Canopie)
Is still spred ouer vs ; In spight of death
Our hayre grooves in our graue, and that alone
Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
The excellence of Haire, in this shines cleere,
That the foure Elements take pride to weare
The fashion of it : when Fire most bright does burne,
The flames to golden lockes doe striue to turne ;
When her lasciuious armes the Water hurles,
About the shoares wast, her sleeke head she curls :
And rorid cloudes being suckt into the Ayre,
When downe they mell, hangs like fine siluer hayre.
You see the Earth (whose head so oft is shorne)
Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,
Stands with her haire an end, and (thus afraid)
Turnes euery haire to a greene naked blade.
Besides, (when strucke with griefe) we long to dye,
We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,
We rend this Head-tyre off. I thus conclude,
Cullors set cullors out ; our eyes iudge right,
Of vice or vertue by their opposite :
So, if faire haire to beauty ad such grace,
Balnes must needes be ugly, vile and base.*

Sir Van. True M. Horace, for a bald reason, is a reason that has no haire vpon't, a scurvy scalded reason.

Mi. By my truly I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.

Afini. Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

Min. Troth I shall neuer be enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so euer I make.

Sir Vaug. Then Mistris Miniuer S. Adams Prick-shaft must not hit you ; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

Enter Tucca and his boy.

Tuc. Saue thee my little worshipfull Harper ; how doe yee my little cracknels ? how doe ye ?

Sir Vau. Welcome M. Tucca, sit and shoote into your belly some Suger pellets.

Tuc. No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace ?

Ho. Thankes good Captaine.

Tu. Wher's the Sering thou carriest about thee ? O haue I found thee my fcowering-sticke ; what's my name Bubo ?

Afini. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

Tuc. No Fye'ft ; my name's Hamlet reuenge ; thou hast been at Parris garden hast not ?

Hor. Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vau. Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not : thou call'st Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putst vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face vpon't : thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice among the Mimickes : and when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst Ban-dog (villanous Guy) & euer since bitest therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth ; thou baitst well, read, *lege*, saue thy selfe and read.

Hor. Why Captaine these are *Epigrams* compos'd on you.

Tuc. Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for trusty *Damboys* now the deed is done, Ile pledge this *Epigram* in wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bleffe vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.

Tuc. So, now arise sprite ath Buttry ; no Herring-bone Ile not pull thee out, but arise deere *Eccho* rise, rise deuill or Ile coniure thee vp.

Min. Good Master *Tucca* lets ha no coniuring heere.

Sir Vau. Vddes bloud you scald gouty Captaine, why come you to fet encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.

Tuc. Be not so tart my precious *Metheglin*, be not (my old whore a *Babilon*, sit fast.)

Min. O Iesu if I know where abouts in London *Babilon* stands.

Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire *Calipolis*, stir not my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you, Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I must enter him into some filthy sincke point, I must.

Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou maist be as sawcy with me as my *Buffe Ierkin*, to sit vpon me, dost ?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name, What imputation can you charge me with ?

Sir Vau. Sblud, I, what cōputations can you lay to his farge ? answer, or by Sefu Ile canuas your cox-combe Tucky.

Min. If they draw sweet hearts, let vs shift for our felues.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I cannot my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart to shed thy bloud.

Sir Vau. Cumrade? by Sefu call me Cumrade againe, and ile Cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders ;

ownds, what come you to finell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marfe, marfe, marfe out a doores.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-stringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, giue that full-nof'd Skinker, these rimes; & harke Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Afn. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble Hobby-horfe, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee. *Exit.*

Min. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the five pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for five pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas five pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, five pound in my name to Mum about withall.

Min. I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sefu Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate five pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall sanfomely vpon the Widdow, I haue some coffens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuerfion of the Master of the Kings Reuels, or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladyes, whoreson Stragling Captaine, Ile pound him. *Exeunt.*

Manet Horace and Afinius.

Hor. How now, what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale?

Afn. Nay, nothing, but I am afraide the Welsh

Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits :
this Captaine sticke pockily in my stomack ; read this
scroule, he saies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them
you.

Hor. Rimes ? tis a challenge sent to you.

Afin. To me ?

Hor. He saies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.

Afin. And for that dares he challenge me ?

Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answer him ?

Afin. I dare answer his challenge, by word of
mouth, or by writing, but I scorne to meete him, I
hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answere him ; our
credites

Lye pawn'd vpon thy resolution,
Thy vallor must redeeme them ; charge thy spirits,
To waite more close, and nere thee : if he kill thee
Ile not suruiue ; into one Lottery
We'll cast our fates ; together liue and dye.

Afs. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will
make mee pay't against my will, Ile say tis hard deal-
ing. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his sides,
his boy laden with swords and bucklers.*

Tuc. Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watchman (boy,
dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde,
least the enemie assault our Rere-ward) on proccede
Father Adam ; did that same tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-
muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked ?

Sir Ad. He did, and whipt them so with nettles,
that

The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man her : the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too. Thy golde was accepted, it was,
and she shall bring thee into her Paradiçe, she shall
small Adam, she shall.

Sir Ada. But how ? but how Capten ?

Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that fame Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite : they will come to gobble downe Plummes ; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commission, I meane Crispinus and Fannius ; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, against that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of baldepates : let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't : goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Miniuers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca——

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft ; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie.

Exit.

Enter Asinius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

Tucca offers to shoote.

Asi. Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to answer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parlie my little Drumsticke ? tis too late ; thou seest my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in steed of Sawfages.

Asi. Vse me how you will ; I am resolute, for I ha made my Will.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence ? wilt fight then ?

Asi. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius : but come : *Ref-pice funem* ; looke, thou seest ; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure fundrie weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answer but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said Cockrell out-crowe him : art hardly noble Huon ? art Magnanimious ? licke-trencher ; looke, search least some lye in ambush ; for this man at Armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a suite to both of you.

Asi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrel by his side cracking nuttes ; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid ; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage : you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour* : wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these fame shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Horastriatus*, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men aliue ? thy friends ? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons ? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses ?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong. So close vnto your heart : deare Captaine thinke I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde, I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quasse downe, The poyson'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saist thou so, my *Palinodicall* rimester ?

Hor. Henceforth Ile rather breath out *Solacifmes*. (To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie) Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,

Beleeue it noble Capten ; it to me
Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,
Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace : tis thy fashon to flirt Inke in euerie mans face ; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen : yet to giue out abroad, that he was glad to come to composition with me : I know *Monsieur Machiauell* tis one a thy rules ; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau'lt voluntarie fire, (when thou wast the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iestes against honest *Tucca*, nor those Maligo-tasters, his *Poetasters* ; I could *Cinocephalus*, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

Ho. Capten.

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy answer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therefore thou swear'st anie thing : but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I henceforth will bee *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*, the Gemini : sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and *Tucca Thefeus* ; but Ile leaue thee 'i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell : till then, *Thine-assuredly*.

Hor. With all my foule deare Capten.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine ? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues to make vs talke madlie, wut not *Lucian* ?

Hor. Capten, if I doe——

Tuc. Nay and thou dost, hornes of Lucifer, the *Parcell-Poets* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of *Pernassus*, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperis* : but I hope th'ast more grace : come : friendes, clap handes tis a bargain ;

amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too : fo, I loue thee, now I fee th'art a little Hercules, and wilt fight ; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of Rosemary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan *and* Peter Flash.

Fla. Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him ?

Sir Vau. Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander ; holde, in Gods name holde ; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it ; being an eye-witnes ; one vrde Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomasius.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to bee taken more ; doe you heare, fise pounds, fise pounds Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fise, and fise, and fise, and thou wantst money my Iob.

Sir Vau. Leaue your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-lerkins ; leaue your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y' are best : you conny-catch Widdow *Miniuer-caps* for fise pounds, and say tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites ; is 't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall ? is not true ?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember 't now ; for when I spake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Sampson ——

Sir Vau. For fise pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee ô Cæsar, for thee I tooke vp fise pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from her : I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feele her ; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon

him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Miniuers part quietly from her golde, becaufe you lyed, and faid it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noife. I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe, my little Trangdo.

Sir Vau. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. £. (vnles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by the croffe a this fword & dagger, Capten you fhall take it.

Tuc. Dost fweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done fir?

Sir Vau. Done Peter, put vp your smeeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my foure-fac'd Poet; fling away that beard-brush Bubo, casheere him and harke: Knight attend: So, that raw-head and bloudy-bones Sir Adam, has fee'd another brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile against haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my noble Cock-Sparrow.

Sir Vau. At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader, you shall stand, heare all, and not be feene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come: *Exit.*

Hor. Bubo, we follow Captaine.

Sir Vau. Peter, leaue comming behinde me, I pray any longer, for you and I must part Peter.

Flash. Sounds Sir, I hope you will not ferue me fo, to turne me away in this cafe.

Sir Vau. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in folitaries alone; ounds y-are best giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come Horace; get you home Peter.

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the Wine-Seller. *Exit.*

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.

Aſu. Yes Ile meete ; Tucca ſhould ha found I dare meete.

Exit.

Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Muſe

Has beaten downe ſo flat ? Well, we will goe,
And ſee what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring ;
If ſharpe, we'll ſpred a large and nobler wing ;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace : warre roares agen ;
My Swoord ſhall neuer cutte thee, but my pen. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniuer,
Petula, Philocalia and Dicace.

Ladies. Thankes good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,
And welcome comely Widdow ; Gentlemen,
Now that our ſorry banquet is put by,
From ſtealing more ſweete kiſſes from your lips
Walke in my garden : Ladyes let your eyes
Shed life into theſe flowers by their bright beames,
Sit, Sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,
Now good Crispinus let your praize begin.
There, where it left off Baldnes.

Criſ. I ſhall winne
No praife, by praifing that, which to depraue,
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

Blu. To prooue that beſt, by ſtrong and armed
reaſon,
Whoſe part reaſon feares to take, cannot but prooue,
Your wit's fine temper, and from theſe win loue.

Min. I promiſe you has almoſt conuerted me, I
pray bring forward your bald reaſons M. Poet.

Cri. Miſtris you giue my Reaſons proper names,
For Arguments (like Children) ſhould be like,
The ſubieſt that begets them ; I muſt ſtrive,
To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore muſt baldlie thriue ;
But be it as it can : To what before,
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,
If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans ſcull)

Should beare vp no praise els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes ; should I dispaire,
From giuing *Baldnes* higher place then haire ?

Mini. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

Cri. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built
wonder,

Which that great Architect hath made, is heauen ;
For there he keeps his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That's his best Master-piece ; yet tis the rooffe,
And Seeling of the world : that may be cal'd
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,
All creatures in it balde ; the louely *Sunne*,
Has a face sleeke as golde ; the full-cheekt *Moone*,
As bright and smoothe as siluer : nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,
Whose flaming curles, set realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low ; looke through mans fiew-folde
fence,

Of all, the *Eye*, beares greatest eminence ;
And yet that's balde, the haire that like a lace,
Are slicht vnto the liddes, borrow those formes,
Like Pent-houses to saue the eyes from stormes.

Sir Adam. Right, well said.

Cri. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie
drosse,

O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Mofse,
But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,
It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, smoothe and round ;
Baldnes is natures *But*, at which our life,
Shootes her last Arrow : what man euer lead
His age out with a staffe, but had a head
Bare and vncouer'd ? hee whose yeares doe rise,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wise.
The *Head* is Wifedomes house, *Haire* but the thatch,
Haire ? It's the basest stubble ; in scorne of it,
This Prouerbe sprung, *he has more haire then wit* :
Marke you not in derision how we call,
A head growne thicke with haire, *Bush-naturall* ?

Mu. By your leaue (Master Poet) but that Bush-

naturall, is one a the trimmest, and most intanglingst beautie in a woman.

Cris. Right, but beleeeue this (*pardon me most faire*) You would haue much more wit, had you lesse haire : I could more wearie you to tell the proofes, (As they passe by) which fight on *Baldnes* side, Then were you taskt to number on a head, The haire : I know not how your thoughts are lead, On this strong Tower shall my opinion rest, *Heades thicke of haire are goode, but balde the best.*

Whilst this Paradox is in speaking, Tucca Enters with Sir Vaughan at one doore, and secretly placeth him : then Exit and brings in Horace muffled, placing him : Tucca sits among them.

Tuc. Th' art within a haire of it, my sweete *Wit* whether wilt thou ? my delicate Poeticall Furie, th' art hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan steps out.

Sir Van. By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde reafons are wide aboue two hayres, I besees you pardon mee Ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle bald heades.

Sir Ad. He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan ; Widdow did he not ?

Mini. By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I shall be able : he gaue them their due truely.

Sir Vaugh. Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties : Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantastickall Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Breake my balde pate ?

Tuc. Dost heare my worshipfull block-head ?

Sir Vaug. Patience Captaine Tucky, let me absolue him ; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or

fconce a little with his goose-quils, for he shal make another Thalimum, or croffe-flickes, or some Polinod-dyes, with a few Nappy-grams in them that shall lift vp haire, and set it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace me thinkes has the most vngodly face, by my Fan ; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten ruffet Apple, when tis bruiz'd : Its better then a spoonefull of Sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake ; hee foundes it so i' th nose, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate : oh fye vpon him.

Min. By my troth sweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to see his face make faces, when hee reades his Songs and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tuc. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer—foh vpon him.

Sir Vau. Foh ? oundes you make him vrf than olde herring : foh ? by Sefu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as euer drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verse : noble Ap Rees thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vaugh. Right, Peter is my Salamander ; what of him ? but Peter is neuer burnt : howe now ? so, goe too now.

Tucca. And fayes becaufe thou Clipst the Kinges English.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes mee ? that's treason : clip ? horrible treasons, Sefu holde my handes ; clip ? he baites mouse-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little *Twinckler*, right : hee fayes becaufe thou speak'lt no better, thou canst not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaug. By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

Tuc. He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes stickes heere ; he calles thee bald-pate.

Sir Vaug. Oundes make him prooue these intolerabilities.

Tuc. And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle ? & then he rimes too't, and fayer Prickshaft : nay Miniuer hee cromptes thy Cap too ; and ——

Cri. Come Tucca, come, no more ; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong ?

Tuc. Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my iudgement is, that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd.

He stabs at him.

Hor. Oh gentlemen, I am flaine, oh flaine art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me ?

Ladies. Oh God !

Sir Vaug. Ounds Capten, you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him : Ladies for our Lordes sake you that haue smocks, teare off peeces to shoote through his oundes : Is he dead and buried ? is he ? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tu. If he be not dead, looke heere ; I ha the Stab and pippin for him : if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an Apple.

Cri. How now ? be well good Horace, heer's no wound ;

Yare flaine by your owne feares ; how dost thou man ? Come, put thy heart into his place againe ; Thy out-side's neither peir'd, nor In-side flaine.

Sir Vau. I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

Ho. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

Tuc. Breadth of a groate ? there's a tesson, hide thy infirmities, my scuruy Lazarus ; doc, hide it, least

it prooue a scab in time : hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee : looke, feele (my light-vp-tailes all) feele my weapon.

Mi. O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules ; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter : no, tis no flabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt : dost roare bulchin ? dost roare ? th'ast a good rounciull voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

Sir Va. Two vrds Horace about your eares : how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Brickes, for a worfe handicraftnes, to make nothing but railles ; your Muse leanes vpon nothing but filthy rotten railles, such as stand on Poules head, how chance ?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye sir varlet sir villaine, I am fir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine ? Sentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glaffes shall fill him out, they shall toffe him, holde fast wag-tailes : so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when ? dost flampe mad Tamberlaine, dost flampe ? thou thinkst th'ast Morter vnder thy feete, dost ?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, silence ; the puppet-teacher speakes.

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen, Crispinus, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me, Out of this infamous — by God by Iesu —

Cri. Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these

Ladies,
Are made your executioners : prepare,

To suffer like a gallant, not a coward ;
 Ile trie t' vnloose, their hands, impossible.
 Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of
 scorne ?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th' ast entred
 Actions of assault and battery, against a companie of
 honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law : you
 wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillars ath land,
 and if thou bee'st bound too't (as I hope thou shalt
 bee) thou't prooue a skip-Jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile
 tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelp,
 that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignorance, are
 the essentiall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Van. You remember Horace they will puncke,
 and pincke, and pompe you, and they catch you by
 the coxcombe : on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest p'trooh
 at worshipfull Citizens, and call'st them Hat-caps,
 Cuckolds, and bankrupts, and modest and vertuous
 wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why,
 because th' ast arraigned two Poets against all lawe
 and conscience ; and not content with that, hast turn'd
 them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Van. The same hand still, it is your owne
 another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and should'st
 haue been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers,
 these charitable Copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht
 thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians
 pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers ; for this Poet, for this,
 thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that
 blanket, for this ——

Hor. What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge,
 But bring them to the Stage ? they enuy me
 because I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no ; my cheekes do blush
 for thine,
 As often as thou speak'st so, where one true

And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
Loues thee, I with one ten, euen from my heart,
I make account I put vp as deepe share
In any good mans loue, which thy worth earne s,
As thou thy selfe ; we enuy not to see,
Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poefie.
No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stufte
Thy verie heart is made of ; know the stalke
On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
To thy (once dying) basenes ; yet must we
Dance Antickes on your Paper.

Hor. Fannius.

Cri. This makes vs angry, but not enuious,
No ; were thy warpt foule, put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a Iewell fet in golde.

Sir Vau. And Iewels Master Horace, must be
hang'd you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well faid, they haue fowed vp
that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is
out at Elbowes, and Crispinus is false out with Sattin
heere, they haue ; but bloate herring dost heere ?

Hor. Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

Tuc. Ist not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee
a bond-slaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou
dost ?

Horace. Parchment Captaine ? tis Perpetuana I
assure you.

Tuc. My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt
ouer ; th'art made out of Wax ; thou must answere for
this one day ; thy Muse is a hagler, and weares
cloathes vpon best-be-trust : th'art great in some bodies
books for this, thou knowst where ; thou wouldst bee
out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou
layest about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill—

Ho. I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore we haue
Hiren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdit
Pisse-kitchens.

Omnes. Blancket.

Sir Van. Holde I pray, holde, by Sefu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not your fooles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetafters in, but a fine ticke, ha, ha, is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. He beate out thy braines, my whorfon handsome dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Van. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition. and does confpire to bee more hie and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible perfon to Court, and there before his Mafestie Dub, or what you call it, dip his Mufe in fome licour, and chriften him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent Renellers goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing thefe wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grumboll, thou shalt Munn with vs; come, dogge mee skneakes-bill.

Hor. O thou my Mufe!

Sir Van. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your Mufe I wariant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Mufe now, therefore I pray marfe, marfe, marfe, oundes your Moofe? *Exeunt.*

Cri. We fhall haue sport to fee them; come bright beauties,

The Sunne floops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choife compofed wreathes of sweet delight.

Exeunt.

Enter Terrill and Cæleſtine ſadly, Sir Quintilian ſtirring and migling a cup of wine.

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes doſt ſtretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:

O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,
Like a long mourning gowne : thou that art made
Without an eye, becaufe thou shouldst not see
A Louers Reuels : nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen ; ô heauen, to me a hell :
I haue a hell in heauen, a blessed curffe ;
All other Bride-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie slouth ; call Time a Cripple,
And say the houres limpe after him : but I
With Night for euer banisht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer sleepe : or Time,
Were in a ffound ; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

Enter Cælestine.

But backward runnes the course of my delight ;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night :
This night will make vs odde ; day made vs euen,
All else and damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let loose thy oath, so shal we still be euen.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in
heauen.

Cæl. Must I then goe ? tis easie to say no,
Must is the King himfelfe, and I must goe ;
Shall I then goe ? that word is thine ; I shall,
Is thy commaund : I goe becaufe I shall ;
Will I then goe ? I aske my felfe ; ô ill,
King, saies I must : you, I shall ; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not sborne.

Cæl. Why didst thou sweare ?

Ter. The King

Sat heauy on my resolution,

Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath,

Cæl. An oath ? why, what's an oath ? tis but the
smoake,

Of flame & bloud ; the blister of the spirit,

Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble

That shootes vp to the tongue, and scaldes the voice,
 (For oathes are burning words, thou swor'st but one,
 Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
 What Countreimen are they? where doe they dwell,
 That speake naught else but oathes?

Ter. They're men of hell.

An oath? why tis the trafficke of the foule,
 Tis law within a man; the seale of faith,
 The bond of euery conscience; vnto whom,
 We fet our thoughts like hands: yea such a one
 I swore, and to the King: A King contains
 A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
 I swore to them; the very haire that guard
 His head, will rise vp like sharpe witnesse
 Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
 Would straight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
 My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.

Cic. Must I betray my Chastity? So long
 Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust;
 O husband! O my Father! if poore I
 Must not liue chaste, then let me chastly dye.

S. qui. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste,
 come, come,
 Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
 Our parts; begin the Sceane, who shall speake first?
 Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first;
 Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
 O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast,
 (For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:)
 The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
 And make a poast of thee; you stand well both,
 We neede no Prologue, the King entring first,
 He's a most gracious Prologue: mary then
 For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue,
 Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,

Will please the hearers well when he steps out ;
His mouth is fill'd with words : see where he stands ;
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part ; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in Silver ; one
That blusheth golde, speaks Musicke, dancing
walkes,

Now gathers neerer takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkest, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooues round about thy fingers, then he speaks,
Thus--thus—I know not how.

Cal. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No girle ? knowst thou not how to answer him ?

Why then the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour ; not answer him ?
Out of thy part already ? foyle the Sceane ?
Disfrancht the lynes ? disarm'd the action ?

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weak,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.

Sir qui. Come come, thou happy close of euery
wrong,

Tis thou that canst dissolue the hardest doubt ;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deede of gift ;
To heauen and you and gaue my childe to both :
When on my blessing I did charme her foule,
In the white circle of true Chastity,
Still to run true, till death : now Sir if not,
She forfeys my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
With an eternall curse ; then I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her foule is true.

Ter. Dye !

Cal. I, I am deaths eccho.

Sir quin. O my Sonne,
I am her Father ; euery teare I shed,
Is threecore ten yeere olde ; I weepe and finile
Two kinde of teares : I weepe that she must dye,

I smile that she must dye a Virgin : thus
 We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

Ter. What speakes that cup ?

Sir quin. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh :

That very name of poison, poisons me ;
 Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
 Whose life is like a dying Taper : how
 Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts ?
 What Sent hast thou but death ? what taste but earth ?
 The breath that purles from thee. is like the Steame
 Of a new-open'd vault : I know thy drift,
 Because thou art traueilling to the land of Graues,
 Thou couetest company, and hether bringst,
 A health of poison to pledge death : a poison
 For this sweete spring ; this Element is mine,
 This is the Ayre I breath ; corrupt it not ;
 This heauen is mine, I bought it with my foule,
 Of him that selles a heauen, to buy a foule.

Sir quin. Well, let her goe ; she's thine thou cal'st
 her thine,

Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st ; thou knowst
 The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so :
 Perhaps thou't say ; none but the King shall weare
 Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with loue ;
 And that Kings are not common : Then to shew,
 By consequence he cannot make her so,
 Indeede she may promoote her shame and thine,
 And with your shames, speake a good word for mine :
 The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
 Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
 Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
 What man would pledge a King in his own wife ?

Ter. She dyes : that sentence poisons her : O life !
 What slaue would pledge a King in his owne wife ?

Cal. Welcome, ô poyson, phisicke against lust,
 Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud ;
 Thou rare Apothecary that canst keepe,
 My chastity preferu'd, within this boxe ;

Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot,
That stands vpon the stall of the white soule,
To set the shop out like a flatterer ;
To draw the customers of Sinne : come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud : White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death ? oh no,
For thou thy selfe art poison'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, shall murder Innocence. *Drinckes.*

Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my Bride,
my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death ;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades vnto thy heart ; nor carry newes
To thy remoouing soule, that thou must dye.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp ; all Offices discharg'd,
My soule remooues from this weake standing house,
Of fraile mortallity ; Deare Father, bleffe
Me now and euer : Dearer Man, farewell,
I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

Ter. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King ;
Vntill the King—what dost thou smile ? art thou
A Father ?

Sir quin. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache,
Petula, *lights before them.*

Cref. Sir Walter Terrill gallants are all ready,

Ter. All ready.

Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride ?

Ter. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
She'll dye a maide : and see she keeps her oath.

All the men. Faire Cælestine !

Ladies. The Bride !

Ter. She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.

Omnes. Dead !

Sir quin. Dead, she's deathes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.

Cri. Sir Walter Terrill.

Omnes. Tell vs how.

Ter. All cease,

The subiect that we treat of now is *Peace*.

If you demand how : I can tell : if why,

Aske the King that ; he was the cause, not I.

Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,

Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how :

Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,

To Court with all your preparation ;

Leade on, and leade her on ; if any aske

The mistery, say death presents a maske,

Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,

The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels.

Exeunt.

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet : the King at another doore meetes them, they Exeunt.

Kin. Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,
Vñers th' ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table ; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed filles Nectar : when the Gods
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them ; none
but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods, none but Gods drinke to
Kings.

Men of our house are we prepar'd ?

Enter Seruants.

Ser. My Leige,
All waite the preface of the Bride.

Kin. The Bride ?

Yea, euery fenceles thing, which she beholdes,

Wil looke on her agen, her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection :
Obferue me now, becaufe of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies : Marke,
This I create the Prefence heere the State,
Our Kingdomes feate, fhall fit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride :
Be gone, be speedy, let me fee it done. *Exeunt.*
A King in Loue, is Steward to himfelfe,
And neuer fcornes the office, my felfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Muficke, chaire is fet vnder a Canopie.

Kin. Sound Muficke, thou sweet fuitter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Muficke fhall fpend, the next and next the Bride ;
Her tongue will read the Muficke-Lecture : Wat
I loue thee Wat, becaufe thou art not wife ;
Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer fawft a thought, poore foule thou thinkft,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a falfe light,
Fooles thinke tis day, when wife men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige they're come a maske of
gallants,

King. Now — the fpirit of Loue vfhers my
bloud.

Sir quin. They come.
The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula,
Dicache, all maskt, two and two with lights like
maskers : Cæleftine in a chaire.*

Tir. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My oath vpon the knee of duety : knees
Are made for Kings, they are the fubiects Fees.

King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill fuited, ill made vp,

In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
 Com'st thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke ;
 Thy body is ill shapt ; a Bride-groome too ?
 Looke how the day is drest in Siluer cloth,
 Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames : fo
 (As white as heauen) should a fresh Bride-groome goe.
 What ? Cælestine the Bride, in the same taske ?
 Nay then I see ther's millery in this maske,
 Prethee resolute me Wat ?

Ter. My gracious Lord,
 That part is hers, she actes it ; onely I
 Present the Prologue, she the misterie.

Kin. Come Bride, the Seecane of blushing entred
 first,

Your cheekes are fettle now, and past the worst ;
Unmasks her.

A misery ? oh none plaies heere but death,
 This is deaths motion, motionles ; speake you,
 Flatter no longer ; thou her Bride-groome ; thou
 Her Father speake,

Sir quint. Dead.

Tir. Dead.

Kin. How ?

Sir quin. Poyson'd.

King. And poyson'd ?

What villaine durst blaspheme her beauties, or
 Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes.

Tir. Now King I enter, now the Seecane is mine,
 My tongue is tipt with poison : know who speakes,
 And looke into my thoughts ; I blush not King,
 To call thee Tyrant : death hath set my face,
 And made my blood bolde : heare me spirits of men,
 And place your cares vpon your hearts ; the day
 (The fellow to this night) saw her and me,
 Shake hands together : for the booke of heauen,
 Made vs eternall friends : thus, *Man and Wife*,
 This man of men (the King) what are not kings ?
 Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
 Grac'd all the Table, and did well become

The vpper end, where fate my Bride : in brieſe,
He tainted her chaſte cares ; ſhe yet vnknowne,
His breath was treaſon, tho his words were none.
Treaſon to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering ſmile,)
To bring her where ſhe is not as ſhe is,
Aliue for luſt, not dead for Chaſtity :
The reſolution of my foule, out-dar'd,
I ſwore and taxt my faith with a ſad oath ;
Which I maintaine ; heere take her, ſhe was mine,
When ſhe was liuing, but now dead, ſhe's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite ; for mine owne
guilt,
Speakes more within me then thy tongue contains ;
Thy ſorrow is my ſhame : yet heerein ſprings,
Ioy out of ſorrow, boldnes out of ſhame ;
For I by this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull ſubieſt, thou a conſtant wife.

Cæl. A conſtant wife.

Kin. Am I confounded twice ?
Blaſted with wonder.

Ter. O delude me not.
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cæleſtine, too conſtant farre
To be a woman.

Cæl. Not to be thy wife,
But firſt I pleade my duetie, and ſalute
The world agen.

Sir quin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this miſterie,
And beare the chiefeſt part. The Father I,
Twas I that miniſtred to her chaſte bloud,
A true ſomniferous potion, which did ſteale
Her thoughts to ſleepe, and flattered her with death :
I cal'd it a quick poiſon'd drug, to trie
The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides conſtancie.
He in the paſſion of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection ; ſo did both,
She for the poiſon ſtroue, he for his oath :

Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A constant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

Kin. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaste, the same
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)
So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comickall euent,
To presuppofed tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

Kin. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?

Cri. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of
men.

Kin. If a cleare meritt stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poetic doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.

True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.

But in what molde so ere this man bee cast,
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe sit,
But as spectator of this Sceane of wit.

Cri. Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors
done,

To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume themselues in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kin. Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
"*Artes nourished by Kings make Kings more great,*
Use thy Authority.

Cri. Demetrius.

Call in that *fesse-creating Horace*, bring
Him and his *shadow* forth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
"*No black-eyed star must glicke in vertues Sphaire.*

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Mafesties most excellent dogs, be set at liberties, and haue their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaugh. Whom? the *Compofer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I farge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall—God bleffe King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your Ma-iestie.

Kin. What news with thee Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. Newes? God tis as vrfe newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our vnhanfome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Va. He's reprehended and taken, by Sefu, I reioyce very neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures vnder his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Mistris Miniuer with him, wearing Tuccaes chaine.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by' th hornes; So, baite one at that stake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake Gurnets-head.

King. What busie fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my most gracious King a Harts faue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I

forne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp this sconce I wud.

Kin. Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

Sir Va. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his Country as good and as hot Seruice (in conquering this vile Monster-Poet) as euer did S. George his horfe-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I sweate for 't, but Tawfoone, holde thy tongue Mon du, if thou't praise mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclasp thy Chronicles: there thou shalt finde Buffe-Ierkin; there read my points of war; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; *Pantilius Tucca*; one of thy Kingdomes chiefeft quarrellers; one a thy most faithfull—fy—fy—fy——

Sir Vau. Drunkerds I holde my life.

Tuc. No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer ô royall *Tamor Cham*.

Sir Vau. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our bufines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

Sir Vau. Horace and Bubo, pray fend an anfwere into his Mafesties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphefis and strange fashions of apparell.

Tuc. *Cur* why?

Asini. My Lords, I was drawne into this beaftly fuite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why——

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world;
And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,

Which like a plague runs through the foules of men :
I did it but to ——

Th. But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose,
you did it Ningle to play the Bug-bcare Satyre, &
make a Campe royall of fashon-mongers quake at
your paper Bullets ; you Nafie Tortois, you and your
Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a
yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning
& a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were
Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you ?

Cri. Horace.

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangled,
or held fast betweene your teeth

Cri. Vnder controule of my dreadle Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges ; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation ;
Should I but bid thy *Muse stand to the Barre*,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue euidence :
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes
Of diuine Poefie : heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Satcrif,
And not her loue to vertue (as thou Preachest)
Or should we minister strong pilles to thee :
What lumpes of hard and indigested fluffe,
Of bitter *Satirisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selfe loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And stinking *Infolence* should we fetch vp ?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With flinging nettles Crowne his flinging wit.
Tuc. Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in
thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Maiefty, rather then thus
to be netled, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine
eares, and be turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with
myne Ningle.

Sir Vau. By Sefu so you shall M. Bubo ; flea off
this hairie skin M. Horace, so, so, so, vntruffe, vn-
truffe.

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh——

Sir Va. Nay, your oohs, nor your *Callin-oes* cannot serue your turne ; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions : and therefore to preferue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, —— nay by Sefu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, so :

Tuc. Sirra flincker, thou'rt but vntruff'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it : I haue layde roddes in Piffe and Vineger for thee : It shall not bee the *Whipping a th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How ? counterfeit ? does hee vsurpe that name ?

Sir Van. Yes indeede ant please your Grace, he does sup vp that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King *Cambifes*, hee does : thou hast no part of Horace in thee but's name, and his damnable vices : thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's affraide to peepe out : but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace ; looke perboyld-face, looke ; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skrued and wriggle himselfe into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou doost : nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou doost thy Taffetie sleeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit : No, Horace had not his face puncht full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan : Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles ; but thou lou'ft none, neither Wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe : Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art : No, heere's the Copy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to

make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scuruiely vpon'th world, as thou doſt.

Cri. Sir Vaughan will you minifter their oath ?

Sir Vau. Maſter Aſinius Eubo, you ſhall ſweare as little as you can, one oath ſhall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

Aſin. Any oath Sir, Ile ſweare any thing.

Sir Va. You ſhall ſweare by *Phæbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Maſter,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poeſies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderſtand not, nor to write your Loue-letters ; which you (in turning of a hand) ſet your markes vpon, as your owne : nor you ſhall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read Engliſh at moſt ; and laſtlye that you ſhall not call Horace your Ningle.

Aſin. By *Phæbus* I ſweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, ſo I may trudge.

Sir Vau. Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee diſſarg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth . . runne Red-cap, ware hornes there.

Exit Aſi.

Sir Va. Now Maſter Horace, you muſt be a more horrible ſwearer, for your oath muſt be (like your wittes) of many collours ; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read ; th'inuentry of his oath.

Hor. Ile ſweare till my haire ſtands vp an end, to bee rid of this ſting, oh this ſting.

Sir Vau. Tis not your ſting of conſcience, is it ?

Tuc. Vpon him : *Inprimis.*

Sir Vaugh. *Inprimis*, you ſhall ſweare by *Phæbus* and the halfe a ſcore Muſes lacking one : not to ſweare to hang your ſelfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your ſelfe.

Tuc. Well ſayd, haſt brought him toth gallowes already ?

Sir Vaugh. You ſhall ſweare not to bumbaſt out a

new Play, with the olde lynings of Iestes, stolen from the Temples Reuels.

Tuc. To him olde Tango.

Sir Va. Moreouer, you shall not fit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraide to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my Ningle for this.

Sir Vau. Besides, you must forswear to venter on the stage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the house rise vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diseafes.

Tuc. There boy, agen.

Sir Vau. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say : your *Wits and necessities, alias dictus, to the rising of your Muse: alias, your Muses vp-sitting: alias a Poet Whiffon-Ale* ; you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in Booke-binders shops, brag that your *Vise-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

Tuc. Ile buffe thy head Holofernes.

Sir Vaugh. Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or Sentlemen of vrship, does giue you his passe-port, to trauaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for Gods sake ; I trust in Sefu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth Iestes vpon his Knight-hood, will you not ?

Hor. I neuer did it by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol ?

Sir Va. Thirdly, and last of all sauing one, when your Playes are misse-likt at Court, you shall not crye Mew like a Pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the Courtiers Element.

Tuc. Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vau. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your Manners in too much sawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke Hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to sit at the vpper ende of the Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon : sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,

All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you ;

Thanks (*Learnings true Mecænas, Poesies king*)

Thanks for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kin. Our spirits haue well been feasted ; he whose pen

Draws both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men :
(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,
When his owne fides are strucke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace ; my Princely sweet-William, a boone—Stay first, Ist a match or no match, Lady Furniuall Ist ?

Sir Ad. & Sir quint. A match ?

Mini. I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ada. Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Sir Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Sefu Ile neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quin. My Chaine.

Sir Adam. My Purse.

Tuc. Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten pound and a purse : a boone my Leige : . . . daunce

ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend
Antiquary ; ist done ? wut thou ?

Kin. Ile giue thee Kingly honour : *Night* and
Sleepe,

With filken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Mistris Bride, one meafure fhall be led,
In fcorne of Mid-nights haft, and then to bed.

Exeunt.





EPILOGUS.

Tucca. **G**entlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that stand too't fo valliantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that set men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an asseembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himselfe and his prating company into your hands, vpon what composition you wil. Are you pleas'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile fee you all — heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swolne as big with hiffes, as if they had the toot-ach: vds-foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as — intreate them to hiffe in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hiffe? you blowe away

Horace's reuenge: but if you fet your hands and
 Seales to this, Horace will write against it, and
 you may haue more sport: he shall not loofe his
 labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into
 waft paper: No, my Poetafters will not laugh
 at him, but will vntruffe him agen, and agen,
 and agen. Ile tell you what you shall doe,
 cast your little Tucca into a Bell: doe, make
 a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon
 condition, wee may haue a lustie peale, this
 colde weather: I haue but two legs left me,
 and they are both yours: Good night
 my two penny Tenants
 Good night.

FINIS.



THE
MAGNIFICENT

Entertainment :

Giuen to King *Iames*, Queene *Anne* his wife,
and *Henry Frederick* the Prince, vpon the day
of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from
the Tower) through his Honourable Citie
(and Chamber) of *London*, being the
15. of March. 1603.

*As well by the English as by the Strangers: With
the speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seue-
rall Pageants.*

Mart. *Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferro,
Astra fuis, Cælo fydera, ferta Ioui.*

Tho. Dekker.



Imprinted at London by T. C. for Tho. Man
the yonger. 1604.



so A D E V I C E

(proiected downe, but till now not
publisht,) *that should haue serued*
at his Maiesties first accesse to
the Cittie.

THe sorrow and amazement, that like an
 earthquake began to shake the distempered
 body of this Ilād (by reason of our late
 Soueraigns departure,) being wisely and
 miraculously preuented, and the feared wounds of a
 ciuill sword, (as *Alexanders* fury was with Musicke)
 being stopt from bursting forth, by the sound of
 Trompets that proclaimed King *Iames*: All mens eyes
 were presently turnd to the North, standing euen stone
 still in their Circles, like the poynts of so many Geome-
 tricall needles, through a fixed & Adamantine desire
 to behold this 45. yeares wonder now brought forth
 by *Tyme*: their tongues neglecting all language else,
 faue that which spake zealous prayers, and vnceasable
 wishes, for his most speedy and longd-for arriual. In-
 fomuch that the Night was thought vnworthy to be
 crownd with sleepe, and the day not fit to be lookt
 vpon by the Sunne, which brought not some fresh
 tydings of his Maiesties more neare and neerer ap-
 proach.

At the length *Expectation* (who is euer waking) and

that so long was great, grewe neare the time of her deliury, *Rumor* comming all in a sweate to play the Midwife, whose first comfortable words were, that this *Treasure* of a Kingdome (a Man Ruler) hid so many yeares from vs, was now brought to light, and at hand.

Martiall. *Et populi vox erat vna, Venit.*

And that he was to be conducted through some vtter part of this his Citie, to his royall Castle the *Tower*, that in the age of a man (till this very minute) had not bene acquainted nor borne the name of a Kings Court. Which Entrance of his (in this maner) being fam'de abroad, Because his louing Subiects the Citizens would giue a taste of their dutie and affection: The *Device* following was sūddeinly made vp, as the first seruice, to a more royall and serious ensuing Entertainment; And this (as it was then purposed) should haue bene performed about the Barres beyond Bifhops-gate.



The Denice.

Saint George, Saint Andrew, (the Patrons of both Kingdomes) hauing along time lookt vpon each other, with countenances rather of meere strangers, then of such neare Neighbours, vpon the present aspect of his *Maiesties* approach toward London, were (in his sight) to issue from two feuerall places on horse-backe, and in compleate Armour, their Brestes and Caparisons suited with the Armes of *England* and *Scotland*, (as they are now quartered) to testifie their leagued Combination, and newe sworne Brother-hood. These two armed Knights, encountring one another on the way, were to ride hand in hand, till they met his *Maiestie*. But the strangeness of this newly-begotten amitie, flying ouer the earth, It calles vp the *Genius* of the Cittie, who (not so much mazde, as wondring at the Noueltie) Intersepts their Passage.

And most aptly (in our Iudgement) might this *Domeslicum Numen* (the *Genius* of the place) lay iust claime to this preheminance of first bestowing Salutations and welcomes on his *Maiestie*, *Genius* being held (*Inter fidos Deos*), to be God of Hospitalitie and Pleasure: and none but such a one was meet to receiue so excellent and princely a Guest.

Or if not worthy, for those two former respects: Yet being *Deus Generationis*, and hauing a power a-well ouer Countries, hearbs and trees, as ouer men, and the Cittie hauing now put on a *Regeneration*, or new birth; the induction of such a Person, might (without a Warrant from the court of *Criticks*) passe very currant.

To made a false flourish here with the borrowed weapons of all the old Maisters of the noble Science of Poesie, and to keepe a tyrannicall coyle, in Anatomizing *Genius*, from head to foote, (only to shew how nimble we can carue vp the whole messe of the Poets) were to play the Executioner, and to lay our Cities household God on the rack, to make him confesse, how

many paire of Latin sheets, we haue shaken & cut into shreds to make him a garment. Such feates of Actiuitie are stale, and common among Schollers, (before whome it is protested we come not now (in a Pageant) to Play a Maisters prize) For *Nunc ego ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.*

The multitude is now to be our Audience, whose heads would miserably runne a wooll-gathering, if we doo but offer to breake them with hard words. But suppose (by the way) contrary to the opinion of all the Doctors) that our *Genius* (in regarde the place is *Feminine*, and the person it selfe, drawne *Figura Humana, sed Ambiguo sexu*) should at this time be thrust into womans apparrell. It is no Schisme: be it so: our *Genius* is then a female, Antique; and reuerend both in yeares and habit: a Chaplet of mingled flowres, Inter wouen with branches of the Plane Tree (crowning her Temples: her haire long and white: her Vesture a loose roabe, Changeable and powdred with Starres: And being (on horsebacke likewise) thus furnished, this was the tune of her voyce.



Genius Locj.

*S*ay : wee conjure you, by that Potent Name,
Of which each Letter's (now) a triple charme :
Stay ; and deliuer vs, of whence you are,
And why you beare (alone) th'ostent of Warre,
When all hands else reare Oliue-boughs and Palme :
And Halcyonean dayes assure all's calme.
When enery tongue speakes Musick : when each Pen
(Dul'd and dyde blacke in Galle) is white agen,
And dipt in Nectar, which by Delphick fire
Being heated, melts into an Orphean-quire.
When Troyes proud buildings shew like Fairie-bowers,
And Streets (like Gardens) are perfum'd with Flowers :
And Windowes glazde onely with wondring eyes ;
(In a Kings looke such admiration lyes !)
And when soft handed Peace, so sweetly thrives,
That Bees in Souldiers Helmets build their Hives :
When Ioy a tip-toe stands on Fortunes Wheele,
In silken Robes : How dare you shine in Steele ?

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Saint George.

Ladie, What are you that fo question vs ?

Genius.

I *Am the places Genius, whence now springs
A Vine, whose yongest Braunch shall produce Kings :
This little world of men ; this precious Stone,
That jets out Europe : this (the glasse alone,)
Where the neat Sunne each Morne himselfe attires,
And gildes it with his repercussive fires.
This Jewell of the Land ; Englands right Eye :
Altar of Loue ; and Spheare of Maiestie :
Greene Neptunes Minion, bou't whose Virgin-walle,
Isis is like a Cristall girdle cast.
Of this are we the Genius ; here haue I,
Slept (by the fauour of a Deity)
Fortie-foure Summers and as many Springs,
Not frighted with the threats of forraine Kings.
But held vp in that gowned State I haue,
By twice Twelue-Fathers politique and graue :
Who with a sheathed Sword, and silken Law,
Do keepe (within weake Walles) Millions in awe.*

*I charge you therefore fay, for what you come ?
What are you ?*

Both. Knights at Armes.

S. George. Saint George.

Saint Andrew. Saint Andrew.

For Scotlands honour I.

S. George. For Englands I

Both fworne into a League of Vnitie.

Genius.

I *Clap my hands for Ioy, and seate you both
Next to my heart : In leaues of purest golde,
This most auspicious loue shall be enrold.
Be ioynde to vs : And as to earth we bowe,*

*So, to those royall feet, bende your steelde brow.
In name of all these Senators, (on whom
Vertue builds more, then these of Antique Rome)
Shouting a cheerefull welcome: Since no clyme,
Nor Age that has gon or'e the head of Time,
Did e're cast vp such Ioyes, nor the like Summe
(But here) shall stand in the world, yeares to come,
Dread King, our hearts make good, what words do want,
To bid thee boldly enter Troynouant.*

Rerum certa salus, Terrarum gloria Cæsar ! Mart.

Sospite quo, magnos credimus esse Deos :

Dilexere prius pueri, Iuvenesque senesque, Idem.

At Nunc Infantes te quoque Cæsar amant.

This should haue beene the first Offring of the Citties
Loue : But his *Maieſtie* not making his *Entrance* (ac-
cording to expectation) It was (not vtterly throwne
from the Alter) but layd by.



The Kings Entertainment

Mart. *Iam Crescunt media Pagmata celsa via.*



Y this time Imagine, that *Poets* (who drawe speaking Pictures) and *Painters* (who make dumbe Poesie) had their heads & hands full; the one for natie and sweet Inuention: the other for liuely Illustration of what the former should deuise: Both of them emulouly contending (but not striuing) with the propest and brightest Colours of Wit and Art, to set out the beautie of the great *Triumphant day*.

For more exact and formall managing of which Businesse, a Select number both of Aldermen and Commoners (like so many Romane *Ediles*) were (*Communi Consilio*) chosen forth, to whose discretion, the Charge, *Contriuings*, *Proiects*, and all other *Dependences*, owing to so troublefome a worke, was intirely, and Iudicially committed.

Many dayes were thriftily consumed, to molde the bodies of these Tryumphes comely, and to the honour of the Place: & at last, the stuffe whereof to frame them, was beaten out. The Soule that should giue life, & a tongue to this *Entertainment*, being to breathe out of Writers Pens. The Limmes of it to lye at the hard-handed mercy of Mychanitiens.

In a moment therefore of Time, are Carpenters, Ioyners, Caruers, and other Artificers sweating at their Chizzells.

Vir. *Accingunt Omnes operi.*

Not a finger but had an Office: He was held vn worthy euer after to *sucke the Hony dew of Peace*, that (*against his coming, by whom our Peace weares a triple Wreathe*) would offer to play the Droane. The Streets are furueyed; heighthes, breadths, and distances taken, as it were to make *Fortifications*, for the *Solemnities*. Seauen pieces of ground, (like so many fieldes for a battaile) are plotted forth, vppon which these

Arches of Tryumph must shew themselues in their glorie : aloft, in the ende doe they aduance their proude fore-heads.

*Virg:—Circum pueri, Innuptaque Puellæ,
Sacra Canunt, funemq; manu contingere gaudent.*

Euen childrê (might they haue bin suffred) would gladly haue spent their little strength, about the *Engines*, that mounted vp the Frames : Such a fire of loue and ioy, was kindled in euery brest.

The day (for whose sake, these wonders of Wood, clymde thus into the clowdes) is now come ; being so earely vp by reason of Artificiall Lights, which wakened it, that the Sunne ouer slept himselfe, and rose not in many houres after, yet bringing with it into the very bosome of the Cittie, a world of people. The Streets seemde to bee pauerd with men : Stalles in stead of rich wares were fet out with children, open Casements filld vp with women.

All Glasse windowes taken downe, but in their places, sparkeled so many eyes, that had it not bene the day, the light which reflected from them, was sufficient to haue made one : hee that should haue compared the emptie and vntroden walkes of *London*, which were to be seen in that late mortally-destroying Deluge, with the thronged streetes now, might haue believed, that vpon this day, began a new *Creation*, & that the Citie was the onely Workhouse wherein fundry Nations were made.

A goodly and ciuil order was obserued, in Martialling all the Companies according to their degrees : The first beginning at the vpper end of Saint Marks Lane, and the last reaching aboute the Conduit in *Fleetstreete* : their Seats, being double-railde : vpon the vpper part wheron they leaned, the Streamers, Ensignes, and Bannerets, of each particular Company decently fixed : And directly against them, (euen quite through the body of the Citie, so hie as to

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Temple-Barre) a fingle Raile (in faire distance from the other) was likewise erected to put off the multitude. Amongst whose tongues (which in such Conforts neuer lye still,) tho there were no Musicke, yet as the Poet sayes :

Mart. *Vox diuersa sonat, populorum est vox tamen una.*

Nothing that they speake could bee made any thing, yet all that was spoken, founded to this purpose, that still his Maiestie was comming. They haue their longings : And behold, A farre off they spie him, richly mounted on a white Iennet, vnder a rich Canopy, sustained by eight Barons of the *Cinqueports* ; the Tower seruing that morning but for his with-drawing Chamber, wherein hee made him ready : and from thence stept presently into his Citie of *London*, which for the time might worthily borrow the name of his *Court Royall* : His passage alongst that Court, offering it selfe for more State) through feuen Gates, of which the first was erected at *Fanchurch*.

Thus presenting it selfe.

IT was an vpriight Flat-square, (for it contained fiftie foote in the perpendicular, *Fanchurch.* and fiftie foote in the Ground-lyne) the vpper rooffe thereof (one distinct *Grices*) bore vp the true modellls of all the notable Houses, Turrets, and Steeples, within the Citie. The Gate vnder which his Maiestie did passe, was 12. foote wide, and 18. foote hie : A Posterne likewise (at one side of it) being foure foote wide, and 8. foote in heighth : On either side of the Gate, stood a great French Terme, of stone, aduanced vpon wodden Pedestalls ; two half Pilafters of Rustick, standing ouer their heads. I could shoote more Arrowes at this marke, and teach you without the Carpenters Rule how to measure all the proportions

belonging to this *Fabrick*. But an excellent hand being at this instant curiously describing all the seuen, and bestowing on them their faire prospectiue limmes, your eye shall hereafter rather be delighted in beholding those Pictures, than now be wearied in looking vpon mine.



§ The Perfonages (as well Mutes
as Speakers) in this Pageant, were
theſe: viz.

1 **T**He higheſt Perſon was *The Brittainy Monarchy.*

2 At her feet, ſate *Diuine Wiſdome.*

3 Beneath her, ſtood *The Genius of the City*, A man.

4 At his right hand was placed a Perſonage, figuring,
The Counſell of the City.

5 Vnder all theſe lay a perſon repreſenting *Thameſis the Riuer.*

Sixe other perſons (being daughters to *Genius*) were aduanced aboue him, on a ſpredding *Aſcent*, of which the firſt was,

1 *Gladneſſe.*

2 The ſecond, *Veneration.*

3 The third, *Promptitude.*

4 The fourth, *Vigilance.*

5 The fifth, *Louing affection.*

6 The fixth, *Vnanimity.*

Of all which perſonages, *Genius* and *Thameſis* were the only Speakers: *Thameſis* being preſented by one of the children of her Maieſties Reuels: *Genius* by M. *Allin* (ſeruant to the young Prince) his gratulatory ſpeech (which was deliuered with excellent Action, and a well tun'd audible voyce) being to this effect:

That London may be proud to behold this day, and therefore in name of the Lord Maior and Aldermen, the Councell, Commoners and Multitude, the heartieſt Welcome is tendered to his Maieſty, that euer was beſtowed on any King, &c.

Which Banquet being taken away with
The Wayts & Haut-boyes of London.
found of Muſicke, there, ready for the purpoſe, his Maieſtie made his entrance into this his Court Royall: vnder this firſt Gate, vpon

through the City of London. 281

the Battlements of the worke, in great Capitalls was inscribed, thus :

L O N D I N I V M.

And vnder that, in a smaller (but not different) *Character*, was written,

C A M E R A R E G I A :
The Kings Chamber.

Too short a time (in their opinions that were glewed there together so many houres, to behold him) did his Maiestie dwell vpon this first place : yet too long it seemed to other happy Spirits, that higher vp in these *Elizian* fields awaited for his presence : he sets on therefore (like the Sunne in his Zodiacque) bountifully disperſing his beames amongst particular Nations : the brightnesse and warmth of which, was now spent first vpon the *Italians*, & next vpon the *Belgians* : The space of ground, on which their *magnificent Arches* were builded, being not vnworthy to beare the name of the great Hall to this our Court Royal : wherein was to be heard & seene the fundry languages & habits of Strangers, which vnder Princes Roofes tender excellent harmony.

In a paire of Scales doe I weigh these two Nations, and finde them (neither in hearty loue to his Maiestie, in aduancement of the Cities honor, nor in forwardnesse to glorifie these *Triumphes*) to differ one graine.

To dispute which haue done best, were to doubt that one had done well. Call their inuentions therefore *Twynnes* : or if they themselues doe not like that name, (for happily they are emulous of one glory) yet thus may we speake of them.

————— *Facies non omnibus vna,*
Nec diuersa tamen, Qualem decet esse sororum. *Ouid*

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Because, whofoeuer (*fixis oculis*) beholds their proportions,

Virg. Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitq; tuendo.

The street, vpon whose breast, this *Italian Gracious* Iewell was worne, was neuer worthy of that ^{street.} name which it carries, till this houre : For here did the Kings eye meete a second Obiect, that inticed him by tarrying to giue honor to the place. And thus did the quaintnesse of the *Engine* seeme to discouer it selfe before him.

The Italians Pageant.

THE building tooke vp the whole bredth of the Street, of which, the lower part was a Square, garnished with foure great Columnes : In the midft of of which Square, was cut out a fayre and spacious high Gate, arched, being twenty feuen foot in the perpendicular lyne, and eyghteene at the ground lyne : ouer the Gate, in golden Characters, these verses (in a long square) were inscribed :

*Tu Regere Imperio populos Iacobe memento,
Hæ tibi erunt Artes, Paciꝑ; imponere morem,
Parcere Subiectis, & debellare superbos.*

And directly aboue this, was aduanc'd the Armes of the Kingdome, the Supporters fairely cut out to the life : ſouer the Lyon (ſome prety diſtance from it) was written,

IACOBO REGI MAGN.

And aboue the head of the *Vnicorne*, at the like diſtance, this,

HENRICI VII. ABNEP.

In a large Square erected aboue all theſe, King *Henry* the ſeuenth was royally ſeated in his Imperiall Robes, to whome King *James* (mounted on horſebacke) approches, and receyues a Scepter, ouer both their heads theſe words being written,

HIC VIR, HIC EST.

Betweene two of the *Columnes*, (on the right hand) was fixed vp a Square table, wherein, in liuely and excellent colours, was lim'd a woman, figuring *Peace*, her head ſecurely leaning on her left hand, her body modeſtly beſtowed (to the length) vpon the earth : In her other hand, was held an *Oliue* branch, the *Enſigne* of Peace, her word was out of *Virgil*, being thus,

——— *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

Beneath that peece, was another square Table, reaching almost to the Bases of the two *Columnes*: In which, 2. (seeming) Sea perfonages, were drawne to the life, both of them lying, or rather leaning on the bosome of the earth, naked; the one a woman, her backe onely seene; the other a man, his hand stretching and fastning it selfe vpon her shoulder: the word that this dead body spake, was this,

I Decus, I Nostrum.

Vpon the left-hand side of the Gate, betweene the other two *Columnes*, were also two square Tables: In the one of which were two persons portrayed to the life, naked, and wilde in lookes, the word,

Exspectate solo Trinobanti.

And ouer that, in another square, carying the same proportion, stood a woman vpright, holding in her hand a Shield, beneath whom was inscribed in golden *Characters*,

——— *Spes ô fidissima rerum.*

And this was the shape and front of the first great *Square*, whose top being flat, was garnished with *Pelasters*, and vpon the roofe was directed a great *Padestall*, on which stood a Person carued out to the life (a woman) her left hand leaning on a sword, with the poynt downward, and her right hand reaching forth a Diadem, which shee seemde by bowing of her knee and head, to bestow vpon his Maiestie.

On the foure corners of this vpper part, stood foure naked portraytures (in great) with artificiall Trumpets in their hands.

In the Arch of the Gate, was drawne (at one side) a companie of Palme trees, young, and as it were but newly springing, ouer whose branches, two naked winged Angels, flying, held forth a Scroll, which seem'd to speake thus,

Spes altera.

On the contrarie side, was a Vine, spreading it selfe into many branches, and winding about *Oliue*, and

Palme trees : two naked winged Angels hanging like-wife in the Ayre ouer them, and holding a Scrol betweene them, fild with this infcription,

*Vxor tua, sicut vitis abundans,
Et filii tui, sicut palmites Oliuarum.*

If your imaginations (after the beholding of these obiects) will suppose, that his Maiestie is now gone to the other side of this *Italian Trophée*; doe but cast your eyes backe, and there you shall finde iust the same proportions, which the fore-part, or Brest of our Arch carrieth, with equall number of *Columnes*, *Pedestals*, *Pilafters*, *Lim'd peeces*, and *Carued Statues*. Ouer the Gate, this *Distichon* presents it selfe.

*Nonne tuo Imperio satis est Iacobe potiri ?
Imperium in Mufas, Aemule quaeris ? Habes.*

Vnder which verses, a wreathe of *Lawrell* seem'd to be ready to be let fall on his Maiesties head, as hee went vnder it, being held betweene two naked Antique women, their bodies stretchting (at the full length) to compasse ouer the Arch of the Gate. And aboue those verses, in a faire Azure table, this infcription was aduanc'd in golden *Capitals* :

EXPECTATIONI ORBIS TERRARVM,
REGIB. GENITO NVMEROSISS.
REGVM GENITORI FÆLICISS.
REGI MARTIGENARVM AVGVSTISS.
REGI MVSARVM GLORIOSISS.

Itali statuerunt lætitiæ & cultus Signum.

On the right hand of this backe-part, betweene two of the *Columnes* was a square table, in which was drawne a Woman, crown'd with beautifull and fresh flowres, a *Caduceus* in her hand : All the notes of a plenteous and liuely Spring being caried about her, the foule that gaue life to this speaking picture, was :

——— *Omnis feret omnia Tellus.*

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Above this peece, in another square, was portrayed a *Tryton*, his Trumpet at his mouth, seeming to vtter this much,

Dum Cælum stellas.

Vpon the left hand of this back-part, in most excellent colours, Antikely attir'd, flood the 4. kingdoms, *England, Scotland, France and Ireland*, holding hands together ; this being the language of them all,

Concordes stabili Fatorum Numine.

The middle great Square, that was aduanced ouer the *Freeze* of the Gate, held *Apollo*, with all his Ensignes and properties belonging vnto him, as a *Sphere*, *Bookes*, a *Caduceus*, an *Octaedron*, with other *Geometricall* Bodies, and a Harpe in his left hand : his right hand with a golden Wand in it, poynting to the battel of *Lepanto* fought by the *Turks*, (of which his Maiestie hath written a *Poem*) and to doe him Honour, *Apollo* himselfe³ doth here seeme to take vpon him to describe : his word,

Fortunate Puer.

These were the Mutes, and properties that helpt to furnish out this great *Italian Theater* : vpon whose Stage, the found of no voice was appointed to be heard, but of one, (and that, in the presence of the *Italians* themselues) who in two little opposite galleries vnder & within the Arch of the gate, very richly and neatly hung, deliuered thus much Latine to his Maiestie :

The Italians speach.

Salue, Rex magne, ſalue. Salutem Maieſtati tuæ Itali, fœliciſſimum Aduentum læti, fœlices ſub Te futuri, precamur. Ecce hæc Omnes, Exigui munere, pauculi Numero : Sed magni erga Maieſtatem tuam animi, multi obſequij. At nec Atlas, qui Cælum ſuſtinet, nec ipſa Cæli conuexa, altitudinem attingant meritorum Regis optimi ; Hoc eſt, eius, quem de Teipſo expreſſiſti doctiſſimo (Deus !) et admirabili penicillo : Beatiſſimos populos, ubi & Philoſophus regnat, & Rex Philoſophatur. Salue, Rex nobiliſſime, ſalue, viue, Rex potentiſſime, fœliciter. Regna, Rex ſapientiſſime, fœliciter, Itali optamus omnes, Itali clamamus omnes : Omnes, omnes.

Hauiug hoyſted vp our Sailes, and taken leaue of this *Italian* ſhore, let our next place of caſting anker, be vpon the Land of the 17. Prouinces ; where the *Belgians*, (attired in the coſtly habits of their own natie Countrey, without the fantaſticke mixtures of other Nations) but more richly furniſhed with loue, ſtand ready to receyue his Maieſtie : who (according to their expectation) does moſt gratiouſly make himſelfe & his Royall traine their Princely gheſts. The houſe which theſe *Strangers* haue builded to entertaine him in, is thus contriu'de.

The Pageant of the Dutch-men,
by the Royall Exchange.

THE Foundation of this, was (as it were by *Fate*) layd neere vnto a royall place ; for it was a royall and magnificent labour: It was bounded in with the houses on both sides the street, so proudly (as all the rest also did) did this extend her body in breadth. The passage of State, was a Gate, large, ascending eightene foot high, aptly proportion'd to the other lymmes, and twelue foot wyde, arched ; two lesser Posternes were for common feet, cut out and open'd on the sides of the other.

Within a small *Freeze*, (and kissing the very forehead of the Gate) the *Aedifice* spake thus,

Vnicus à Fato furgo non Degener Hæres.

Whil'st lifting vp your eye to an vpper larger *Freeze*, you may there be enriched with these golden Capitalls,

IACOBO, ANGL. SCOT. FRANC. HIBERN.
REGI OPT. PRINC. MAX. BELGAE ded.

But bestowing your sight vpon a large Azure Table, lyned quite through with Characters of gold, likewise you may for your paynes receiue this inscription,

ORBIS RESTITVTOR. PACIS FVNÐ. RELIG.
PROPVG. D. IAC. P. F. REGI. P. P.
D. ANNAE REGIAE CONIVG. SOR. FIL.
NEPTI, ET D. HENRICO I. FIL. PRINC.
IYVENT.
IN PVBL. VRBIS ET ORBIS LAETITIA,
SECVLIQVE FAELICITAT. XVII. BELGIAE
PROV. MERCATORES BENIGNE REGIA
HAC IN VRBE EXCEPTI, ET
S. M. VESTRAE OB ANTIQ. SOCIALE FOE-
DVS, ET D. ELIZ. BENEFICENT. DEVOTI.

FAVSTA OMNIA ET FOELICIA AD IMPERII
ÆTERNITAT. PRECANTVR.

Above which (being the heart of the *Trophee*) was a spacious square roome, left open, Silke Curtaines drawne before it, which (vpon the approach of his Maiestie) being put by, 17. yong *Damfels*, (all of them sumptuously adorned, after their countrey fashion,) fate as it were in so many Chaires of State, and figuring in their persons, the 17. *Provinces* of *Belgia*, of which euery one caried in a Scutchion (excellently pencilde) the Armes and Coate of one.

Above the vpper edge of this large Square Roome, and ouer the first Battlement, in another front, aduanc'd for the purpose, a square Table was fastened vpright, in which was drawne the liuely picture of the *King*, in his Imperial Robes; a Crowne on his head, the Sword and Scepter in his handes: vpon his left side stood a woman, her face fixed vpon his, a burning hart in her right hand, her left hanging by, a *Heron* standing clofe vnto her: vpon his other side stood vpright (with her countenance directed likewise vpon him) another woman, winged, and in a *Freeze* beneath them, which tooke vp the full length of this Square: this inscription set out it selfe in golden wordes;

— *Vtroque Satellite Tutus.*

Suffer your eyes to be wearied no longer with gazing vp so high at those *Sun-beams*, but turne the aside to looke below through the little *Posternes*: whose State fweld quickly vp to a greatnes, by reason of 2. *Columnes*, that supported them on either side. In a Table, ouer the right-hand *Portall*, was in perfect colours, drawne a Serpēt, purfude by a Lion: betweene them, Adders and Snakes, chafing one another, the Lion scornfully casting his head backe, to behold the violence of a blacke storme, that heauen powred

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downe, to ouertake them : the found that came from all this, was thus :

— *Sequitur grauis Ira feroces.*

The opposite body to this (on the other side, and directly ouer the other *Portall*, whose pompe did in like maner leane vpon, and vphold it selfe by two mayne *Columnes*) was a square peece, in which were to be seene, Sheepe browsing, Lambes nibbling, Byrds flying in the Ayre, with other arguments of a ferene and vntroubled seafon, whose happineffe was proclaymed in this maner,

— *Venit alma Cicuribus Aura.*

Directly aboue this, in a square Table, were portrayed two *Kings*, reuerently and antiquely attyred, who seem'd to walke vpon these golden lines,

*Nascitur in nostro Regum par Nobile Rege
Alter Iesiades, Alter Amoniades.*

From whome, leade but your eye, in a straight line, to the other side, (ouer the contrary Posterne) and there in a second vpper Picture, you may meete with two other *Kings*, not fully so antique, but as rich in their Ornaments ; both of them, out of golden letters, composing these wordes,

*Lucius ante alios, Edwardus, & inde I A C O B V S
Sextus, & hic sanxit, sextus & ille fidem.*

And these were the *Nerues*, by which this great *Triumphall* Body was knit together, in the inferiour parts of it, vpon the shoulders whereof, (which were garnished with rowes of *Pilasters*, that supported Lions, rampant, bearing vp Banners) there stood another lesser Square, the head of which wore a Coronet of *Pilasters*

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also ; and aboue thê, vpon a *Pedestal*, curiously clofed in betweene the tayles of two Dolphins, was aduanced a Woman, holding in one hand, a golden Warder, and poynting with the fore-finger of the other hand vp to heauen. She figur'd *Diuine Prouidence*, for fo at her feete was written.

Prouida Mens Cœli.

Somewhat beneath which, was to bee seene an Imperiall Crowne, two Scepters being fastened (croffe-wife) vnto it, and deliuering this speach,

—*Sceptra hæc concredidit uni.*

At the elbowes of this vpper Square, flood vpon the foure corners of a great *Pedestall*, foure *Pyramides*, hollow, and so neatly contriu'de, that in the night time (for anger that the Sunne would no longer looke vpon these earthly beauties) they gaue light to themselves, and the whole place about them : the windowes, from whence these artificiall beames were throwne, being cut out in such a fashon, that (as *Ouid*, describing the Palace of the Sunne, sayes)

Clara micante Auro, Flammasq ; imitante Pyropo,

So did they shine afarre off, like Cryfolites, and sparkled like Carbuncles : Betweene those two *Pyramides* that were lifted vp on the right hand, flood *Fortitude* ; her Piller resting it selfe vpon this golden line,

Perfero curarum pondus, Discrimina temno.

Betweene the two *Pyramides* on the other side, Iustice challenged her place, being knowne both by her habit and by her voyce, that spake thus,

Auspice me Dextra folium Regale perennat.

Wee haue held his Maiestie too long from entring this thurd Gate of his *Court Royall*; It is now hie time, that those eyes, which on the other side ake with rolling vp and downe for his gladfome prefence, should inioy that happineffe. Beholde, hee is in an instance passed thorough; The Obiects that there offer themselves before him, being these:

Our *Belgick Statue* of Triumph, weares on her backe, as much riches, as she caried vpon her breft, being altogether as glorious in *Columnes*, standing on Tip-toe, on as loftie and as proude *Pyramides*; her walkes encompa'ft with as strong and as neate *Pilafters*: the colours of her garments are as bright, her adornements as many: For,

In the square Field, next and loweft, ouer one of the Portals, were the Dutch Countrey people, toying at their Husbandrie; women carding of their Hemp, the men beating it, fuch excellent Art being exprest in their faces, their floopings, bendings, sweatings, &c. that nothing is wanting in them but life (which no colours can giue) to make them bee thought more than the works of Paynters.

Lift vp your eyes a little about them, and beholde their *Exchange*; the countenaunces of the Marchants there being fo liuely, that bargaines seeme to come from their lippes.

But in stead of other speech, this is onely to bee had,

PIO INVICTO,
R. IACOBO,

QVOD FEL. EIVS AVSPICIIS VNIVERSVM
BRIT. IMPERIVM PACAT, MARE TVTVM
PORTVS APERIT.

Ouer the other Portall, in a square (proportion'd, to the bignes of those other) men, women, & childrè (in Dutch habits) are busie at other workes: the men

Weauing, the women Spinning, the children at their Hand-loomes, &c. Aboue whose heads, you may with little labour, walke into the *Mart*, where as well as the *Froe*, as the *Burger*, are buying and felling, the praife of whose industrie (being worthy of it) stands publiht in gold, thus,

QVOD MVTVIS COMMERCIIIS, ET ARTIFI-
CVM NAVTARVMQVE SOLERTIA CRES-
CAT, DESIDIA EXVLAT, MVTVAQVE AMI-
CITIA CONSERVETVR.

Iust in the midft of these foure Squares, and directly ouer the Gate, in a large Table, whose feete are fastned to the *Freeze*, is their fishing & shipping liuely and sweetely fet downe : The *Skipper* (euen though he be had tugging at his Net) loudly finging this :

*Quod Celeb : hoc Emporium prudenti industria suos,
Quouis Terrarum Negotiatores emittat, externos
Humaniter admittat, foris famam, domi diuitias augeat.*

Let vs now clime vp to the vpper battlementes ; where, at the right hand *Time* standes : at the left (in a direct line) his daughter *Trueth* ; vnder her foote is written,
Sincera.
And vnder his,

Durant.

Sincera Durant.

In the midft of these two, three other persons are rancked together, *Art*, *Sedulitie*, and *Labour* : beneath whom, in a *Freeze* rousing along the whole breadth of that Square, you may find these wordes in gold.

Artes, Perfecit, Sedulitate, Labor.

As on the forefide, so on this, and equall in heighth

to that of *Diuine Prouidence*, is the figure of a Woman aduanced : beneath whom, is an imperiall Crowne, with branches of Oliue, fixed (croffe-wife) vnto it, and giues you this word.

Sine Cæde at Sanguine.

And thus haue we bestowed vpon you, all the dead Cullours of this Picture, (wherein notwithstanding, was left so much life) as can come from Art. The speaking instrument, was a Boy, attyred all in white Silke, a wreath of Lawrell about his temples : from his voyce came this found.

Sermo ad Regem.

Q*Væ tot Sceptra tenes forti, Rex maxime, dextra,
Prouida Mens summi Numinis illa dedit.
Aspice ridentem per gaudia Plebis Olympum,
Reddentem et plausus ad sua verba suos,
Tantus honos paucis, primi post secula mundi
Obtigit, et paucis tantum vnus incubuit,
Nam Regere imperijs populum fælicibus vnum,
Arduares, magnis res tamen apta viris.
At non vnanimes nutu compefcere gentes,
Non homines pensum, sed labor ille Dei,
Ille idcò ingentes qui temperet orbis habenas,
Adiungit longas ad tua fræna manus.
Et menti de mente sua præluce, et Artem
Regnandi, regnum qui dedit illa, docet.
Crescentes varijs Cumulat virtutibus annos,
Quas inter pietas, culmina summa tenet.
Hæc proavos reddis patriæ, qui barbara Gentis
Flexère inducto Numine, corda feræ.
Hæc animos tractas rigidos, subigisq; rebelles,
Et læu persuades quod trahis ipse iugum,*

*Illi fida comes terram indignata profanum,
 Aut nunc te tanto Rege reuerſa Themis.
 Aſſidat et robuſta ſoror, ingentibus auſis
 Pro populo carum tradere prompta caput.
 Quin et Regis amor, muſæ et dilectus Apollo,
 Regali gaudent ſubdere plectra manu.
 Aurea et vbertas ſolerti nata labore,
 Exhibet aggeſtas Ruris et vrbiſ opes.
 Sunt hec dona Poli, certa quæ prodita fama
 Miratum ut veniat, venit vterq; ; polus.
 Venimus et Belgæ, patrijs Gens exul ab oris
 Quos fouit tenero mater Eliza ſinu.
 Matri ſacratum, Patri duplicamus amorem,
 Poſcimus et ſimili poſſe ſauore frui.
 Sic Deum Panthaeci tibi proferat alitis æuum,
 Sceptra per Innumeros qui tibi tradit Anos.
 Sic Regina tua pars altera, et altera proles,
 Spes populi longum det, capiatq; ; decus.*

Whilſt the tongnes of the *Strangers* were employed in extolling the gracious Aſpect of the King, and his Princely behauiour towardes them, his Maieſtie (by the quicknes of *Time*, and the earneſtneſſe of expectation, whoſe eyes ran a thouſand wayes to finde him) had won more ground, and was gotten ſo far as to *S. Mildreds Church* in the *Poulterie*: cloſe to the ſide of which, a Scaffold was erected; where (at the Citties coſt) to delight the Queene with her owne country Muſicke, nine Trumpets, and a Kettle Drum, did very ſprightly & actiuelly ſound the *Daniſh march*: Whoſe cunning and quicke ſtops, by that time they had toucht the laſt Ladyes eare in the traine, behold, the King was aduaunced vp ſo hie as to *Cheapeſide*: into which place (if *Loue* himſelfe had entered, and ſeene ſo many gallant Gentlemen, ſo many Ladyes, and beautifull creatures, in whoſe eyes glaunces (mixt with modeſt lookes) ſeemed to daunce courtly Meaſures in their motion) he could not haue choſen, to haue giuen the Roome any other name, then, *The Prefence Chamber*.

The stately entraunce into which, was a
Soper lane. faire Gate in height 18. foote. In breadth
 12. The thicknesse of the passage vnder it, being 24.
 Two Posternes stoode wide open on the two sides,
 either of them being 4. foote wide, and 8. foote high.
 The two Portals that ietted out before these Posternes,
 had their sides open foure seuerall wayes, and serued
 as Pedestalles (of Rusticke) to support two *Pyramides*,
 which stoode vpon foure great Balles, and foure great
 Lions: the Pedestalles, Balles, and *Pyramides*, de-
 uowring in their full vpright heighth, from the ground
 line to the top, iust 60. foote. But burying this Me-
 chanicke Body in scilence, let vs now take note in
 what fashion it stood attyred. Thus then it went ap-
 pareled.

The Deuice at

Soper-lane end.

VVithin a large Compariſment, mounted aboue the forehead of the Gate, ouer the Freeze, in Capitalles was inſcribed this Title :

NOVA FÆLIX ARABIA.

Vnder that ſhape of *Arabia*, this Iland being figured : which two names of *New*, and *Happie*, the Countrey could by no merit in it ſelfe, challenge to be her due, but onely by meanes of that ſecret influence accompanying his Maieſtie wherefoeuer hee goes, and working ſuch effectes.

The moſt worthy perſonage aduaunced in this place, was *Arabia Britannica*, a Woman, attyred all in White, a rich Mantle of Greene caſt about her, an imperiall Crowne on her head, and a Scepter in one hand, a Mound in the other : vpon which ſhe ſadly leaned : a rich Veyle (vnder the Crowne) ſhadowing her eyes, by reaſon that her countenaunce (which till his Maieſties approach, could by no worldly obieſt be drawne to looke vp) was penſiuely deieſted : her ornamentes were markes of *Chaſtetie* and *Youth* : the Crowne, Mound, and Scepter, badges of Soueraigntie.

Directly vnder her in a Cant by her ſelfe, *Fame* ſtood vpright : A Woman in a Watchet Roabe, thickly ſet with open Eyes, and Tongues, a payre of large golden Wings at her backe, a Trumpet in her hand, a Mantle of ſundry cullours trauerſing her body : all

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these Ensignes displaying but the proprietie of her
swiftnesse, and aptnesse to disperse Rumors.

In a Descent beneath her, being a spacious Con-
caue roome, were exalted five Mounts, fwelling vp with
different ascensions; vpon which fate the five *Sences*,
drooping: *Viz.*

1	<i>Auditus,</i>	Hearing.
2	<i>Visus,</i>	Sight.
3	<i>Tactus,</i>	Feeling.
4	<i>Olfactus.</i>	Smelling.
5	<i>Gustus.</i>	Taste.

Appareled in Roabes of distinct cullours, proper to
their natures; and holding Scutchions in their handes:
vpon which were drawne Heroglyphicall bodyes, to
expresse their qualities.

Some prettie distaunce from them (and as it were
in the midst before them) an artificiall Lauer or Fount
was erected, called the *Fount of Arate* (*Vertue*.) Sun-
dry Pipes (like veines) branching from the body of it:
the water receiuing libertie but from one place, and
that very slowly.

At the foote of this Fount, two perfonages (in
greater shapen then the rest) lay sleeping: vpon their
brestes flucke their names, *Detrahtio*, *Oblivio*: The
one holdes an open Cuppe; about whose brim, a
wreath of curled Snakes were winding, intimating that
whatsoeuer his lippes toucht, was poysoned: the other
helde a blacke Cuppe couerd, in token of an enuious
desire to drowne the worth and memorie of Noble
persons.

Vpon an Ascent, on the right hand of these, stood
the three *Charites* or *Graces*, hand in hand, attyred
like three Sisters.

<i>Aglaia.</i>	{	<i>Figuring</i>	{	Brightnesse, or Maieftie.
<i>Thalia,</i>				Youthfulnes, or florishing.
<i>Euphrosine,</i>				Cheerfulnes, or gladnes.

They were all three Virgins : their countenaunces laboring to smother an innated sweetnes and chearefulnes, that appareled their cheekes ; yet hardly to be hid : their Garmentes were long Roabes of fundry coloures, hanging loose : the one had a Chaplet of fundry Flowers on her head, clustard heere and there with the Fruites of the earth. The seconde, a Garland of eares of Corne. The third, a wreath of Vinebranches, mixt with Grapes and Oliues.

Their haire hung downe ouer their shoulders loose, and of a bright cullour, for that *Epithite* is properly bestowed vpon them, by *Homer* in his Himne to *Apollo*.

PVLCHRICOMÆ CHARITES.

The Bright Hayrde Graces.

They helde in their handes penfild Shieldes : vpon the first, was drawne a Rose : on the second, 3. Dyce : on the third, a branch of Mirtle.

Figuring	{	<i>Pleasantnesse.</i>
		<i>Accord.</i>
		<i>Florishing.</i>

In a direct line against them, floode the three *Howres*, to whom in this place we giue the names of *Loue*, *Iustice*, and *Peace* : they were attyred in loose Roabes of light cullours, paynted with Flowers : for fo *Ouid* apparrels them.

300 *The Kings Entertainment*

Conueniunt pictis incinctæ vestibus Horæ.

Winges at their feete, exprefsing their swiftneffe,
because they are Lackies to the Sunne : *Iungere equos*
Tytan velocibus imperat Horis. Ouid.

Each of them helde two Goblets ; the one full of
Flowers (as Ensigne of the *Spring*,) the other full of
rypened Figges, the Cognifance of *Summer*.

Vpon the approch of his Maiestie (sad and folemne
Muficke hauing beaten the Ayre all the time of his
abfence, and now ceafing,) *Fame* fpeakes.

Fama.

Turne into Ice mine eye-balls, whilst the found
Flying through this brazen trump, may back rebound
To stop *Fames* hundred tongues, leauing them mute,
As in an vntoucht Bell, or ftringleffe Lute,
For *Vertues* Fount, which late ran deepe and cleare,
Drie, and melts all her body to a teare.
You *Graces* ! and you houres that each day runne
On the quicke errands of the golden Sunne,
O fay ! to *Vertues* Fount what has befell,
That thus her veines fhinke vp.

Charites Horæ.

Wee cannot tell.

Euphrosine.

Behold the five-folde guard of *Sence* which keeps
The facred fireame, fit drooping : neere them sleepe
Two horred Monsters : *Fame* ! fummon each *Sence*,
To tell the caufe of this ftrange accidence.

Heereupon *Fame* founding her Trumpet ; *Arabia*
Britannica, lookes cheerefully vp, the fences are start

led : *Detraction* and *Oblivion* throw off their iron slumber, busily bestowing all their powers to fill their cups at the Fount with their olde malicious intention to fucke it drie ; But a strange and heauenly musicke suddainly striking through their eares, which causing a wildnes and quicke motion in their lookes, drew them to light vpon the glorious prefence of the King, they were suddainly thereby daunted and funke downe ; The Fount in the same moment of *Tyme*, flowing fresh and abundantly through feuerall pipes, with Milke, Wine, and Balme, whilst a person (figuring *Circum-spection*) that had watcht day and night, to giue note to the world of this blessed *Tyme*, which hee foresawe would happen, steps forth on a mounted Stage extended 30. foote in length from the maine building, to deliuer to his Maiestie the interpretation of this dumbe Mysterie.

This Presenter was a Boy, one of the Choristers, belonging to Paules.

His Speech.

Great Monarch of the West, whose glorious Stem,
Doth now support a triple Diadem,
Weying more thā that of thy grand Grandfire *Brute*,
Thou that maist make a King thy substitute,
And doest besides the Red-rose and the white,
With the rich flower of *France* thy garland dight,
Wearing aboue Kings now, or those of olde,
A double Crowne of Lawrell and of gold,
O let my voyce passe through thy royall eare,
And whisper thus much, that we figure here,
A new *Arabia*, in whose spiced nest
A *Phoenix* liu'd and died in the Sunnes brest,
Her losse, made sight, in teares to drowne her eyes,
The Eare grew deafe, Tastelike a sick-man lyes,
Finding no relish : euery other Sence,
Forgat his office, worth and excellence,
Whereby this Fount of Vertue gan to freeze,

Threatned to be drunke by two enemies,
 Snakie *Detraction*, and *Obluion*,
 But at thy glorious preſence, both are gone,
 Thou being that ſacred *Phoenix*, that doeſt riſe,
 From th'aſhes of the firſt : Beames from thine eyes
 So vertyually ſhining, that they bring,
 To *Englands* new *Arabia*, a new Spring :
 For ioy whereof, Nymphes, Sences, Houres, & Fame,
 Eccho loud Hymnes to his imperiall name.

At the ſhutting vp of this Speech, his Maieſtie (being readie to goe on,) did moſt graciouſlie feede the eyes of beholders with his preſence, till a Song was ſpent : which to a loude and excellent Muſicke (compoſed of Violins & an other rare Artificiall Inſtrumēt, wherein beſides fundrie ſeueral ſounds effus'd (all at one time) were alſo ſenſibly diſtinguiſht the chirpings of birds, was by two Boyes (Choriſters of Paules) deliuered in ſweete and rauifhing voyces.

Cant.

Troynouant is now no more a Citie :
 O great pittie ! is't not pittie ?
 And yet her Towers on tiptoe ſtand,
 Like Pageants built on Fairie land,
 And her Marble armes,
 Like to Magicke charmes,
 binde thouſands faſt vnto her,
 That for her wealth & beauty daily wooe her,
 yet for all this, is't not pittie ?
Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.

2

Troynouant is now a Sommer Arbour,
 or the neſt wherein doth harbour
 The Eagle, of all birds that flie,
 The Soueraigne, for his piercing eie

If you wisely marke,
Tis besides a Parke,
Where runnes (being newly borne)
With the fierce Lyon, the faire Vnicorne,
or elfe it is a wedding Hall,
Where foure great Kingdomes holde a Festiuall.

3

Troynouant is now a Bridall Chamber,
whose roofe is gold, floore is of Amber,
By vertue of that holy light,
That burnes in *Hymens* hand, more bright,
Than the filuer Moone,
or the Torch at Noone,
Harke what the Ecchoes say !
Brittaine till now nere kept a Holiday :
for *Ioue* dwels heere : And tis no pittie,
If *Troynouant* be now no more a Cittie.

Nor let the scrue of any wresting comment vpon
these words,

Troynouant is now no more a Citie.

Enforce the Authors inuention away frō his owne
cleare straight and harmeleffe meaning : all the scope
of this fiction stretching onely to this point, that *London*
(to doo honour to this day, wherein springs vp all
her happines) beeing rauished with vnutterable ioyes,
makes no account (for the present) of her ancient title,
to be called a Citie, (because that during these try-
umphes, shee puts off her formall habite of Trade and
Commerce, treading euen Thrift it selfe vnder foote,
but now becomes a Reueller and a Courtier. So that,
albeit in the end of the first Stanza tis said,

Yet for all this, is't not pittie
Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.

By a figure called *Castigatio* or the mender, heere followes presently are prooffe; wherein tytles of Sommer Arbor; The Eagles nest, a wedding Hall, &c. are throwne vpon her, the least of them being at this time by vertue of Poeticall Heraldrie, but especiallie in regard of the State that now vpholds her, thought to be names of more honour, than that of her owne. And this short Apologie, doth our verse make for it selfe, in regard that some, (to whose fetled iudgement and authoritie the censure of these Deuises was referred,) brought though not bitterly the life of those lines into question: But appealing with *Machetas* to *Phillip*, now these reasons haue awakend him: let vs followe King *James*, who hauing passed vnder this our third gate, is by this time, graciously receauing a gratulatorie Oration from the mouth of Sir *Henry Mountague*, Recorder of the Citie, a square lowe gallorie, fet round about with pilasters, beeing for that purpose erected some 4. foote from the ground, and ioyned to the front of the Croffe in *Cheape*; where likewise stood all the Aldermen, the Chamberlaine, Towne-clerke, and Counsell of the Citie.

The Recorders Speech.

High Imperiall Maiestie, it is not yet a yeere in dayes since with acclamation of the People, Citizens, and Nobles, auspitiouſlie heere at this Croffe was proclaimed your true ſucceſſion to the Crowne. If then it was ioyous with Hats, hands, and hearts, lift vp to heauen to crie King *James*, what is it now to ſee King *James*? Come therefore O worthieſt of Kings as a glorious Bridegroom through your Royall Chamber: But to come neerer, *Adeſt quem querimus*. Twentie and more are the Soueraignes wee haue ſerued ſince our conqueſt, but Conquerour of hearts it is you and your Poſteritie, that we haue vowed to loue and wiſh to ſerue whilſt *London* is a Citie. In pledge whereof my Lord Maior, the Aldermen, and Commons of this

Citie, wishing a golden Reigne vnto you, present your Greatnes with a little cup of gold.

At the end of the Oration three Cups of gold were giuen (in the name of the Lord Maior, and the whole Body of the Citie,) to his Maiestie, the young Prince, and the Queene.

All which but aboue all (being gifts of greater value) the loyall hearts of the Citizens, beeing louingly receaued ; his Grace was (at least it was appointed he should haue beene) met on his way neere to the Croffe, by *Syluanus* drest vp in greene Iuie, a Cornet in his hand, being attended on by foure other *Syluans* in Iuie likewise, their bowes and quiuers hanging on their shoulders, and winde Instruments in their hands.

Vpon sight of his Maiestie, they make a stand, *Syluanus* breaking forth into this abrupt passion of ioy.

Syluanus.

Stay *Syluans*, and let the loudest voyce of Musicke proclayme it (euen as high as Heauen) that hee is come.

Alter Apollo redit, Nouus En, iam regnat Apollo.

Which acclamation of his was borne vp into the ayre, and there mingled with the breath of their musickall Instruments : whose sound beeing vanished to nothing, Thus goes our Speaker on.

Syluanus.

Most happie Prince, pardon me, that being meane in habite, and wilde in apparance, (for my richest liuorie is but leaues, and my stateliest dwelling but in the woodes,) thus rudely with piping *Syluanes*. I presume to intercept your royall passage. These are my walkes : yet stand I heere, not to cut off your way, but to giue it a full and a bounteous welcome, beeing a

Messenger sent from the Lady *Eirene* my Mistrresse, to deliuer an errand to the best of all these Worthies, your royall selfe. Many Kingdomes hath the Lady fought out to abide in, but from them all, hath shee beene most churlishly banished : not that her beautie did deserue such vnkindnes, but that (like the eye of Heauen) hers were too bright, and there were no Eagles breeding in those nests, that could truly beholde them.

At last heere she arriued, *Destinie* subscribing to this Warrant, that none but this Land should be her Inheritance. In contempt of which happines, Enuie shootes his impoisoned stings at her heart, but his Adversers (being charmed) turne their daungerous heads vpon his owne bosome. Those that dwell far off, pine away with vexing to see her prosper, because all the acquaintance which they haue of her, is this, that they know there is such a goodly Creature as *Eirene*, in the world, yet her face they know not : whilst all those that heere sleepe vnder the warmth of her wings, adore her by the sacred & Coelestiall name of *Peace*, for number being (as her blessings are) infinite.

Her daughter *Euporia* (well knowne by the name of *Plentie*, is at this present with her, (being indeede neuer (from her side) vnder yonder Arbour they sit, which after the daughters name is called, *Hortus Euporiz* (*Plenties Bower* :) Chast are they both, and both maydens in memorie of a Virgine, to whom they were nurse children : for whose sake (because they were bound to her for their life,) mee, haue they charged to lay at your imperiall feete, (being your hereditatie due) the tribute of their loue : And with it thus to say.

That they haue languished many heauie moneths for your prefence, which to them would haue beene, (& proud they are that it shall be so now,) of the same operation and influence, that the Sunne is to the spring, and the spring to the earth : hearing therefore what trebble preferment you haue bestowed vpon this

day, wherein besides the beames of a glorious Sunne, two other cleare and gracious starres shine cheerefullie on these her homely buildings : Into which (because no dutie should bee wanting) shee hath given leaue euen to Strangers, to bee Sharers in her happines, by suffering them to bid you likewise welcome. By mee (once hers now your vassaille,) shee entreates, and with a knee sinking lower than the ground on which you tread, doo I humbly execute her pleasure, that ere you passe further, you would deigne to walke into yonder Garden ; the *Hesperides* liue not there but the Muses, and the Muses no longer than vnder your protection. Thus farre am I sent to conduct you thither, prostrately begging this grace, (since I dare not, as beeing vnwoorthie, lackey by your royall side) in that yet these my greene Followers and my selfe may bee ioyfull fore-runners of your expected approach, away *Sylvanus*.

And being (in this their returne) come neare to the Arbor, they gaue a signe with a short flourish from all their Cornets, that his Maiestie was at hand : whose princely eye whilest it was delighting it selfe with the quaint obiect before it, a sweete pleasure likewise courted his eare in the shape of Musicke, sent from the voyces of nine Boyes (all of them Queristers of Paules) who in that place presenting the nine Muses sang the dittie following to their Viols and other Instruments.

But, least leaping too bluntly into the midft of our Garden at first, we deface the beautie of it, let vs send you round about it, and suruey the Walles, Allies, and quarters of it as they lye in order.

This being the fashion of it.

The passages through it were two gates, arched and grated Arbor-wise, their heighth being 16. foote, their breadth 10. from the rooffe, and so on the sides, downe to the ground, Cowcumbers, Pompions, Grapes,

and all other fruits growing in the land, hanging artificially in clusters : Betweene the two gates, a payre of stayres were mounted with some 20 assents : at the bottome of them (on two pillars) were fixed two Satiers carued out in wood ; the sides of both the gates, being strenghtened with foure great French frames standing vpon pedestals, taking vp in their full height 20. foote.

The vpper part also caried the proportion, of an Arbor, being closde with their round tops, the midst whereof was exalted aboue the other two, *Fortune* standing on the top of it. The garnishments for the whole Bower, being Apples, Peares, Cherries, Grapes, Roses, Lillies, and all other both fruits and flowers most artificially molded to the life. The whole frame of this former banqueting house stood (at the ground line) vpon 4 foote ; the *Perpendicular* stretching it selfe to 45. Wee might (that day) haue called it, *The Musicke roome*, by reason of the chaunge of tunes, that danced round about it ; for in one place were heard a noyse of cornets, in a second, a confort, the third, (which fate in fight) a set of Viols, to which the Muses sang.

The principall persons aduanced in this Bower, were, *Eirene* (*Peace*) and *Euphoria* (*Plenty*) who fate together.

Eirene.

Peace: Was richly attired, her vpper garment of carnation, hanging loose, a Robe of White vnder it, powdered with Starres, and girt to her : her haire of a bright colour, long, and hanging at her back, but interwoven with white ribbands, and Iewels ; her browes were encompast with a wreath compounded of the Oliue, the Lawrell, & the Date tree : In one hand shee held a *Caduceus*, (or *Mercuries* rod, the god of eloquence :) In the other, ripe eares of corne gilded : on her lap fate a Doue : All these being ensignes, and furnitures of *Peace*.

Euporie.

Plenty : Her daughter fate of the left hand, in changeable colours, a rich mantle of Gold trauffering her bodie : her haire large and loofely fpreading ouer her fhoulders : on her head a crowne of Poppy & Mustard feede ; the antique badges of *Fertilitie & Abundance*, In her right hand a *Cornucopia*, filde with flowers, fruits, &c.

Chrusos.

Directly vnder thefe, fate *Chrusos*, a perfon figuring Gold, his drefsing, a tinfell Robe of the colour of Gold.

Argurion.

And clofe by him, *Argurion*, Siluer, all in white tinfell ; both of them crownde, and both their hands fupporting a Globe, betweene them, in token that they commaunded ouer the world.

Pomona.

Pomona, the goddeffe of garden fruits ; fate at the one fide of Gold and Siluer ; attirde in greene, a wreath of frutages circling her temples : her armes naked : her haire beautifull, and long.

Ceres.

On the other fide fate *Ceres*, crowned with ripened eares of Wheate, in a loofe ftraw-coloured roabe.

In two large defcents (a little belowe them) were placde at one end,

The nine Muses.	{	<i>Clio.</i> <i>Euterpe.</i> <i>Thalia.</i> <i>Melpomene.</i> <i>Terpsicore.</i> <i>Erato.</i> <i>Polymnia.</i> <i>Vrania.</i> <i>Calliope.</i>	}	With muscally instruments in their hands, to which they sung all the day.
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At the other end.

The 7 liberall Artes.	{	<i>Grammer.</i> <i>Logique.</i> <i>Rhetorique.</i> <i>Musicke.</i> <i>Arithmeticke.</i> <i>Geometry.</i> <i>Astrology.</i>	}	Holding shieldes in their hands, expressing their severall offices.
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Vpon the verie vpper edge of a faire large Freeze, running quite along the full breadth of the Arbor, and iust at their feete were planted rankes of artificiall Artichocks and roses.

To describe what apparrell these Arts, and Muses wore, were a hard labour, and when it were done, all were but idle. Few Taylors know how to cut out their garments: they haue no Wardrob at all, not a Mercer, nor Merchant, though they can all write and read verie excellently well, will suffer them to bee great in their bookes. But (as in other countries) so in this of ours, they goe attird in such thin clothes, that the winde euerie minute is readie to blowe through them: happy was it for them, that they tooke vp their lodging in a summer arbour, and that they had so much musicke to comfort them, their ioies (of which they do not euerie daie tast,) being notwithstanding now infinitelie multiplied, in this, that where before they might haue cryed out till they grew horfe, & non would heare them, now they sing.

through the City of London. 311

Aderitque vocatus Apollo.

Chorus in full voices answering it thus.

*Ergo alacris Sylvas, & cætera rura voluptas
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Driadasque puellas,
Nec Lupus insidias pecori, nec reliæ Ceruïs
Vlla dolum meditantur, amat bonus otia Daphnis;
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera iactant
Intonsi montes: ipse iam carmina Rupes,
Ipsa fonant Arbusta, Deus, Deus ille!*

Sylvanus (as you may perceiue by his office before) was but sent of an errand; there was another of a higher calling, a Trauailer, and one that had gon ouer much grownd, appointed to speake to his Maiesty, his name *Vertumnus*, the maister Gardner, and husband to *Pomona*: To tell you what cloathes hee had on his backe were to doo him wrong, for hee had (to say truth) but one suite: homelie it was, yet meete and fit for a Gardener: In steade of a hat, his browes were bound about with flowers, out of whose thicke heapes, here and there peeped a queene apple, a cherie, or a peare, this boon-grace hee made of purpose to keepe his face from heate, (becaue he desired to looke louelie) yet the sunne found him out, and by casting a continuall eye at him, whilst the old man was dressing his arbours, his cheekes grew tawnie, which colour for the better grace, he himselfe interpreted blushing. A white head he had, & sunne-burnt hands: in the one he held a weeding hooke, in the other a grafting knife: and this was the tenor of his speech. That he was bound to giue thanks to heauen, In that the arbour and trees which growing in that fruitfull Cynthian garden, began to droop and hang downe their greene heades, and to vncurl their crisped forlocks, as fearing and in some sort, feeling the sharpenesse of Autumnian malice, are now on the fudden by the deuine influence apparelled with a fresh and more liuely verdure than euer they were

before. The nine Muses that could expect no better entertainment than sad banishment, hauing now louely and amiable faces: Arts that were threatned to be trod vnder foot by Barbarisme, now (euen at fight of his Maiestie who is the Delian Patron both of the Muses & Arts) being likewise aduanced to most high preferment whilst the very rurall & Syluane troopes dancd for ioy: the Lady therfore of the place *Eirene*, (his mistris) in name of the Prætor, Consul & Senators of the City, who carefully prune this garden, (weeding out al hurtful & idle branches that hinder the growth of the good,) and who are indeede, *Ergatai Pijloi*, faithfull Laborers in this peice of ground, Shee doth in al their names, (& he in behalfe of his Lady) offer them felues, this Arbor, the bowers & walkes, yea her children gold & siluer, with the louing & loyall harts of all those the Sons of peace, standing about him, to be disposde after his royal pleasure. And so wishing his happie Arriual, at a more glorious bower, to which he is now going, yet welcoming him to this, & praying his Maiesty not to forget this poore Arbor of his Lady, Musicke is commanded to cary all their praiers for his happie reigne, with the loud *Amen* of all his Subiects as hie as heauen.

Cant.

Shine Titan shine.

Let thy sharpe raies be hurld

Not on this vnder world,

For now tis none of thine.

These first 4. lines were sung by one alone, the single lines following, by a *Chorus* in full voices.

Chor. No, no tis none of thine.

2

But in that spheare,

Where what thine armes infolde,

through the City of London. 313

Turnes all to burnisht gold,
Spend thy guilt arrowes there,
Chor. Doe, doe, shoote onelie there.

3

Earth needes thee not :
Her childbed daies are done,
And Shee another Sunne,
Faire as thy felfe has got.
Chor. A new new Sunne is got.

4

O this is hee !
Whofe new beames make our Spring,
Men glad and birdes to Sing,
Hymnes of praife, ioy, and glee.
Sing, Sing, O this is hee !

5

That in the North
First rizing : shonne (so far)
Bright as the morning Starre,
At his gaie comming forth.
Chor. See, fee, he now comes forth.

6

How soone ioies varie ?
Here staide hee still ! O then
Happie both place and men,
But here hee list not tarrie.
Chor. O griefe ! hee list not tarrie.

7

No, no, his beames,
Must equall deuide,

314 *The Kings Entertainment*

Their heate to Orbes beside,
Like nourishing filuer freames.
Chor. Ioies slide awaie like freames.

8

Yet in this lies
Sweete hope : how far foeuer,
Hee bides, no cloudes can feuer,
His glorie from our eyes.
Chor. Drie, drie, your weeping eies.

9

And make heauen ring,
His welcomes showed loudelie,
For Heauen it felfe lookes proudly,
That earth has fuch a King.
Chor. Earth has not fuch a King.

His Maieftie dwelt here a reafonable long time,
giuing both good allowance to the fong & Mufick,
and liberally beftowing his eye on the workemanship
of the place : from whence at the length departing,
his next entrance was, as it were, into the clofet or
rather the priuy chamber to this our Court royall :
through the windowes of which he might behold the
Cathedrall Temple of Saint Paule : vpon whose lower
batlements an Antheme was fung, by the Quirifters
of the Church to the muficke of loud instruments :
which being finiht, a latine Oration was *Viva voce*
deliuered to his grace, by one of maifter Mulcafters
Schollers, at the dore of the free-fchole founded by
the Mercers.



Oratio habita, & ad Regem, & coram
Rege præschola Paulina.

(.)

BReuis ero, ne ingratus sim, Rex serenissime, licet,
& planè, & plenè putem Regem tam prudentem,
in tam profusa suorum lætitia, ita se hodie patien-
tia contra tædium armauisse, ne ullius tædij ipsum posset
tædere. A Edificium hoc magno sumptu suo extructum
Dominus Johannes Collettus Ecclesiae Paulinae Decanus,
sub Henrico septimo, maiestatis tuæ prudentissimo abao,
erudiendae pueritiæ consecrauit, ut huius scholæ infantia
tuo in Regnum Anglicanum iure coetanea exsistat. Tanta
magnificentia conditum parique magnificentia dotatum
fidelissimæ Mercerorum huius urbis primaria semper,
hodie etiam Prætoriae societati tuendum testamento
moriens commendauit. Quæ societas, & demortui
fundatoris spei, & nostræ educationis studio fidem
suam sanctissime excoluit. Hic nos cum multis
alijs erudimur, qui communi nomine totius pueritiæ
Anglicanæ, a Domino Rege, licet sponte sua ad omnia
optima fatis incitato, humillimè tamen contendimus, ut
quemadmodum sua ætatis ratione, in omni re adultio-
ribus prospicit, ita in summae spei Principis Henrici
gratiam tenerioribus, parique cum ipso ætate pueris,
in scholarum cura velit etiam consulere. Virgæ enim
obsequium, sceptri obedientia & parit, & præit inquit
preceptor meus. Quique metu didicit iuuenis parere
puerque, grandibus imperiis officiosus erit. Habent
scholæ Anglicanæ multa, in quibus Regiam maiestatis
correctionem efflagitant, ne inde in Academias implumes
euolent unde in Rempublicam implumiores etiam è prima
nuditate emittuntur. Quod malum à Preceptore nostro
accepimus : qui annos iam quatuor supra quinquaginta

publice, priuatimque erudiendæ pueritiæ præfuit, & hæc scholarum errata, cum aliquo etiam dolore suo, & passim, & sparsim deprehendit. Nostra hæc schola fundatorem Collettum hominem tam pium; tutores Merceros homines tam fidos consequuta, quam esset fœlix, si placeret, Domino etiam Regi, quod Regibus Angliæ, ad summam apud suos charitatem sæpiissimè profuit, huic Mercerosum principi societati, fratrem se, & conciuem adscribere, Quantum huic vrbi ornamentum, quantum societati honestamentum, Quantum scholæ nostræ emolumentum? Quantu setiam Regi ipsi honos inde accederet, mauult, qui hoc vult alias inter alia per otium Regi suo apperire, quam hodie cum tædio & præter aream eidem explicare. Omnipotens Deus Iesus Christus & cum eo, ac per eum nosster, et Pater, et Deus serenissimum Regem Iacobum, honoratissimam Reginam Annam, nobilissimum Principem Henricum, relinquamque Regiæ stirpis ad omnia summam natam jobolem diu nobis ita incolumes tueatur, vt cum huius vitæ fecundissimum curriculum confeceritis, beatissimam vitæ cælestis æternitatem consequamini. Dixi.



Our next Arch of triumph, was erected aboue the Conduit in Fleetstreete, into which (as into the long and beauteous gallery of the Citie) his Maiestie being entered ; a farre off (as if it had beene some swelling Promontory, or rather some enchanted Castle guarded by tenne thousand harmeleffe spirits) did his eye encounter another Towre of Pleasure.

Presenting it selfe.

Fourescore and ten foote in height, and fiftie in breadth ; the gate twentie foote in the perpendicular line, and fourteene in the ground line : The two Posternes were answerable to these that are set downe before : ouer the posternes riz vp in proportionable measures, two turrets, with battlementes on the tops : The middest of the building was laid open to the world, and great reason it should be so, for the Globe of the world, was there seene to mooue, being fild with all the degrees, and states that are in the land : and these were the mechanicall and dead limmes of this carued bodie. As touching those that had the vse of motion in it, and for a neede durst haue spoken, but that there was no stufte fit for their mouthes.

The principall and worthiest was *Astræa*, (*Iustice*) sitting aloft, as being newly descended from heauen, gloriously attirde ; all her garments being thickely strewed with starres ; a crowne of starres on her head : a Siluer veile couering her eyes. Hauing tolde you that her name was *Iustice* ; I hope you will not put mee to describe what properties she held in her hands, sithence every painted cloath can informe you.

Directly vnder her, in a Cant by her selfe, was *Arate* (vertue) inthronde, her garments white, her head crowned, and vnder her *Fortuna* : her foote

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treading on the Globe, that moude beneath her : Intimating, that his Maiesties fortune, was about the world, but his vertues about his fortune.

Inuidia.

Enuy, vnhandfomely attirde all in blacke, her haire of the same colour, filletted about with snakes, stood in a darke and obscure place by her selfe, neere vnto *Vertue*, but making shew of a fearefulnesse to approach her and the light : yet still & anon, casting her eyes, fometimes to the one side beneath, where on feuerall Greeces fate the foure cardinall vertues :

Viz. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Iustitia.} \\ \textit{Fortitudo.} \\ \textit{Temperantia.} \\ \textit{Prudentia.} \end{array} \right\}$ In habiliments, fitting to their natures.

And fometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposit feate, on which, his Maiesties foure kngdomes were aduanced.

Viz. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{England.} \\ \textit{Scotland.} \\ \textit{France.} \\ \textit{Ireland.} \end{array} \right\}$

All of them, in rich Robes and Mantles ; crownes on their heads, and Scepters with pensild scutchions in their hands, lined with the coats of the particuler kingdomes : for very madnesse, that she beheld these glorious obiects, she stood feeding on the heads of Adders.

The foure Elements in proper shapcs, (artificially and aptly expresseing their qualities) vpon the approach of his Maiestie, went round in a proportionable and euen circle, touching that cantle of the Globe, (which was open) to the full view of his Maiestie, which being

done, they bestowed themfelues in fuch comely order, and flood fo, as if the Eronie had beene held vp on the tops of their fingers.

Vpon diftinct Afcenfions, (neatly raifde within the hollow wombe of the Globe) were placed all the ftates of the land, from the Nobleman to the Ploughman, among whom there was not one word to bee heard, for you muft imagine as *Virgil* faith :

Ægl. 4. *Magnus ab integro feclorum nafcitur ordo.*
*Iam redit at * virgo redeunt Saturnia regna.*^{Affreea.}

That it was now the golden world, in which there were few parts.

All the tongues that went in this place, was the tongue of *Zeale*, whose perfonage was put on by *W. Bourne*, one of the feruants to the young Prince.

And thus went his fpeech.

THE populous Globe of this our Englifh Ile,
Seemde to mooue backward, at the funerall pile,
Of her dead female Maieftie. All ftates
From Nobles downe to fpirits of meaner Fates,
Mooude oppofite to Nature and to Peace,
As if thefe men had bin Th' Antipodes,
But fee, the vertue of a Regall eye,
Th' attraftiue wonder of mans Maieftie,
Our Globe is drawne in a right line agen,
And now appeare new faces, and new men.
The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire,
(Which euer clipt a naturall defire,
To combat each with other, being at firft,)
Created enemies to fight their worft,
See at the peacefull prefence of their King,
How quietly they moude, without their fting :
Earth not deuouring, Fire not defacing,

Water not drowning, & the Ayre not chafing :
 But proping the queint Fabrick that heere flands,
 Without the violence of their wrathfull hands.

Mirror of times, lo where thy *Fortune* fits,
 Aboue the world, and all our humaine wits,
 But thy hye Vertue aboue that: what pen,
 Or Art, or braine can reach thy vertue then ?
 At whose immortall brightnes and true light,
Enuius infectious eyes haue lost their sight,
 Her frakes (not daring to shoot-forth their stings
 Gainst such a glorious obiecl) downe she flings
 Their forkes of Venome into her owne mawe,
 Whilst her ranke teeth the glittering poisons chawe,
 For tis the property of *Enuius* blood,
 To dry away at euery kingdomes good,
 Especially when shee had eyes to view,
 These foure maine vertues figurde all in you,
Iustice in causes, *Fortitude* gainst foes,
Temprance in spleene, and *Prudence* in all those,
 And then so rich an Empyre, whose fayre brest,
 Contaynes foure Kingdomes by your entrance blest
 By *Brute* diuided, but by you alone,
 All are againe vnited and made *One*,
 Whose fruitfull glories shine so far and euen,
 They touch not onely earth, but they kisse heauen,
 From whence *Astræa* is descended hither,
 Who with our last Queenes Spirit, fled vp thither,
 Fore-knowing on the earth, she could not rest,
 Till you had lockt her in your rightfull brest.
 And therefore all Estates, whose proper Arts,
 Liue by the breath of Majestie, had harts
 Burning in holy Zeales immaculate fires,
 With quenchles Ardors, and vntaind desires,
 To see what they now see, your powerful Grace,
 Reflecting joyes on every subiects face.
 These paynted flames and yellow burning Stripes,
 Vpon this roab, being but as showes and types,
 Of that great Zeale. And therefore in the name
 Of this glad Citie, whither no Prince euer came,

More lou'd, more long'd for, lowely I intreate,
You'd be to her as gracious as y' are great :
So with reuerberate shoutes our Globe shall ring,
The Muficks clofe being thus : God faue our King.

If there be any glorie to be won by writing these
lynes, I do freele bestow it (as his due) on Tho. *Middleton*, in whose braine they were begotten, though
they were deliuered heere : *Quæ nos non fecimus ipsi,*
vix ea nostra uoco.

But hauing peiced vp our wings now againe with
our owne feathers : suffer vs a while to be pruning
them, and to lay them smooth, whilst this song, which
went forth at the found of Hault-boyes, and other
lowde instruments, flies along with the trayne.

Cant.

Where are all these Honors owing ?
Why are seas of people flowing ?

Tell mee, tell me Rumor,
Though it be thy Humor
More often to be lying,

Than from thy breath to haue trueth flying :

Yet alter, now that fashon,
And without the streame of passion,
Let thy voyce swim smooth and cleare,

When words want gilding, then they are most deere.

Behold where Ioue and all the States,
Of Heau'n, through Heau'ns seauen siluer gates,

All in glory riding
(Backs of Clowds bestriding)

The milky waie do cower,

Which starry Path being measur'd ouer,

The Deities conuent,

In Ioues high Court of Parliament.

Rumor thou doest loofe thy aymes,

This is not Ioue, but One, as great, King JAMES.

And now take we our flight vp to Temple-bar, (the

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other ende of this our Gallery) where by this time, his Majestie is vpon the poynt of giuing a gracious and Princely Fare-well to the Lord Major, and the Citie. But that his eye meeting a feauenth beautifull obseft, is invited by that, to delay awhile his (lamented) departure.

The Building being fet out thus.

The Front or Surface of it was proportioned in euery respect like a Temple, being dedicated to *Ianus*, as by this inscription ouer the *Ianus* head may appear.

Iano Quadri fronti

Sacrum.

The height of the whole Aedifice, from the grownd line to the top, was 57. foote, the full bredth of it 18. foote : the thicknes of the Palsage 12.

The perfonages that were in this Temple, *are these.*

1. The principall perfon, *Peace.*
2. By her flood, *Wealth.*
3. Beneath the feet of Peace, lay *Mars* (War) groueling.
4. And vpon her right hand (but with some little defcent) was feated *Quiet*, the first hand-maid of *Peace.*
5. Shee had lying at her feete, *Tumult.*
6. On the other side was the seconde hand-mayd, *Libertie* at whose feete lay a Cattie.
7. This perfon trod vpon *Seruitude.*
8. The third handmaid was *Safety.*
9. Beneath her was *Danger,*
10. The fourth attendant was, *Felicitie :*
11. At her feete, *Vnhappines.*

Within the Temple was an Altar, to which, vpon the approch of the King, a *Flamin* appeares, and to him, the former Genius of the Citie.

The effect of whose speech was, that whereas the *Flamin* came to performe rites there, in honour of one *Anna* a goddesse of the *Romaines*, the Genius vowes, that none shall doe Sacrifice there, but himselfe, the offering that he makes being, the Heart of the Citie, &c.

And thus haue wee (lowely and aloofe) followed our Soueraigne through the seauen Triumphal gates of this his Court Royall, which name, as *London* receiued at the ryling of the *Sunne*; so now at his going from her (euen in a moment) She lost that honour: And being (like an Actor on a Stage) stript out of her borrowed Majestie, she resignes her former shape & title of Citie; nor is it quite lost, considering it went along with him, to whom it is due: For such Vertue is begotten in Princes, that their verie prefence hath power to turne a Village to a Citie, and to make a Citie appeare great as a Kingdome. Behold how glorious a Flower, Happinesse is, but how fading. The Minutes (that lackey at the heeles of *Time*) run not faster away then do our joyes. What tongue could haue exprest the raptures on which the soule of the Citie was carried beyond it selfe, for the space of manie houres? What wealth could haue allurde her to haue clofde her eies, at the comming of her King, and yet See, her Bridegrome is but stept from her, and in a Minute (nay in shorter time, then a thought can be borne) is she made a Widdow. All her consolation being now, to repeate ouer by roate those Honors, which lately she had perfectly by hart: And to tell of those joyes, which but euen now, shee reallie behelde; yet thus of her absent, beloued, do I heare her gladly and heartily speaking.

*Infreta dum Fluvii Current: dum montibus umbræ,
Lustrabunt Conuexa, Polus dum sidera pascit,
Virg. Semper Honos Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.*

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Virg. Lustrabunt Conuexa, Polus dum sidera pascit,
Semper Honos Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.*

The Pageant in the Strond.

THE Citie of *Westminster* and Dutchy of *Lancaster*, perceiuing what preparation their neighbor citie made to entertain her Soueraigne; though in greatnes they could not match her, yet in greatnes of Loue and Duetie, they gaue testimonie, that both were equall. And in token they were so, hands and hearts went together: and in the Strond, erected vp a Monument of their affection.

The Inuention was a Rayne-bowe, the Moone, Sunne, and the seauen Starres, called the *Pleades*, being aduanced betweene two *Pyramides*: *Electra* (one of those seauen hanging in the aire, in figure of a Comet) was the speaker, her words carrying this effect.

That as his Majestie had left the Citie of London, happy, by deliuering it frô the noyse of tumult: so he would crowne this place with the like joyes; which being done, shee reckons vp a number of blessings, that will follow vpon it.

The worke of this was thought vpon, begun and made perfect in xij. daies.

As touching those fise which the Citie builded, the *Arbor* in Cheap-side, and the Temple of *Ianus*, at Temple-bar, were both of them begun and finisht in fixe weekes. The rest were taken in hande, first in March last, after his Majestie was proclaymed, vpon which, at that time, they wrought till a Moneth after *S. James* his day following, and then gaue ouer by reason of the sicknes: At this second setting vpon the, fix weekes more were spent

The Citie elected fixeene Comitties, to whom the Mannaging of the whole busines was absolutely referred: of which number, foure were Aldennens, the other graue Commoners.

There were also Committies appoynted as Ouerfeers, and Scrueyors of the workes.

*Artificum Operariumque in hoc tam
celebri apparatu, summa.
summa.*

THe Citie employed in the Framing, building, and setting vp of their five *Arches*, these officers and worke-men.

A Clarke that attended on the Committies.

Two officers that gaue Summons for their meetings. &c.

A clarke of the Workes.

Two master-Carpenters.

Painters.

Of which number, those that gaue the maine direction, and vndertooke for the whole busines, were only these seauen.

{	William Frisfield.	}
	George Mofse.	
	Iohn Knight.	
{	Paul Ifacson.	}
	Samuell Goodrick.	
	Richard Wood.	
{	George Heron.	}

Caruers.

24

Ouer whom, Stephen Harrison Joyner was appoynted chiefe; who was the sole Inuentor of the Architecture, and from whom all directions, for so much as belonged to Caruing, Joyning, Molding, and all other worke in those five Pageants of the Citle (Paynting excepted) were fet downe.

Ioyners.

80

Carpenters.

60

Turners.

6

Laborers to them.

6

Sawyers.

12

Laborers during all the time, and for the day of the Triumph.

70

326 *The Kings Entertainment.*

Besides these, there were other Artificers, As :
Plommers, Smythes, Molders.

To the Reader.

Reader. you must vnderstand, that a regard, being had that his Majestie should not be wearied with tedious speeches : A great part of those which are in this Booke fet downe, were left vnspoken : So that thou doest here receiue them as they should haue been deliuered, not as they were. Some errours wander up and downe in these sheetes, vnder the Printers warrant : which notwithstanding may by thy authoritie be brought in, and receiue their due Correction.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

The Shoemakers Holiday.

On what authority is this play sometimes ascribed to Barten Holiday and to others? That Dekker was the author, even if Henslowe's testimony were wanting, is, as will be seen, abundantly proved by internal evidence.

The original edition of this comedy, as also that of *Old Fortunatus*, is printed in black letter.

PAGE 20.

where's Cissy Bumtrinket your maid?

The same term is used by Richard Brome in the Beggars' song, in the comedy of *The Jovial Crew*. Dekker also uses it in *Satiromastix* (p. 220).

PAGE 81.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.

Hazlitt says that this play "has the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth still upon its cheek and in its heart." The plan is founded on an old German romance, which was reprinted and translated a great many times during the sixteenth century. Dekker has preserved the original names and the main outline of the story.

PAGE 83.

Some call her Pandora.

From the evils Pandora is said to have brought on mortals, and the sense in consequence generally attached to her name, this seems a somewhat equivocal compliment; but Dekker alludes only to her name, which signifies *all-accomplished*, and

perhaps to the corresponding description of her in the "Theogony" of Hesiod. Gloriana, Cynthia, Belphebe, and Aftrea, were undoubtedly appellations applied to Elizabeth by the Poets of her time, although there is probably no other instance in which she is praised under the name of Pandora.

PAGE 87.

Patience is a vertue : would I were not vertuous, thats to say, not poore, but full of vice, (thats to say, full of chunckes) Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chunckes, that a Horse with one eye may looke through and through me.

. This is probably an allusion to a line found in Lyly's *Grammar* :

Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

as by chinks, in the first instance, money is meant, and the holes in his dress in the second.

PAGE 89.

My tongue speakes no language but an Almond for Parrat, and cracke me this Nut.

It is somewhat difficult to affix any precise meaning to these phrases, which, however, occur not unfrequently in the writings of the time. There is a scarce black letter work named "An Almond for a Parrot;" and a play called "Crack me this Nut," was performed at the Rose Theatre in 1595. This latter is also one of the titles of a pamphlet of Lyly's.

PAGE 93.

Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall.

We should probably read "saw" here instead of *said*.

PAGE 95.

If through Gods sacred hunger thou dost pine.

This is the *Auri sacra fames* of Virgil (see *Æn.* III. 57) ; the word "sacred" being of course used in the sense of accursed.

PAGE 95.

*a wiseman poore,
Is like a sacred booke thats neuer read,
To himselfe he liues, and to all els seemes dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded foole,
Then of a threadbare Saint in wisdomes schoole.*

Our poet may here allude to a passage in the Book of Ecclesi-

after, ix. 14, sqq. "The poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

PAGE 96.

*thou wilt repent
That for the love of dresse thou hast despised
Wisedomes divine embrace.*

It is evident that many of the sentiments in this scene were drawn by our poet from the choice made by Solomon in the beginning of his reign, of wisdom, in preference to riches, or honour, or power over his enemies, or length of life, as recorded in the First Book of Kings: and it should be remembered to their honour that many noble images and illustrations were derived from the same divine source by the dramatic poets of that age.

PAGE 96.

Gold is the strength, the sunnocks of the world.

"No wonder," says Campbell, who quotes this scene in his Specimens, "poor Dekker could rise a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probably felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses in the misanthropy of Ampedo,

"I'm not enamour'd of this painted idol," &c.

PAGE 97.

*yet I feele nothing here to make mee rich,
here's no sweeter Musicke with her silver sound.*

"Music with her silver sound" is a quotation from a poem by Richard Edwards, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576, 1597. The stanza containing these words is also quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, towards the end of the fourth act. A similar expression "Musick with her silver tongue" occurs again in the *Comedy of Old Fortunatus*. Dekker seems indeed to have had a special fondness for this phrase, for we read also in *Satiro-mastix*.

"Musick talke lowder, than thy silver voice," &c.

PAGE 124.

Whether it were lead or latten that haspt downe those winking casements.

The word *latten*, which occurs in act i. of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has been differently explained by the commentators.

Theobald supposes it to have been the old orichalc; Malone that it was made of copper and calimini, and Steevens, who quotes the passage in the text, seems inclined to think it tin. Chaucer says in *The Frankelins Tale*:

“And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde froty feon of December.
Phebus waxe old and hewed like *laton*,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with stremes bright:
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
When as he stonne ful pale, I dare wel fain.”

PAGE 125.

what shall we learne by tranaille

ANDEL. *Fashions.*

SHAD. *Thats a beastly disease.*

“Infected with the fashions” is one of the disorders of Petruccio’s horse, as described by Biondello in act 3. of *Taming of the Shrew*. “It is so called in the West of England,” says Grey, “but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens* or *farcy*.” Steevens, among other instances of its use by the old writers, adduces the passage in the text.

PAGE 125.

when my purfourskip ends, ile resigne, and cap you.

Cap you, from the context, must mean, *take from you the cap*. In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the host threatens to *cap* Ralph, unless his reckoning be immediately paid, which is resented by the honest citizen as an unpardonable indignity.

PAGE 129.

O Deformitie,

Thy fairenes is not like to Agrippynes,

For (dead) her beaultie will no beaultie haue,

But thy face lookes most louely in the graue.

In the original the word in parenthesis is misprinted *dread*. For the very obvious correction made in the text I have the high authority of Charles Lamb, who says of the scene which these lines close:—“The humour of a frantic lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an innamorato as any which Shakespeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in love’s reasons. He talks ‘pure Biron and Romeo,’ he is almost as

poetical as they, quite as philofophical, only a little madder.”
Specimens (1808) p. 62-63.

PAGE 133.

With fiftie bard Horfes prauuncing at his heeles.

“Bard,” *i.e.* *barbed* or adorned with trappings. So in Heywood’s *Four Prentices of London* :

“Shall our *bar’d* *horfes* climb yon mountain tops,” &c.

PAGE 136.

la pauyne Hispanola.

The pavan, which is here spoken of, is said in the *Alchemist* of Ben Jonson, to be a Spanish dance. It is also mentioned in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*. It seems to have been a majestic and stately dance, and is particularly described by Sir John Hawkins in a note on *Twelfth Night*.

PAGE 147.

But I in wildernesse tottred out my youth.

“Wildness” is probably the correct reading.

PAGE 151.

*The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
 Thorne and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,
 But being gon through, you find all heav’nly sweetes,
 The entrance is all flintie, but at th’end;
 To towers of pearle and christall you ascend.*

One is irresistibly reminded in reading these fine lines of a similar passage in Tennyson’s *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

PAGE 155.

whilst thou art commenſing thy knauerie there, ile proceede Doctor Dodipoll here.

A comedy called “The Wisdom of Dr. Dodipoll,” was printed in 1600: it is to this that Dekker alludes, as also in *Satiro-mastix*, p. 262, “Wut Iweare by Parnaffus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?”

PAGE 159.

to marke how like tree bul-beggara dey stand.

Bull-beggar and bull-bear were words of the same meaning as the modern *bug-bear*. Gable Harvey in his *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, uses both. “He was proved a filly *bull-bear*; a very puff of wind; a thing of nothing.” “Some odd wits for-

footh will needs be accounted terrible *bull-beggars*, and the only kill-cows of their age." See also Pierce's *Supplication*.

PAGE 160.

Put Galloway's horns off.

This stage-direction is evidently an error. For Galloway we should doubtless read Montrose and Longaville.

PAGE 175.

May still to forty-two, and one year more,

So the original; but there is very little doubt we should read "add." As Elizabeth succeeded to the Crown only in November, 1558, and the present play was printed in 1600, it seems certain that she could not have reigned more than forty-two years.

PAGE 177.

SATIRO-MASTIX.

This play is an answer to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, which had been brought out at the Blackfriars by the children of the Queen's chapel in the previous year. Marston and Dekker had, it seems, persisted for some years in ridiculing Jonson on the stage, till he found it necessary to draw up the *Poetaster*, in which, together with the untrussing, the whipping, and the flogging, he anticipated and answered many of the accusations subsequently brought against him in the *Satiro-mastix*. As Marston and Dekker had headed the cabal against him, he introduced them under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius; Marston is very distinctly marked: Dekker might, perhaps, have "sat still unquestioned"—at least with posterity—had not the justice of the satire filled him with rage, and induced him to appropriate the character of Demetrius to himself in an angry recrimination. He was (apparently to his own satisfaction) put forward by the rest as their defender. Jonson must have been aware of this, for he makes one of the players say of Dekker, "his doublet's a little decayed, otherwise he is a very simple honest fellow, fir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in in a play."

Dekker, being both a rapid and a popular writer, the choice of a champion was not injudicious. The *Satiro-mastix* was produced in 1602. Jonson had played with his subject; but Dekker writes in downright passion, and foams through every page. He makes no pretensions to invention, but takes up

the characters of his predecessor, turns them the *seamy side without*, and produces a coarse and ill-wrought caricature. Tucca who, in Jonson's hands, is amusing with all his insolence and rapacity, degenerates with Dekker into a mere candidate for Tyburn. Nor is this the worst. In transferring the scene from the court of Augustus to England, Dekker has the inconceivable folly to fix on William Rufus, a rude and ignorant foldier, whom he ridiculously terms "learning's true Mæcenas, poefy's king," for the champion of literature, when his brother, Henry I., who aspired to the reputation of a scholar, would have entered into his plot with equal facility.—GIFFORD, *Memoir of Ben Jonson*.

"William Rufus, 'learning's true Mæcenas, poefy's king,' it may be presumed, was the ignorant William Shakespeare, "skilled in the hawking and hunting languages," so that Dekker's selection appears to have been peculiarly appropriate. The wits of Elizabeth were not asleep.

In this comedy Shakespeare is King William, and Lyly is Sir Vaughan ap Rees; the remark of Tucca, "be not so tart my precious Metheglin," identifies Lyly with Amorphus, reminding us of the Metheglin and Pythagorical breeches in *Cynthia's Revells*, which, I hold, are satirical allusions to the transmigrations through Sir Hugh Evans and Captain Fluellen; whilst in the remark, "you nasty Tortois, you and your itchy poetry break out like Christmas, but once a year," we have probably the germ of Caliban."

SHAKESPEARE AND JONSON. Dramatic *versus* Wit-Combats. Auxiliary Forces: Beaumont and Fletcher, Marston, Dekker, Chapman, and Webster. Lond.: J. Ruffell Smith, 1864, p. 52.

PAGE 179.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi.—Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habet: Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

This is from Martial. Epig. lib. XIII. 2, *In Detractorem*.

PAGE 181.

Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum.
Virgil, *Aen.* III, 658.

PAGE 183.

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo.

Horace, Satir. lib. I. i. 66.

SATIRO-MASTIX.

PAGE 184.

To this play the author prefixed a list of *Errata* (which have, of course, been corrected in the present edition), with the following address, *Ad Lectorem*: "In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice, before the Play begin: it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them in stead of a hiffe, a gentle correction."

PAGE 212.

these true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.

The two plays of Shakespeare, in which the character here alluded to, appears—*i. e.*, the Second Part of K. Henry IV. and The Merry Wives of Windsor—were brought out in 1600—1602. The allusion in the text seems to prove that the famous justice had already become a household word.

PAGE 214.

One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger.

In hugger-mugger—*i. e.*, in private, secretly. The phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

"we have done but greenly

In *hugger-mugger* t'inter him."

PAGE 216.

Mist'ris Miniver caps.

This expression, which recurs frequently in the *Satiro-mastix*, is used by Simon Eyre as a term of reproach in *The Shoemakers Holiday* (*quod. antea*, p. 72): "Vanish mother Mineuer-Cap, trip and goe."

PAGE 218.

Mother Mumblecrust.

This name, which is applied by Eyre to his wife in *The Shoemakers Holiday*, is given in *Ralph Roister Doister* to one of the principal characters: it is also used in the *Pleasant Comedy of Patient Griffell*, 1603.

PAGE 221.

Th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that grows by the Beare-garden.

The proximity of the Hope, while yet a bear-garden to the

Rofe, may be gathered from the above paffage. The atmosphere at the Rofe was, it would feem, impregnated with the effluvia from the Hope.—*Collier*.

PAGE 229.

TUC. *Thou haft been at Parris Garden haft not?*

HOR. *Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.*

Paris Garden was at an early date employed as a theatre for dramatic representations, and it feems to have been of an hexagonal fhape. *Zulziman* was a character in fome play which has not furvived.

PAGE 229.

My name's Hamlet reuenge.

This is the fecond allufion in *Satiro-maftix* to the writings of Shakespeare. The earlieft known edition of Hamlet bears date 1603; but it feems to have been acted fome time before it found its way into print.

PAGE 231.

Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs.

This expreffion occurs alfo in *The Shomakers Holiday* (*ſuprà*, p. 68): “My *Codpeece-point* is ready to flye in peeeces euery time I thinke vpon miſtris *Rofe*.”

PAGE 251.

Smiles on my cheekes ariſe,

To ſee how ſweetly a true virgin dyes.

“The beauty and force of this ſcene,” ſays Charles Lamb, “are much diminifhed to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this ſolemn preparation is but a ſham contrivance of the father’s, and the potion which Coeleſtina ſwallows nothing more than a ſleeping draught, from the effects of which ſhe is to awake in due time, to the ſurpriſe of her huſband, and the great mirth and edification of the king and his courtiers. As Hamlet ſays, they do but ‘poifon in jeſt.’ The ſentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian ſacrifice in earneſt.” But as Terrill and his bride both believed the ſacrifice to be real, we cannot concur in theſe ſtrictures of the gentle Elia.

PAGE 257.

Saue thee, my moſt gracious King a Harts ſaue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great Sultane Soliman, &c.

Compare the final scenes of *The Shoemakers Holiday*, where Simon Eyre talks in much the same way to the King. "Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a Pope, to *Sultan Solyman*, to *Tamberlaine*, and he were here." Both Eyre and Tucca ask of their Sovereign the boon of his presence to grace a banquet. The difference is that the *bonhonnie* of the former is genuine and natural, and that of the latter assumed and artificial.

PAGE 265.

Epilogus.

In the Epilogue to Dekker's *Satiromastix*, Tucca addresses the audience generally as "*two penny tenants*," having previously told them, "I'll see you all here for your two-pence a-piece again, before I'll lose your company," as if the price had been, for some reason, temporarily lowered to that rate. This play was performed before 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's servants and by the Children of St. Pauls. In the body of it, Tucca speaks degradingly of "penny-bench theatres," where "a gentleman or an honest citizen" might sit "with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts;" which agrees with a passage in his *Gull's Horn-Book*, 1609, where he remarks, "your groundling and gallery' commoner buys his sport for a penny," as if the admission to the yard, where people stood, and to the gallery, where they sat, were the same.

PAGE 267.

The Magnificent Entertainment, &c.

With this is usually found at the end: B. JON: [Ben Jonson] *his Part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment through his Honorable Cittie of London, Thursday the 15 of March 1603.* So much as was presented in the first and last of their *Triumphall Arch's.* Printed at London by V. S. for Edward Blount, 1604.

Of Dekker's portion another edition exists, "Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Finlason and are to be sold at Niddries wynde heide. Anno Dom. 1604. with Licence."

PAGE 274.

*Where the neat Sonne each Morne himselfe attires,
And gildes it with his repercussive fires.*

This is a word of very uncommon occurrence. It is used in Fanshawe's translation of the *Lusiad* :

"Whose *repercussive* lyre shall have the fate
To be renowned more than fortunate."

Dekker uses the word again in his Pageant of *Troia Nova Triumphans* (vol. III., p. 243).

PAGE 282.

Gracious-street.

See also *The Shoemakers Holiday*, p. 69: "the great new hall in Gracious streete corner." The present name, Gracechurch-street, is but little more correct than the corrupted appellation of Dekker's time. St. Bennet Grafs-church, at the south-west corner of Fenchurch-street, was so called from its vicinity to the Grafs-market, formerly held close by. The customs or duties of this market, in the reign of Edward III., are printed in Stow's *Survey*, ed. 1603, p. 214.

PAGE 290.

Alter Iesiades, alter Amoniades.

Jesiades, i.e., Solomon, the grandson of *Jesse*. It is almost needless to observe how much the King admired this agnomen, or how often it was attributed to him. In the Preface to his Works, by Bishop Montacute, we read "God hath given us a Solomon, and God above all things gave Solomon wisdom," &c. *Amoniades* probably signifies Apollo, the son of Jupiter (Ammon).

PAGE 293.

*The Mart, where as well the Froe, as the Burger, are buying
and selling.*

Froe is the Dutch word for a woman. It is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit at Seven Weapons*, Act. V.

"Buxom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the musick's numbers with their feet."

PAGE 294.

Sermo ad Regem.

Gifford is at a loss to know where Dekker got these Latin verses—"perhaps," he says, "from his own stores; for he had a smattering of Latin, which he is somewhat too fond of showing."

PAGE 297.

A woman in a watchet robe.

Watchet is a light blue-colour. The word is Saxon, and is used by Milton and Dryden.

PAGE 302.

Troynouant is now no more a Citie.

The name of *Troynouant* here given to London, and also in a Pageant by Dekker, entitled *Troia Nova Triumphans* (1612), is derived from the once popular fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, who declares that Buote, a lineal descendant of *Æneas*, "the grandfon of Jupiter, by his daughter Venus, builded this citie about the year of the world 2885," (or 1008 years before the nativity of Christ), and named it Trinovantum, Troy-novant, (or New Troy), in remembrance of Troy, from whence he came, calling the country Britain after his own name.

PAGE 314.

One of maister Mulcasters Schollers.

Dr. Richard Mulcaster, then Master of St. Paul's School, "a native of Carlisle, was educated at Eton, whence he was sent to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A., 1553-4, but afterwards removed to Oxford, and was elected a Student of Christ Church; proceeded M.A. and became eminent for his skill in Greek. After spending more than five years at Oxford, he made so great a proficiency in several sorts of learning, that he was unanimously chosen master of the school erected in 1561 in the parish of St. Laurence, Pountney, by the Worshipful Company of Merchant-taylors of that City. In 1596 he succeeded one Joh. Harrison in the Chief Mastership of St. Pauls School in London, and soon after had the rich parsonage of Stamford Rivers in Essex bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth. He died there 15th April 1611, having resigned Paul's School three years before."—Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

PAGE 317.

I hope you will not put me to describe what properties shee held in her hands; sithence every painted cloath can informe you.

Properties, i.e., ensigns proper to her character—a theatrical term. *Sithence* is "since." *Painted cloth* was cloth or canvas painted in oil with a variety of devices and verses interspersed.

PAGE 318.

Scepters with pensild scutchions in their handes.

i.e. (not having *pensils*, small flags, but) painted; so in an earlier passage of this pageant: "They held in their handes pensild Shieldes; vpon the first was drawne a Rose," &c.

PAGE 318.

where, on seuerall greeces, fate the foure cardinall vertues.

This word, used in several places by Shakespeare, was variously spelt, grice, greece, greese, grieze, grize, grife, &c.; and seems to be formed from *gressus*, or contracted from *degrees*. It signified a step, or a flight of steps. See Lydgate's *Warres of Troy* (ed. 1555):—

"She gan anone by *greeces* to affende
Of a Touret in to an hye pynacle."

PAGE 318.

that cantle of the globe which was open to the full view of his Maiestie.

Cantle, or *cantel*, signifies portion, piece, or parcel.

"Cant," which occurs anteà p. 317:—"Directly vnder her in a Cant by herselfe" is a contraction of this, and means a niche or corner, like the Dutch *kant*, from which both words are probably derived.

PAGE 319.

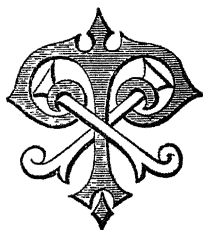
And flood so, as if the Eronie had beene held vp on the tops of their fingers.

Qy. "ourany"? suggests Mr. Dyce (Notes to Middleton's Works, v. 209).



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND



LONDON
IN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

THE
Honest Whore,

With,
The Humours of the Patient Man,
and the Longing Wife.



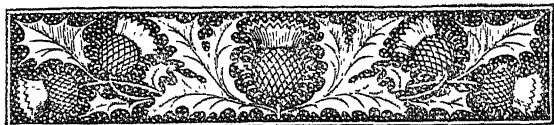
Tho : Dekker.



LONDON

Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to
be folde at his shop in Paules
church-yard. 1604.

[Of the first part of *The Honest Whore* there are other editions bearing date 1605, 1615, 1616, and 1635. That of 1605 is the most correct, and has formed the basis of the present text. Of the second part no earlier impression than that of 1630 is known to exist.]



THE HONEST WHORE.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearse, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Millan, Castruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto Fluello, and others at another doore. Enter Hipolito in discontented appearance : Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke.

BEhold, yon Commiet shewes his head againe
Twice hath he thus at croffe-turnes throwne
on us
Prodigious lookes : Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turn'd wilde ;
Go on in Gods name.

All. On afore there ho.

Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly
sides

Your weapons to keepe backe the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pry thee deare *Matheo*.

Matheo. Come y'are mad.

Hip. I do arrest thee murderer : set downe.
Villaines fet downe that forrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my bloods sake
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Joyne in confederacy with your weapons points ;
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seeke out his bowels : funerall grieve loathes words.

All. Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat. O my Lord !

Y'are wrong : i'th open street ? you seee shee's dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleewe these gentlemen ? pray speake :
Thou dost abuse my child, and mockst the teares
That here are shed for her : If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheekes :
That paire of starres that gave her body light,
Darkned and dim for ever : All those rivers
That fed her veines with warm and crimfon streames
Frozen and dried up : if these be signes of death,
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to emptie all these eyes
Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)
As mirth is to the living : Sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee ? hark, thou art curst
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke. What wouldst thou have ? is she not dead ?

Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.

Du. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now againe ;
And art more savage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kisse her pale and bloodlesse lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Mat. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour ! smoake.

Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. I, well done sir, you play the gentleman :

Steale hence : 'tis nobly done : away : Ile joyne
My force to yours. to stop this violent torment :

Passé on. *Exeunt with Funerall.*

Hip. *Mathæo* thou dost wound me more.

Mat. I give you physick noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. O well said, well done, a true gentleman :
Alack, I know the fea of lovers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide : it beates
And beares downe all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her ?

Duke. Na, na, be but patient :
For why deaths hand hath fued a strict divorce
Twixt her and thee : what's beautie but a coarfe ?
What but faire sand-duft are earths purest formes :
Queenes bodies are but trunks to put in wormes.

Mathæo. Speake no more sentences, my good
Lord, but slip hence ; you see they are but fits, Ile
rule him I warrant ye. I, so, tread gingerly, your
Grace is heere somewhat too long already. S'blood
the jest were now, if having tane some knockes o'th
pate already, he should get loose againe, and like a
mad Oxe, tossé my new blacke cloakes into the
kennell. I must humour his Lordship : my Lord
Hipolito, is it in your stomacke to goe to dinner ?

Hipolito. Where is the body ?

Mathæo. The body, as the Duke spake very wifely,
is gone to be worm'd.

Hipolito. I cannot rest I'll meet it at next turne,
I'll see how my love lookes.

Mathæo holds him in's armes.

Mathæo. How your love lookes ? worfe then a
scare-crow, wrastle not with me : the great fellow gives
the fall for a ducat.

Hipolito I shall forget my selfe.

Mathæo. Pray do so, leave your selfe behind your
selfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to
have base rogues that maintaine a faint *Antonies* fire
in their noses (by nothing but two peny Ale) make

ballads of you ? if the Duke had but so much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha beene a vext thing : he and his traine had blowne you up, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards : you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow 'em, and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll thee up like a babie in fwadling clouts.

Hipolito. What day is to day, *Mathæo* ?

Mathæo. Yea mary, this is an easie question : why to day is. let me see, Thurfeday.

Hipolito. Oh, Thurfeday.

Mathæo. Heere's a coile for a dead commodity, sfoote women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you shall have one woman lie upon many mens hands.

Hipolito. She died on monday then.

Mathæo. And that's the most villanous day of all the week to die in : and she was well, and eat a messe of water-grewel on monday morning.

Hip. I, it cannot be,
Such a bright taper should burne out so soone.

Mat. O yes my Lord, so soone : why I ha knowne them, that at dinner have beene as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock have beene found dead drunke.

Hip. On thurfeday buried ! and on monday died,
Quick hafte birladie : fure her winding sheete
Was laid out fore her body, and the wormes
That now must feast with her, were even bespoken,
And solemnly invited like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord,
and like your Jeafter or yong Courtier, will enter upon any mans trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curst be that day for ever that rob'd her
Of breath, and me of blisse, henceforth let it stand
Within the Wizards booke (the kalendar)
{ Markt with a marginall finger, to be chosen
By theeves, by villaines, and black murderers,

As the best day for them to labour in.
 If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
 Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
 Atheisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjurie,
 Slaunder, (the beggars sinne) lies, (sinne of fooles)
 Or any other damn'd impieties,
 On *Monday* let 'em be delivered :
 I sweare to thee *Mathæo*, by my foule,
 Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glew
 Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
 On any female cheekes. And being lockt up
 In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
 On nothing but my *Infalices* end,
 Or on a dead mans scull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'll doe all these good workes now every
 monday, because it is so bad : but I hope upon tuesday
 morning I shall take you with a wench.

Hip. If ever whilst fraile blood through my veins
 runne,

On womans beames I throw affection,
 Save her that's dead : or that I loofely flie
 To th' shore of any other waisting eie,
 Let me not prosper heaven. I will be true,
 Even to her dust and ashes : could her tombe
 Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,
 That should fall downe, but she be ne're forgot.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, Honestie,
 in your belly, why so Jig-makers and Chroniclers shall
 picke something out of you : but and I smell not you
 and a bawdy house out within these ten daies, let my
 nose be as big as an English bag-pudding : Ile follow
 your Lordship though it be to the place aforementioned.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fuftigo in some fantasticke Sea-suite at one
 doore, a Porter meets him at another.*

Fufl. How now Porter, will she come ?

Porter. If I may trust a woman fir, she will come.

Fust. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou shalt earne my money before anie *Clarissimo* in Millane; yet so god fa me shee's mine owne sifter body and foule, as I am a christian Gentleman; farewell, Ile ponder till shee come: thou hast beene no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had fir, better men than Porters are bawdes.

Fust. O God fir, many that have borne offices. But Porter art sure thou wentst into a true house?

Porter. I thinke so, for I met with no thieves.

Fust. Nay, but art sure it was my sifter *Viola*.

Porter. I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you ciphered.

Fust. Not very tall.

Porter. Nor very low, a midling woman.

Fust. 'Twas she 'faith, 'twas she, a pretty plump cheek like mine.

Porter. At a blush, a little very much like you.

Fust. Gods so, I would not for a duckat she had kickt up her heeles, for I ha spent an abomination this voyage, marie I did it amongst failers and gentlemen: there's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay, farewell honest porter.

Porter. I am in your debt fir, God preserve you.

Exit.

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither, good porter; gods lid, yonder she coms. Sifter *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: it's newes to have me here, ist not sifter?

Viola. Yes trust me; I wondred who should be so bold to fend for me: you are welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fust. Troth sifter I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very forry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me fend: for you

know we Millaners love to strut vpon Spanifh leather.
And how does all our friends?

Viola. Very well; you ha travelled enough now,
I trow, to fowe your wilde oates.

Fust. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate
to throw at a horfe; troth fifter I ha fowde my oates,
and reapt 200. duckats if I had 'em here, marry I must
entreat you to lend me fome thirty or forty till the
fhip come, by this hand Ile difcharge at my day, by
this hand.

Viola. Thefe are your old oathes.

Fust. Why fifter do you thinke Ile forfwear my
hand?

Viola. Well, well you fhall have them: put your
felfe into better fafhion, becaufe I must employ you
in a ferious matter.

Fust. Ile fweate like a horfe if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha caft off all your old fwaggering
humours.

Fust. I had not faild a league in that great fifh-
pond (the fea) but I caft up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more forry, for I must employ a
true fwaggerer.

Fust. Nay by this yron fifter, they fhall find I
am powder and touch-boxe, if they put fire once
into me.

Viola. Then lend me your eares.

Fust. Mine eares are yours deare fifter.

Viola. I am married to a man that haz wealth
enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A Linnen Draper I was told fifter.

Viola. Very true, a grave Citizen, I want nothing
that a wife can wifh from a husband: but heere's the
fpite, hee haz not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or elfe
(God bleffe us) one a thefe whiblins, and that's worfe,
and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your
body fifter, are baftards by a statute.

Vio. O you runne over me too faft brother; I have

heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fust. Slid, would he had beene at sea with us, he should ha bene mov'd, and mov'd agen, for Ile be sworne la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No losse of goods can increafe in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance fowre, the stubburnnes of no servant shake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Dove, no more sting than an Ant : Musitian will he never be, (yet I finde much musicke in him) but he loues no frets, and is so free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands) Brother mine can by no thunder, turne him into a sharpnesse.

Fust. Belike his blood, sifter, is well brewd then.

Viola. I protest to thee, *Fustigo*, I love him most affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha such a tickling within mee ——— such a strange longing ; nay, verily I doe long.

Fustigo. Then y'are with child sifter, by all signes and tokens ; nay, I am partly a Physitian, and partly something else. I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Aristotles* Emblemes.

Viola. Y'are wide ath bow hand still brother : my longings are not wanton, but wayward : I long to have my patient husband eate up a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may sticke about his lips like a flemish mustacho, and be shot at me : I shall be leaner than the new Moone, unlesse I can make him horne mad.

Fust. Sfoote halfe a quarter of an houre does that : make him a cuckold.

Viola. Puh, he would count such a cut no unkindnesse.

Fust. The honestest Citizen he ; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

The Honest Whore.

I I

Viola. Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no Frenchman, to fret at the losse of a little scalde haire. No brother, thus it shall bee, you must be secret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I protest sister, or a Barber-furgeon.

Viola. Repaire to the *Tortoyes* here in *S. Chriftophers* streete, I will send you mony, turne your selfe into a brave man: instead of the armes of your mistresse, let your sword and your military scarfe hang about your necke.

Fufl. I must have a great Horfe-mans French feather too sister.

Viola. O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will fit like a coxcombe: to be briefe, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fufl. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Resort then to our shop, and (in my husbands presence) kisse me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing, so you give it backe agen brother in secret.

Fufl. By this hand sister.

Viola. Sweare as if you came but new from knighting.

Fufl. Nay, Ile sweare after 400. a yeare.

Viola. Swagger worfe then a Lievetenant among fresh-water souldiers, call me your love, your ingie, your cosen, or so; but sister at no hand.

Fufl. No, no, it shall be cozen, or rather coz, that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wives and their mad-caps, that man'em to the garden; to call you one a mine Aunts, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore; no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola. H'az heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fufl. The best in *Millan* I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rifle my bosome, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for mony to dice withall; but brother, you must give all backe agen in secret.

Fufligo. By this welken that heere roares I will, or else let me never know what a secret is : why fister do you thinke Ile cunny-catch you, when you are my cozen ? Gods my life, then I were a starke Affe, if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

Viola. Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell.

Fust. The *Tortoys* fister ? Ile stay there, forty duckats. *Exit.*

Viola. Thither Ile fend : this law can none deny, Women must have their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benediſt, two servants.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter, lock the doores ;
And fellowes, what your eyes and eares receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding aire
To carry the least part of it : the glasse, the houre-glasse.

Doctor. Here my Lord.

Duke. Ah, 'tis neere spent.
But Doctor *Benediſt* does your Art speake truth ?
Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbe,
And leave the Cristall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first) just at the houre ?

Doctor. Just at the houre my Lord.

Duke. Uncurtaine her :
Softly, see Doctor what a coldish heate
Spreads over all her body.

Doctor. Now it workes :
The vitall spirits that by a sleepe charme
Were bound up fast, and threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts, now gin to breake ;
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke. Some stooles : you cal'd
For musick, did you not ? Oh ho, it speakes,
It speakes, watch firs her waking, note those sands.
Doctor sit downe : A Dukedome that should wey
Mine owne downe twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy *Hipolito*,

Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her state more light
Than hers, who makes a dowry up with almes.
Doctor Ile starve her on the Appenine
Ere he shall marry her : I must confesse,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man,
Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law ?
But Princes whose high spleenes for empery swell,
Are not with easie Art made parallel.

2 *Ser.* She wakes my Lord.

Duke. Look Doctor *Benedict*,
I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my selfe averre,
For you shall beare her hence to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames ?

Doctor. Lady.

Inf. Ha.

Duke. Girle.

Why *Infelica*, how ist now, ha, speake ?

Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor here ? I'me
well.

Duke. Thou wert not so even now, sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting ;
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had toucht thy lips, a fencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.

Inf. I remember
I fate at banquet, but felt no such change.

Duke. Thou hast forgotten then how a messenger
Came wildely in with this unsavory newes,
That he was dead.

Inf. What messenger ? who's dead ?

Duke. *Hipolito*, alack, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such newes.

Doctor. Trust me you did sweet Lady.

Duke. La you now.

2 *Ser.* Yes indeed Madam.

Duke. La you now, tis well, good knaves.

Inf. You ha slaine him, and now you'le murder me.

Duke. Good *Infelica* vex not thus thy selfe,
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up.

Inf. It is untrue,

'Tis most untrue, O most unnaturall father !

Duke. And we had much to doe by Arts best
cunning,
To fetch life back againe.

Doctor. Most certaine Ladie.

Duke. Why la you now, you'le not beleewe me,
friends

Sweate we not all? had we not much to do?

2 Ser. Yes indeede, my Lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* alive agen,
I'de kneele and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband, now I fore repent
My sharpnesse to him, and his family ;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all must die :
Doctor, this place where she so oft hath scene
His lively presence, hurts her, does it not?

Doctor. Doubtlesse my Lord it does.

Duke. It does, it does :

Therefore sweet girle thou shalt to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Even where you will, in any place there's
woe.

Duke. A coach is ready, *Bergamo* doth stand
In a most wholesome aire, sweet walkes, there's deere,
I, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
Which like some goddesse in the *Ciprian* groves,
Thine owne faire hand shall strike ; first, you shall
teach her

To stand, and how to shoote, I, she shall hunt :
Cast off this sorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.

Inf. O most unhappy maide.

Exit.

Duke. Follow her close.
No words that she was buried on your lives,
Or that her ghost walkes now after thee's dead ;
He hang you if you name a funerall.
1 *Ser.* He speake Greeke, my Lord, ere I speake
that deadly word. (*Exeunt.*)
2 *Ser.* And He speake Welch, which is harder
then Greek.

Duke. Away, look to her ; Doctor *Benedict*,
Did you observe how her complexion altered
Upon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor. It may my Lord.

Duke. May ? how ? I wish his death.

Doctor. And you may have your wish ; say but the
word,

And 'tis a strong Spell to rip up his grave :
I have good knowledge with *Hipolito* ;
He calls me friend, He creepe into his bosome,
And sting him there to death ; poison can do't.

Duke. Performe it ; He create thee ehalf mine heire.

Doctor. It shall be done, although the fact be foule.

Duke. Greatnesse hides sin, the guilt upon my foule
Exeunt.

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast. Signior *Pioratto*, signior *Fluello*, shalls be
merry ? shalls play the wags now ?

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the child of
laughter.

Cast. Truth I have a pretty sportive conceit new
crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the
fecaene of mirth lie ?

Cast. At signior *Candido's* house, the patient man,
nay the monstrous patient man ; they say his blood is
immoveable, that he haz taken all patience from a
man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now a daies.

Cast. I, and so many knaves too,

Pio. Well fir.

Cast. To conclude, the report goes, he's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him : now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth, that : but how will be done Signior ?

Cast. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him i'faith, if he have but a thimblefull of blood in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a tavern token.

Pio. Thou stirre him ? thou move him ? thou anger him ? alas, I know his approved temper : thou vex him ? why hee haz a patience above mans injuries : thou maist sooner raise a spleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him : why Ile give you instance for it. This wonderfully temper'd signior *Candido* upon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious taste, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere fitting for such honourable trencher-men. Shee (just of a womans nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnisht, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildnesse of his breast) entertained the Lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Cittizen might do :) to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meate in ; their stomackes were plainly gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seiz'd a man) there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any Citizen in the woeld, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu. I, ile sweare fort : sfoot, had it beene my case, I should ha plaid mad trickes with my wife and family : first, I would ha spitted the men, stew'd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so served them in.

Pio. Why 'twould ha tempted any blood but his,

And thou to vex him ? thou to anger him
With some poore shallow jest ?

Cast. Sbloud Signior *Pioratto* (you that disparage my conceit) Ile wage a hundred duckats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galles him.

Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, joyne gols on't : witnes signior *Fluello*.

Cast. Witnesse : 'tis done :
Come, follow me : the houle is not farre off,
Ile thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred duckats by one jest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes wife, George, and two Prentises in the shop.

Wife. Come, you put up your wares in good order here, doe you not think you, one peece cast this way, another that way ? you had need have a patient master indeed.

George. I, Ile be fworne, for we have a curst mistress.

Wife. You mumble, do you mumble ? I would your master or I could be a note more angry : for two patient folkes in a houle spoile all the servants that ever shall come under them.

1 Prent. You patient ! I, so is the devill when hee is home-madde.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack ? what ist you buy ?

See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George. What ist you lacke ?

2 Prentise. What ist you buy ?

Cast. Where's signior *Candido* thy Maister ?

George. Faith signior, hee's a little negotiated, he'll appeare presently,

Cast. Fellow, let's see a lawne, a choice one firra,

George. The best in all *Millan*, Gentlemen, and

this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoes too for dublets, the onely fweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meeke gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffetaes, ah most neate, feate, and unmatchable.

Flu. A notable voluble-tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cast. What, and is this she saist thou?

George. I, and the purest she that ever you fingerd since you were a gentleman: looke how even she is, looke how cleane she is, ha, as even as the brow of *Cynthia*, and as cleane as your fonnes and heires when they ha spent all.

Cast. Puh, thou talk'st, pox on't 'tis rough.

George. How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't fir, twil take away the roughnesse presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French curse?

George. Looke you Gentleman, here's another, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare Virgins with Harlots.

Cast. Puh, I ha seene better, and as you terme them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may see further for your mind, but trust me, you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cast. O here he comes, let's make as tho we passe,

Come, come, wee'll try in some other shop,

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Cand. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let 'em passe away:

Ah: may I crave a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Cast. Makes the better for the iest.

Cand. I pray come neare, y'are very welcome galants,

Pray pardon my mans rudeneffe, for I feare me
Ha's talkt above a Prentife with you,-Lawnes !
Looke you kind gentlemen this ! no :-I this :
Take this upon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weaue, not too hard, nor slack,
But eene as farre from falshood, as from black.

Cast. Well, how doe you rate it ?

Cand. Very confcionably, 18.s. a yard.

Cast. That's too deare : how many yards does the whole piece containe thinke you ?

Cand. Why some 17 yards, I thinke, or there abouts,
How much would serue your turne ? I pray,

Cast. Why let me see—would it were better too,

Cand. Truth, tis the best in *Millan* at few words.

Cast. Well : let me have then a whole peny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha : y'are a merry Gentleman.

Cast. A pennorth I say.

Cand. Of Lawne !

Cast. Of lawne ? I of lawne, a pennorth, sblood
doft not heare ? a whole pennorth, are you deafe ?

Cand. Deafe ? no Sir : but I must tell you,
Our wares do feldome meete fuch customers,

Cast. Nay, and you and your lawnes be fo
fqueamish,
Fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay, a word, pray Signior : for what
purpose is it I befeech you ?

Cast. 'Sblood, whats that to you : Ile have a
peny-worth.

Cand. A penny-worth ! why you shall : Ile serue you
prefently.

2. *Pren.* Sfoot a penny-worth Miftresse !

Mist. A penny-worth ! call you these gentlemen ?

Cast. No, no : not there.

Can. What then kinde Gentleman, what at this
corner here ?

Cast. No nor there neither.

He have it juſt in the middle, or elſe not.

Can. Juſt in the middle : ha-you ſhall too : what ?
Have you a ſingle penny ?

Caſt. Yes here's one.

Cand. Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jeſt.

Wife. What will he ſpoile the lawne now ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a fool of you : Gentlemen, you might ha found ſome other Citizen to have made a kind gull on, beſides my husband.

Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman,
Do not regard her language.—O kinde ſoule :
Such words will drive away my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murren : call you theſe customers ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pox a your patience.

George. Sfoot miſtreſſe, I warrant theſe are ſome cheating companions.

Cand. Looke you Gentleman, there's your ware,
I thanke you, I have your money ; heare, pray know my ſhop, pray let me have your cuſtome.

Wife. Cuſtome quoth a.

Cand. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need ſo.

Pw. Harke in thine eare, th'aſt loſt an hundred duckats.

Caſt. Well, well, I know't : iſt poſſible that *Homo* Should be nor man, nor woman : not once mov'd ;
No not at ſuch an injurie, not at all !
Sure hee's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you ſmother it :
Y'are vext iſaith--confeſſe.

Cand. Why Gentlemen
Should you conceit me to be vext or mov'd ?
He haz my ware, I have his money for't,
And that's no Argument I am angry : no :
The beſt Logitian cannot proue me ſo.

Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a penny-worth of lawne,

And then cut out i'th middle of the peece :
Pah, I gueffe it by my felfe, would move a lambe
Were he a Linnen-draper-twould i'faith.

Can. Well, give me leave to anfwere you for that :

We're fet here to pleafe all customers,
Their humours and their fancies :-offend none :
We get by many, if we leefe by one.
May be his minde flood to no more then that,
A penie-worth ferves him, and 'mongft trades tis found,
Denie a pennorth, it may croffe a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thrive, with patient eye
Muft pleafe the devill if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe,
How bleft were men, if women could be fo.

Cand. And to exprefse how well my breaft is pleaf'd,

And fatisfied in all :-*George* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
He drinke unto that Gentleman, who lately
Bestowed his monie with me.

Wife. Gods my life,
We fhall haue all our gaines drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne.

Enter Geor.

Cand. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him!

Cand. *George* fil't up againe :

Twas my fault, my hand fhooke. *Exit George.*

Pio. How strangely this doth fhew ?
A patient man link't with a waspish fhrow.

Flu. A filver and gilt beaker : I have a trick to
work upon that beaker, fure 'twill fret him, it cannot
chufe but vex him. Sig. *Castruchio*, in pittie to thee I
have a conceit, will fave thy 100 duckats yet, 'twill
doo't, and worke him to impatience.

Caft. Sweete *Fluella*, I fhould be bountifull to that
conceit.

Flu. Well 'tis enough.

Enter George.

Can. Here Gentlemen to you,
I wish your custome, y'are exceeding welcome.

Can. I pledge you Sig. *Candido* ;—here you, that
must receive a roo Duccats.

Pior. Ile pledge them deepe ifaith *Castruchio*.
Signior *Fluello*.

Flu. Come : play't off to me,
I am your last man.

Cand. *George* supply the cup.

Flu. So, so, good honest *George*,
Heere Signor *Candido*, all this to you.

Cand. O you must pardon me, I use it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that :
Great love is showane in little.

Flu. Blurt on your sentences,—Sfoot you shall
pledge me all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not.

Flu. Not pledge me? S'blood, Ile carrie away
the beaker then.

Cand. The beaker? oh! that at your pleasure sir.

Flu. Now by this drinke I will.

Cast. Pledge him, he'll do't else.

Flu. So : I ha done you right on my thumb
naile,
What will you pledge me now?

Cand. You know me sir, I am not of that sin.

Flu. Why then farewell :
Ile beare away the beaker by this light.

Cand. That's as you please, tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me, and as you say, tis a
very good one.

Fare-well Signior *Candido*.

Pio. Farewell *Candido*.

Cand. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Cast. Heart not mov'd yet?
I thinke his patience is above our wit. *Exeunt.*

George. I told you before Mistressse, they were all
cheaters.

Wife. Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let 'em sneake away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too : go fellows make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well :

Come hither *George*, hie to the Constable,
And in calme order with him to attach them,
Make no great stirre, because they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment.
'Tis but a fize above a jest thou know'st,
Therefore pursue it mildly, go be gone,
The Constable's hard by, bring him along,—make
 haft againe.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not now ?

(*Exit George.*)

See what your patience comes to : everie one saddles you, and rides you, you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of *Millan* : a woman's well holp't up with such a meacocke ; I had rather have a husband that would fwaddle me thrice a day, then such a one, that will be gul'd twice in halfe an houre : Oh I could burne all the wares in my shop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife, That is, be patient : for a wife and husband
Share but one soule between them : this being
 knowne,

Why should not one soule then agree in one ? (*Exit.*)

Wife. Hang your agreements : but if my beaker be gone.—

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, here they come.

George.—The Constable sir, let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wondring : he staies at dore.

Cast. Constable goodman *Abram*.

Flu. Now Signor *Candido*, Sblood why doe you attach us ?

Cast. Sheart ! attach us !

Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,
Your oathes may move your soules, but not move
me,

You have a silver beaker of my wives.

Flu. You say not true : 'tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.

And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry sir.

Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Flu. No, but a little mov'd.

Cand. I mov'd ! 'twas you were mov'd, you were
brought hither.

Cast. But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caus'd us to be attacht.

Cand. Nay you misplace it.
Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath : had I showne anger,
I should have then perswade you with the law,
And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feeblr grounds,
The more's the pittie ; many loose their lives
For scarce so much coine as will hide their palme :
Which is most cruell, those have vexed spirits
That pursue lives, in this opinion rest,
The losse of Millions could not move my brest.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost
deale,

Such a meeke spirit can bleffe a Common-weale.

Cand. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Cast. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. Ile not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The Conflable shall beare you company.
George call him in, let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

Exeunt.

Enter Roger with a stoole, cushion, looking-glasse and chafing-dish, those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket, a viol with white cullor in it ; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he places all things in order and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At last Bellafront (as he rubs his cheek with the cullors) whistles within.

Ro. Anon forfooth.

Bell. What are you playing the rogue about ?

Ro. About you forfooth : I'me drawing up a hole in your white filke stocking.

Bell. Is my glasse there ? and my boxes of complexion ?

Ro. Yes forfooth : your boxes of complexion are here I thinke : yes 'tis here : her's your two complexions, and if I had all the foure complexions, I should nere set a good face upon't, some men I see are borne under hard-favoured planets as well as women : zounds I looke worfe now then I did before, and it makes her face glister most damnably, ther's knavery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female *Pomatum*.

Enter Bellafronte not full ready, without a gowne, she sits downe, with her bodkin curls her haire, colours her lips.

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head ?

Ro. Your ruffe, your poker, are ingendring together upon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch 'em : Is the pox in your hammes, you can goe no faster ?

Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, unlesse you could leave flinging ; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. Ile catch you, you dog by and by : do you grumble ?
She sings.

*Cupid is a God, as naked as my nail,
He whip him with a rod, if he my true love fail.*

Ro. There's your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honest *Ro.* no stay : prithee good boy,
hold here,
Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise,
downe

I never shall arise.

Ro. Troth M. then leave the trade if you shall
never rise.

Bell. What trade goodman *Abram* ?

Ro. Why that of downe and arise or the falling
trade.

Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you doe I know who shall smart for't :
Troth Mistresse, what doe I looke like now ?

Bell. Like as you are ; a panderly Sixpenny
Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that : infaith I looke
like an old Proverbe, *Hold the candle before the*
devill.

Bell. Uds life, Ile stick my knife in your guts and
you prate to me so : what ? *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty : umh, umh.

How now sir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh,

Marry muffle sir, are you growne so dainty ; fa, la,
la, &c.

Is it you sir ? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, l'cera la.
Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glasse ?

Ro. Why, as I hold your doore : with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee sweete honie *Ro.* hold up
handsomely. *Sing pretty wantons warble, &c.* We
shall ha guests to day. I lay my little maiden-head,
my nose itches so.

Ro. I said so too last night, when our Fleas
twing'd me.

Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne,
have I my fall ?

Where's my fall *Roger* ?

One knocks.

Ro. Your fall forfooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus? away with it quickly, I, I, knock, and be damn'd, whosoever you be. So: give the fresh Salmon line now: let him come a shoare, hee shall serve for my breakefast, tho he go against my stomacke.

Roger fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Cast. How does my sweet acquaintance?

Pio. Save thee little Marmoset: how dost thou good pretty rogue?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascal.

Flu. Roger, some light I pray thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for we that live here in this vale of miserie, are as darke as hell.

Exit for a candle.

Cast. Good Tobacco, *Fluello*?

Flu. Smell. *(Enter Roger.*

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with my nose already.

Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Bell. What? you pyed curtal, what's that you are neighing?

Ro. I say God send us the light of heaven, or some more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wine, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wine gentlemen and drinke halfe of it.

Flu. Here *Roger.*

Cast. No let me send prithe.

Flu. Hold you cankerworme.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drinke a mornings?

Ro. Hypocras fir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most deare to her.

Flu. Hypocras ! ther then, here's a teston for you, you snake.

Ro. Right fir, heres iij.s. vj.d. for a pottle and a manchet. *Ex.*

Cast. Her's most *Herculanian Tobacco*, ha-some acquaintance ?

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath flinke, like the pisse of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where supt you last night ?

Cast. At a place sweete acquaintance where your health danc'd the Canaries yfaith : you should ha bin there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry, fah, hang'em : I scorn't : will you never leave fucking of eggs in other folkes hens neasts ?

Cast. Why in good troth, if you'le trust me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, aske *Fluello*.

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, signior *Mala-vella* drunk to thee.

Bell. O, a pure beagle ; that horse-leach there ?

Flu. And the knight, *S. Oliver Lollio* swore he would bestow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his fast with thee.

Bell. With me ! Ile choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher, it's the dreamingst snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollio* for a foole, but hee's a subtill foole.

Bell. I, and he has fellowes : of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why wench, is he scabbed ?

Bell. Hang him, hee'l not live to be so honest, nor to the credite to have scabbes about him, his betters have 'em : but I hate to weare out any of his courfe Knight-hood, because hee's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with conny before, and within

nothing but Fox : this sweet *Oliver* will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst, but the leane jawde-slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him, fet him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

Flu. *Lord Ello*, the Gentleman-Usher came into us too, marry 'twas in our cheefe, for he had bin to borrow money for his Lord, of a Cittizen.

Cast. What an Affe is that Lord, to borrow money of a Citizen !

Bell. Nay, Gods my pittie, what an Affe is that Citizen to lend monie to a Lord !

Enter Matheo and Hipolito, who saluting the Company, as a stranger walkes off. Roger comes in sadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and stands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, signior *Flucello*, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Flucello. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Mistrresse ?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty servant ; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them : how now ? why the devill stand'st thou so ? Art in a trance ?

Ro. Yes forfooth.

Bell. Why dost not fill out their wine ?

Ro. Forfooth 'tis fild out already : all the wine that the signior has bestow'd upon you is cast away, a Porter ranne a litle at me, and so fac'd me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curst to let such a withered Artichocke faced-Rascall grow under my nose : now you looke like an old he-cat, going to the gallows : Ile be hang'd if he ha not put up the mony to cony & catch us all.

Ro. No truely forfooth, tis not put up yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou served thus?

Ro. None but five hundred, besides prentises and serving-men.

Bell. Dost thinke Ile pocket it up at thy hands?

Ro. Yes forsooth, I feare you will pocket it up.

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace good servant, I shall ha the mother presently, I'me so vext at this horse-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a scal'd pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay, sweet *Bellafronte*, for a little pigs-wash!

Cast. Here *Roger*, fetch more, a mischance. Y'faith Acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forsooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that, servant? your Friend?

Ma. Gods so a stoole, a stoole, if you love me mistresse, entertaine this Gentleman respectfully, and bid him welcome.

Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir sit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hipolito*, is't not? cry you mercie signior, you walke here all this while, and we not heard you? let mee bestow a stoole upon you, beseech you, you are a stranger heere, we know the fashions ath' house.

Cast. Please you be heere my Lord. *Tobacco.*

Hip. No good *Castruchio*.

Flu. You have abandoned the Court I see my Lord since the death of your Mistresse, well she was a delicate piece-beseech you sweete, come let us serve under the collors of your acquaintance still: for all that, please you to meete here at my lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

Hip. I never can deserve this kindnesse sir. What may this Ladie be, whom you call coz?

Flu. Faith sir a poore gentlewoman, of passing

good carriage, one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an Attornies house.

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Ha, as all your Puncks are, a Captaines wife, or so, never saw her before my Lord?

Hip. Never trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest Ape under the pole. A skinner, your fatten is not more soft, nor lawne whiter.

Hip. Belike then shee's some false curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pittie that shee's a good wench.

Ma. Thou shalt ha ifaith mistress: How now signiors, what, whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you within seven daies in a house of vanity.

Hip. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.

Ma. How do you like my mistress?

Hip. Well, for such a mistress: better, if your mistress be not your maister.

I must breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. Sfoot you shall not leave us.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.

Omn. Beseech you stay.

Hip. Trust me my affaires beckon for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps? fah! I know you can sweare to me you wil.

Hip. Since you will presse me on my word, I will.

Exit.

Bell. What fullen picture is this fervant?

Mat. It's Count *Hypolito*, the brave Count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit, as any in *Millan* you sweet Jew.

Flu. Oh he's a most essentiall gentleman, coz.

Cast. Did you never heare of Count *Hipolito* acquaintance?

Bell. Marie muffle a your Counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's so malcontent ! firra *Bellafronta*, & you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the Count with us : thou shalt sit at the upper end punck.

Bell. Punck, you foud' gurnet ?

Mat. Kings truce : come, Ile bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cast. He betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant malancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman ! some whore ! what sweet Jewell ist ?

Pio. Wo'd she heard you.

Flu. Troth so wud I.

Cast. And I by heaven.

Bell. Nay good servant, what woman ?

Ma. Pah.

Bell. Prithee tell me ; a busse and tell me : I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench : good rogue who ?

Ma. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith mistresse : ist a match firs ? this night, at *Th' antilop* : I, for there's best wine, and good boyes.

Omn. *It's done at Th' antilop.*

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot ? by th' Lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not : shaall !

Flu. Why then put it off till Fryday ; wut come then coz ?

Bell. Well.

Enter Roger.

Ma. Yare the waspifheft Ape. *Roger*, put your mistresse in minde to sup with us on Friday next : yare best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waistcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steales out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang your selfe.

Cast. It's dinner time *Mathazo*, shal's hence ?

Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.*

Bell. Farewell boyes : *Roger* what wine sent they for ?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had beene truely begotten, it wud not ha beene asham'd to come in, here's vi.s. to pay for nurfing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes ! O good sweet *Roger*, run to the Poulters, and buy me some fine larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks ?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.

Ro. Ile buy but one, ther's one already here.

Exit.

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed mistresse ?

Bell. His back is but new turn'd fir.

Hip. Fare you well.

Bell. I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you ? pray.

Bell. If you please stay, he'll not be absent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bell. Pray fit forfooth.

Hip. I'me hot.

If I may use your roome, Ile rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure whew-some rubbers there.

Hip. Indeed Ile none :—indeed I will not, thanks. Pretty-fine lodging. I perceive my friend Is old in your acquaintance.

Bell. Troth fir, he comes As other Gentlemen, to spend spare houres ; If your selfe like our rooffe (such as it is)

Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like ; what welcome should I find ?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hip. But would you let me play *Mathew's* part ?

Bell. What part ?

Hip. Why imbrace you : dally with you, kisse :
Faith tell me, will you leave him and love me ?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man sir.

Hip. Why then,
Y^eare free for any man : if any me.
But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine : I could brooke no sharers,
I should be covetous, and sweep up all.
I should be pleasures ufurer : 'faith I should.

Bell. O fate !

Hip. Why sigh you Lady ? may I know ?

Bell. T^has never bin my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine.
As I have ever wisht it : O my Stars !
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would have purchas'd sin alone, to himselfe,
For his owne private use, although scarce proper ;
Indifferent handsome : meetly leg'd and thycl :
And my allowance reasonab^le-faith,
According to my body-by my troth,
I would have beene as true unto his pleasures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As ever a poore gentlewoman could be.
Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this subtile world :
'Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net,
But come, come, 'faith-confesse : how many men
Have drunke this selfe-fame protestation,
From that red ticing lip ?

Bell. Indeed not any.

Hip. Indeed ? and blush not !

Bell. No, in truth not any.

Hip. Indeed ! intruth !—how warily you sweare.
'Tis well : if ill it be not : yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light collors, I do know indeed,
You could not sweare indeed, But thunder oathes
That should shake heaven, drowne the harmonious
spheres,
And pierce a soule (that lov'd her Makers honour)

With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I sweare ?

Will you beleeve me then ?

Hip. Worst then of all,

Our sins by custome, seeme (at last) but small.

Were I but o're your threshold, a next man,

And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should have this golden hook, and lascivious baite,

Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you :

I ha seene letters sent from that white hand,

Tuning such musicke to *Matheos* eare.

Bell. *Matheo* ! that's true, but beleeve it, I

No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,

But straight mine eie conveid you to my heart.

Hip. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,

This is the common passion of you all,

To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then

Abuse his coine, conveying it to your lover,

And in the end you shew him a french trick,

And so you leave him, that a coach may run

Betweene his legs for bredth.

Bell. O by my foule !

Not I : therein ile prove an honest whore,

In being true to one, and to no more.

Hip. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,

Let him : Ile not be he, I know you feigne

All that you speake, I : for a mingled harlot,

Is true in nothing but in being false.

What ! shall I teach you how to loath your selfe ?

And mildly too : not without sence or reason.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my selfe

If you not love me.

Hip. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,

I shall aslay to do't.

Lend me your silence, and attention,—You have no
foule,

That makes you weigh so light : heavens treasure
bought it :

And halfe a crowne hath sold it :—for your body

Is like the common-shore, that still receives
 All the townes filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
 That if all your committers flood in ranke,
 They'd make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
 Nay, shall I urge it more, there has beene knowne
 As many by one harlot, maym'd and disinembred,
 As would ha stuf't an Hospitall : this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right :
 O y'are as base as any beast that beares,
 Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and so are theirs.
 For gold and sparkling jewels, (if he can)
 You'll let a Jew get you with Christian :
 Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
 Looke uglier then a dead mans skull.
 Could the devill put on a humane shape,
 If his purse shake out crownes, up then he gets,
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
 So that y'are crueller then Turkes, for they
 Sell Christians only, you sell your selves away.
 Why those that love you, hate you : and will terme you
 Lickerish damnation ; with themselves halfe funke
 After the sin is laid out, and ee'ne curse
 Their fruitlesse riot (for what one begets
 Another poisons) lust and murder hit,
 A tree being often shooke, what fruit can knit ?

Bell. O me unhappy !

Hip. I can vex you more ;
 † A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
 Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
 Back-doord Italian, last of all the French,
 And he sticks to you 'faith : gives you your diet,
 Brings you acquainted, first with monsier Doctor
 And then you know what follows.

Bell. Misery.

Ranke, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
 That with one poison swels, with thousands more

The other stocks her veins : harlot, fie, fie,
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature : marke me else,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin :
And this strange curse ee'ne haunts you to your graues.
From fooles you get, and spend it upon slaves :
Like Beares and Apes, y'are baited and shew tricks
For money ; but your Bawd the sweetnesse licks.
Indeed you are their Journey-women, and do
All base and damn'd workes they list fet you to :
So that you ne're are rich ; for do but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous Courtezan,
Whose flesh was dear't : that rais'd the price of sin,
And held it up ; to whose intemperate bosome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worst has bin a Knight,
The mean't a Gentleman, have offred up
Whole Hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poore,
That she has beg'd ee'ne at a beggars doore.
And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coast to coast, has leapt on forraine shores,
And had more worship, then the outlandish whores :
When severall Nations have gone over her,
When for each severall City she has seene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, and bin sold deare :
Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknowne,
And undefam'd ; backe comes she to her owne,
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life thus ran,
Her pride should end there, where it first began.
What do you weepe to heare your story read ?
Nay, if you spoile your cheeks, Ile read no more.

Bell. O yes, I pray proceed :

Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

Hip. To gives those teares a relish, this I adde,

Y're like the *Fewes*, scatter'd, in no place certain,
 Your dayes are tedious, your houres burdensome :
 And wer't not for full suppers, midnight Revels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drowne,
 And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,
 And on your eye-lids hang so heavily,
 They have no power to looke so high as heaven,
 You'de fit and muse on nothing but despaire,
 Curse that devill *Lust*, that so burnes up your blood,
 And in ten thousand shivers breake your glasse
 For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
 To have a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
 To meat you in his hot luxurious armes,
 Yet your nights pay for all : I know you dreame
 Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then start
 At a dores windy creak : think every Weezle
 To be a Constable, and every Rat
 A long tailed Officer : Are you now not slaves ?
 Oh you have damnation without pleasure for it !
 Such is the state of Harlots : To conclude.
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turne Bawd, and are then worse then before :
 Make use of this : farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. I see *Matheo* comes not : time hath bard
 me,

Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me.

Exit.

Bell. Stay yet a little longer, no : quite gone !
 Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
 So soone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
 Wherein I first fell, be it for ever blacke.
 Yet why should sweet *Hipolito* shun mine eyes ;
 For whose true love I would become pure-honest,
 Hate the worlds mixtures, and the smiles of gold ?
 Am I not faire ? why should he flie me then ?
 Faire creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
 How many Gallants have drunke healths to me,
 Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them blest,

Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigall feasts !
 And does *Hipolito* detest my love ?
 Oh, fure their heedlesse lusts but flattred me,
 I am not pleasing, beautifull nor young.
Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
 Eclipsing all my beauties ; I am foule :
 Harlot ! I, that's the spot that taints my foule :
 His weapon left heere ? O fit instrument^r
 To let forth all the poison of my flesh !
 Thy Master hates me, cause my blood hath rang'd :
 But when 'tis forth, then he'll beleeeve I'me chang'd.
Hip. Mad woman, what art doing ? *Enter Hip.*
Bell. Either love me,
 Or cleaue my bosome on thy Rapiers point :²
 Yet doe not neither ; for thou then destroifst
 That which I love thee for (thy vertues) here, here
 Th'art crueller, and kilst me with disdain :
 To die so, sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse paine. *Exit*
 Not speake to me ! not looke ! not bid farewell³ *Hip.*
 Hated ! this must not be, some meanes Ile try.
 Would all Whores were as honest now, as I. *Exeunt.*

SCENA VII.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two prentises in the shop: Fusigo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack ? a fine Holland, a fine Cambrick, see what you buy.

1. *Pren.* Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands, what ist you lack ?

Fusf. Sfoot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lack monie to buie 'em : let me see, let me looke againe : masse this is the shop ; What Coz ! sweet Coz ! how dost

1 What ! has he left his weapon here behind him
 And gone forgetfull ? O fit instrument.—1604.

2 Or split my heart upon thy Rapiers point. —1604.

3 Not speake to me ! not bid farewell ? a scorne !—1604.

i'faith, since last night after candlelight ? we had good sport i'faith, had we not ? and when shal's laugh agen ?

Wife. When you will, Cozen.

Fust. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian : I see yonders thy husband.

Wife. I, there's the sweet youth, God bleffe him.

Fust. And how ist Cozen ? and how, how ist thou squall ?

Wife. Well, Cozen, how fare you ?

Fust. How fare I ? troth for sixpence a meale, wench, as well as heart can wish, with Calves chaldrons, and chitterlings, besides, I have a Punck after supper, as good as a roasted Apple.

Cand. Are you my wives Cozen ?

Fust. I am sir, what hast thou to do with that ?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

Fust. The Divels dung in thy teeth : Ile be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I : What ring's this Coz ? very pretty & fantastick i'faith, lets see it.

Wife. Puh ! nay you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha sworne Ile ha't, and I hope you will not let my oathes be crackt in the ring, will you ? I hope sir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great lookes : are you angry ?

Cand. Angry ? not I sir, nay if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geor. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all, a whorson Gull, to—

Cand. Peace *George*, when she has reapt what I have sowne,

She'll say, one graine tastes better of her owne,
Then whole sheaves gather'd from anothers land :
Wit's never good, till bought at a deare hand.

George. But in the meane time she makes an Affe of some body.

2. *Pren.* See, see, see, sir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kisse.

Cand. No matter, let 'em : when I touch her lip,

I shall not feele his kifses, no nor misse
Any of her lip : no harme in kissing is.

Looke to your bufinesse, pray, make up your wares.

Fust. Troth Coz, and wel remembred, I would thou
wouldst give me five yards of Lawne, to make my Punck
some falling bands a the fashon, three falling one upon
another : for that's the new edition now : she's out of
linnen horribly too, troth she' as never a good smock
to her back neither, but one that has a great many
patches in't, and that I'me faine to weare my selfe for
want of shift too : pritheee put me into wholefome
naperie, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks, and the Lawnes
hither.

Can. What to do, wife ? to lavish out my goods
upon a foole ?

Fust. Foole ! Sneales eate the foole, or I'll so bat-
ter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for five shil-
lings.

2. Pren. Do you heare sir ? y'are best be quiet, and
say a foole tels you so.

Fust. Nailes, I think so, for thou telst me.

Cand. Are you angry sir, because I nam'd the
foole ?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine owne house,
And to my face to play the Antick thus :

If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage
Of lesfer compasse, where few eyes may note

Your actions errorr : but if still you misse,

As here you do, for one clap, ten will misse.

Fust. Zwoundes Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I
were a scurvy Tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirra *George*, I ha thought upon a device,
how to breake his pate, beat him soundly, and ship
him away.

Geor. Doo't.

2. Pren. Ile go in, passe through the house, give
some of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when
they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in

by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgell the Gull out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't : away, doo't.

Wife. Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawnes ?

Cand. Nay fee, you anger her, *George* prithee dispatch.

2. Pren. Two of the choicest peeces are in the warehousse, fir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently. *Exit 1 Prentise.*

Fust. I, do, make haste, firra.

Car. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wives cozen ?

Fust. Stranger ? no fir, Ime a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceive still it is your naturall guise to mistake me, but you are welcome fir, I much wish your acquaintance.

Fust. My acquaintance ? I scorn that i'faith ; I hope my acquaintance goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double : you know who I meane, Coz, the posts of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the 2. Prentise.

2. Pren. *Signior Pandulfo* the Marchant, desires conference with you.

Can. *Signior Pandulfo* ? Ile be with him straight, Attend your mistress and the Gentleman. *Exit.*

Wife. When do you shew those peeces ?

Fust. I, when do you shew those peeces ?

Omn. Presently fir, presently, we are but charging them.

Fust. Come firra : you Flat-cap, where be these whites ?

Geor. Flat-cap : harke in your eare fir, y'are a flat foole, an Ass, a Gull, and I'll thrum you : do you see this cambrick fir ?

Fust. Sfoot Cuz, a good jest, did you heare him ? he told me in my eare, I was a flat Foole, an Ass,

a Gull, and Ile thrum you : do you see this Cambrick fir ?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope ?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men ifaith.

1. *Pr.* I pray fir, come hither, what say you to this ? here's an excellent good one.

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halfe score yards.

2. *Pren.* Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent coxcombe, you get none, and yet Ile thrum you,—A very good Cambrick fir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God judge me : Sfoot Cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

2. *Pren.* A word I pray fir, you must not be angry, Prentifes have hot bloods, young fellowes,—What say you to this peece ? Looke you, tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I think so, if a Knight marry my Punck, a Lady shall weare it : cut me off 20 yards : th'art an honest lad.

1. *Pren.* Not without monie, gull, and Ile thrum you too.

Omni. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fust. O Lord sifter, did you not heare something crie thump ? zounds your men here make a plaine Affe of me.

Wife. What, to my face so impudent ?

Georg. I, in a cause so honest, we'll not suffer Our Maisters goods to vanish mony leisse.

Wife. You will not suffer them.

2. *Pren.* No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so mild a breast,
As is our Maisters.

Wife. Take away those pieces.

Cozen, I give them freely.

Fust. Masse, and Ile take 'em as freely.

Omni. We'll make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.

Wife. Help, help, my brother wil be murdered.

Enter Cam.

Can. How now, what coile is here ? forbear, I say.

Geor. He cals us Flatcaps, and abuses us.

Cand. Why, firs ? do such examples flow from me ?

Wife. They are of your keeping fir, alas poore brother.

Fust. I faith they ha pepperd me, sifter : look, doft not spin ? call you thefe Prentifes ? Ile nere play at cards more when clubs is trump : I have a goodly coxcomb, sifter, have I not ?

Cand. Sifter and brother, brother to my wife.

Fust. If you have any skill in Heraldry, you may foon know that, break but her pate, and you fhall fee her blood and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon : Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen ?

Fust. Because it's a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world over.

Cand. Cozen ! A name of much deccit, folly, and fin,

For under that common abused word,

Many an honest tempred Citizen

Is made a monfter, and his wife train'd out

To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.

I may well call that word, A Citics Bawd.

Fust. Troth brother, my sifter would needs ha me take upon me to gull your patience a little : but it has made double Gullies on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman ? blabbing now you foole ?

Cand. O my wife did but exercife a jest upon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of fence afford,

The name of Cozen is a bloody word,

Fust. Ile nere call Coz againe whilst I live, to

have such a coyle about it : this should be a Coronation day ; for my head runs Claret lustily.

Exit. Enter an Officer.

Cand. Go with the Surgeon to have great respect. How now, my friend, what, do they sit to day ?

Off. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thanke your paines, Ile not be last man there.

Exit Off.

My gowne, *George*, go, my gowne. A happy land, Where grave men meet each cause to understand, Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes, To gull the poore mans right : but in even scales, Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles. Come, where's the gowne ?

Geor. I cannot find the key sir.

Cand. Request it of your Mistresse.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.

Ile not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble, but for my gowne.

Wife. Mothes swallow downe your gowne : You set my teeth on edge with talking on't.

Cand. Nay prithee, sweet, I cannot meet without it,

I should have a great fine set on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb : tush, fine me no fines.

Cand. Beleeve me (sweet) none greets the Senate-house,

Without his robe of reverence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well then y'are like to crosse that custome once,

You get nor key, nor gowne, and so depart : This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.

Exit.

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must have some deuce, My cloake's too short : fye, fye, no cloke will do't : It must be something fashioned like a gowne,

With my armes out : oh *George*, come hither *George* :
I prithee lend me thine advice.

Geor. Troth fir, were it any but you, they would
breake open chest.

Can. O no, break open chest ! that's a theeves
office :

Therein you counsell me against my bloud :
'Twould shew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Maffe, I have got it :
Go, step up, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The saddest colour'd Carpet, honest *George*,
Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my necke,
Two for mine armes, nay prithee look not strange.

Geo. I hope you do not thinke fir, as you meane.

Can. Prithee about it quickly, the houre chides
me :

Warily *George*, softly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George*.
Out of two evils hee's accounted wifc,
That can pick out the least ; the Fine impos'd
For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'bove foure.
Thus have I chofen the leffer evill yet,
Preserv'd my patience, foyl'd her desperate wit.

Geo. Here, fir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George*.

Can. O well done, *George*, wee'l cut it just i' th'
midst :

Tis very well I thank thee, helpe it on.

Geor. It must come over your head, fir, like a
wenches peticoat.

Can. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it must
indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap : for Ile gird it close,
As if my health were queazy : 'twill shew well
For a rude carelesse night-gowne, wil't not think'ft ?

Geor. Indifferent well, fir, for a night-gowne, being
girt and pleated.

Can. I, and a night-cap on my head.

Ge. That's true fir, Ile run and fetch one, and a
staffe.

Ex. Ge.

Can. For thus they cannot chuse but conſter it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparrell without appetite,
And puts on heedleſſe raiment without forme.

Enter Geo.

So, fo, kind *George*, be ſecret now : and pritheſe do
not laugh at me till I'me out of ſight.

Geo. I laugh ? not I ſir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-houſe :
Methinkes, Ide rather weare, without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*

Geo. Now, looks my M. juſt like one of our carpet
knights, only he's ſomewhat the honeſter of the two.

Enter Candidoes wife.

Wife. What, is your Maſter gone ?

Geo. Yes forſooth, his backe is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloake ? did he not vex and
ſweare ?

Geor. No, but hee'l make you ſweare anon : no,
indeed, he went away like a lambe.

Wife. Key ſinke to hell ; ſtill patient, patient ſtill !
I am with child to vex him : pritheſe *George*,
If e're thou look'ſt for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jeſt for me.

Geo. Againſt my maſter ?

Wi. Tis a meere jeſt in fayth : ſay wilt thou doo't ?

Ge. Well, what iſt ?

Wife. Here, take this key, thou know'ſt where all
things lie.

Put on thy Maſters beſt apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, every thing, be like himſelfe,
And 'gainſt his comming home, walke in the ſhop,
Fayne the ſame carriage, and his patient looke,
Twill breed but a jeſt thou know'ſt, ſpeake, wilt thou ?

Geo. Twill wrong my maſters patience.

Wife. Prythee *George*.

Geor. Well, if you'l ſave me harmleſſe, and put me
under covert barne, I am content to pleaſe you, pro-
vided it may breed no wrong againſt him.

Wife. No wrong at all : here take the Key, be
gone :

If any vex him, this : if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

S C E N A VIII.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger, Roger*, where's your mistress, where's your mistress ? there's the finest, neatest Gentleman at my house, but newly come over : Oh where is she, where is she, where is she ?

Rog. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em : my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How ? is she not a whore ? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger* ? you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Rog. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not sad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three and thirty dayes : I had wont to get sixteene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras : but now those dayes are past. We had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, she within dores, and I without, as any poore yong couple in *Millan*.

Bawd. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now ?

Rog. I ha lost by her squeamishnesse, more then would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Baw. And had she no time to turn honest but now ? what a vile woman is this ? twenty pound a night, Ile be sworne, *Roger*, in good gold and no silver : why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better ! gold enough stirring ; choice of men, choice of haire, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing : it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an Ass. *Roger*, I never beleeeve it.

Rog. Here she comes now. *Enter Bellafronte.*

Baw. O sweet *Madona*, on with your loose gowne,

your felt and your fether, there's the sweetest, pro-
preft, gallantest Gentleman at my house, he smells all
of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of
crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, Car-
nation silk stockings, and a leg and a body, oh!

Bell. Hence, thou our sexes monster, poysonous
Bawd,
Lufts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Gossip of hell : were all the Harlots finnes
Which the whole world contains, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all : of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office ?
It is detestable : for thou liv'st

Upon the dregs of Harlots, guard'st the dore,
Whilst couples goe to dauncing : O course devill !
Thou art the bastards curse, thou brandst his birth,
The lechers French disease : for thou dry-suckst him :
The Harlots poyson, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come up with a pox, have you no
body to raile against, but your Bawd now ?

Bell. And you, knave Pandar, kinsman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the same blood and making, neere allied,
Thou, that slave to sixpence, base mettal'd villaine.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not so : I never tooke
under two shillings foure-pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not against which most to inveigh :

For both of you are damn'd so equally.

Thou neuer spar'st for oathes, swear'st any thing,

As if thy soule were made of shoe-leather.

God dam me, Gentlemen, if she be within,

When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to sweare, every man
in his vocation : I hope my betters swear and dam
themselves, and why should not I ?

Bell. *Roger*, you cheat kind Gentlemen.

Rog. The more gullies they.

Bell. Slave, I casheer thee.

Baw. And you doe casheer him, he shall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shall I ? then blurt a your service.

Bell. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you !
I dare the divell himselfe to match those two. *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne so holy, so pure, so honest with a pox ?

Rog. Scurvie honest Punck ! but stay *Madona*, how must our agreement be now ? for you know I am to have all the commings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True *Rog.* except my vailes.

Rog. Vailes, what vailes ?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe a little, then *Roger* that's my fee, and you may walk abroad ; for the Coach-man himselfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a fo ? in truth I have almost forgot, for want of exercise : But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that *Madona* to that Gallant, how then ?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to have sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many sixpences.

Ro. If so ? then I fee we two shall agree and live together.

Ba. I *Roger*, so long as there be any Tavernes and bawdy houfes in Millain. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IX.

*Enter Bellafronte with Lute, Pen, inke, and paper
being placed before her.*

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Jewels,
(Temptations onely fuels)
The Lawyers ill-got monies,
That suck up poore Bees Honyes :
The Citizens Jonne's ryot,
The gallant colly dyet :

The Honest Whore.

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Silks and Velvets, Pearles and Ambers,

Shall not draw me to their Chambers.

Silks and Velvets, &c.

Shee writes.

Oh 'tis in vaine to write : it wil not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but presented
The foule blacke spots that flick upon my foule,
And rather make me loathfomer, then wrought
My loves impressiõ in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I must turne the chaste leaves of my brest,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, beleeeve me I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Mathæo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody Puncke, *subaudi* Cockatrice, O
yare a sweet whore of your promise, are you not
think you? how well you came to supper to us last
night; mew, a whore and breake her word! nay you
may bluff, and hold downe your head at it well
enough: Sfoot, aske these Gallants if we staid not till
we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Yeomen too.

Castr. Nay faith *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you
forgot your selfe too much: we had excellent cheere,
rare vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks
(sweete Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling here in
the City, came in, and paid all the shot.

Mat. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen :
I pray depart the house: befhrew the doore
For being so easily intreated: faith,
I lent but little eare unto your talke,
My minde was busied otherwise in troth,
And so your words did unregarded passe :
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was ! no Ile be sworne thou art not : for thou wert honest at five, and now th'art a Puncke at fiftene : thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. I'll say I me worse, I pray forfake me then,

I doe desire you leave me, Gentlemen.
And leave your selves : O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of foule and body)
Let me perswade you to forfake all Harlots,
Worse then the deadliest poysons, they are worse :
For o're their foules hangs an eternall curse,
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish,
Th'are seldome blest with fruit ; for ere it blossoms,
Many a worme confounds it.
They have no issue but foule ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graves :
For stead of children, they breed ranke diseases,
And all you Gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'r acts, but speakes :
What shallow sonne and heire then, foolish gallant,
Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loath'd disease ? and pawne his body
To a dry evill : that usurie's worst of all,
When th'Intrest will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Sfoot, she gulleth em the best : this is alwaies her fashion, when she would be rid of any company that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

Flu. Whats heere ? Instructions, Admonitions, and Caveats ? Come out, you scabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. *Fluella*, spurne your hounds when they foiste, you shal not spurne my Puncke, I can tell you my blood is vexed.

Flu. Pox a your blood : make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a slave, will that serve turne ?

Omnes. Sblood, hold, hold.

Cast. *Mathewo*, *Fluella*, for shame put up.

Bell. O how many thus
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out

Their foules in brothell houfes, fell downe and died
Juft at their harlots foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Mathæo*, we fhall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, faving at Church :
Pray take heede we meete not there.

Flu. A due Damnation.

Castr. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pia. There's more deceit in women, then in hell.

Exeunt.

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doft gull em fo rarely, fo
naturally : if I did not thinke thou hadft beene in
earnest : thou art a sweete Rogue for't yfaith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, signior *Mathæo* ?
I pray depart my houfe : you may beleewe me,
In troth I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How is this ?

Bell. Indeed I love you not : but hate you worfe
Then any man, becaufe you were the first
Gave money for my foule : you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle ; I was led
By your temptation to be miserable :
I pray feeke out fome other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray feeke out none at all.

Mat. Is't poffible to be impoffible ! an honest
whore ! I have heard many honest Wenches turne
Strumpets with a wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne
honest, is one of *Hercules* Labours. It was more
eafie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then
to make one of them honest againe in fifty yeares.
Come, I hope thou doft but jest.

Bell. Tis time to leave off jesting, I had almost
Jested away falvation : I fhall love you,
If you will foone forfake me.

Mat. God be with thee.

Bell. O tempt no more women :
Shunne their weighty curfe,
Women (at best) are bad, make them not worfe
You gladly feeke our Sexes overthrow :
But not to raife our States for all your wrongs :
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,

To marry with me ?

Mat. How ! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot ? mary foh, Ile be burnt thorow the nose firſt.

Bell. Why la ? theſe are your othes : you love to undoe us,

To put heaven from us, whilſt our beſt houres waſte :
You love to make us lewd, but never chaſte.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this : this ground upon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy religion. *Exit.*

Bell. Thy Luſt and Sinne ſpeake ſo much :

Go thou my ruine,

The firſt fall my foule tooke ; by my example

I hope few maidens now will put their heads

Under mens girdles : who leaſt truſts, is moſt wiſe :

Mens othes doe caſt a miſt before our eyes,

My beſt of wit, be ready, now I goe,

By ſome device to greet *Hipolito*.

SCENA X.

Enter a ſervant ſetting out a Table, on which he places a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now muſt I to my hufwifry : would I had bene created a Shoo-maker, for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen every Monday by their Coppie, and ſcorne (then) to worke one true ſtitch. My maſter means ſure to turne me into a ſtudent, for heere's my Booke, here my Deſke, here my Light, this my cloſe chamber, and heere my Puncke : ſo that this dull drowſie firſt day of the weeke, makes me halfe a Prieſt, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd : for all this day my office is to doe nothing but keepe the doore. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman (ſo ſoone as ever my backe is turn'd) will be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windows ſhut ?

Ser. Cloſe fir, as the fiſt of a Courtier that hath ſtood in three reignes.

Hip. Thou art a faithfull servant, and observ'st
The Kalender, both of my solemne vowes,
And ceremonious forrow : Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any womans voice pierce through that doore.

Ser. If they doe (my Lord) Ile pierce some of them :
What will your Lordship have to breakfast ?

Hip. Sighs.

Ser. What to dinner ?

Hip. Teares.

Ser. The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full
of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper ?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me, the
constancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then ever
was Offend.

Hip. Prethee away.

Ser. Ile make away my selfe presently, which few
servants will doe for their Lords ; but rather helpe to
make them away : Now to my doore-keeping, I hope
to picke something out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My *Infelices* face, her brow, her eie,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
These lips looke fresh and lively as her owne,
Seeming to move and speake. Las ! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion : here 'tis read,
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the Musicke set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past womans excellence,
In her white bosome ; look ! a painted boord,
Circumscribes all : Earth can no blisse afford.
Nothing of her but this ? this cannot speake,
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting : here the wormes will feed,
As in her coffin : hence then idle Art,

True love's best pictur'd in a true-loves heart.
 Here art thou drawne sweet maide, till this be dead,
 So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
 Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here ?
 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemies :
 Las ! say it were : I need not feare him now :
 For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
 His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
 (Tho ne're so mischievous) his *Italian* pilles,
 His quarrels, and (that common fence) his law,
 See, see, they're all eaten out ; here's not left one :
 How cleane they're pickt away ! to the bare bone !
 How mad are mortals then to reare great names
 On tops of swelling houses ? or to weare out
 Their fingers ends (in durt) to scrape up gold !
 Not caring so (that fumpter-horse) the backe
 Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what course
 Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the soule :
 Yet (after all) their *Gayneffe* lookes thus foule.
 What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
 Onely to save the carcase whilst it rots,
 To maintain't long in stinking, make good carrion,
 But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound,
 For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground,
 And must all come to this ; fooles, wife, all hither,
 Must all heads thus at last be laid together :
 Draw me my picture then, thou grave neate workeman,
 After this fashion, not like this ; these colours
 In time kissing but aire, will be kist off :
 But here's a fellow ; that which he layes on,
 Till doomes day, alters not complexion :
 Death's the best Painter then : They that draw shapes,
 And live by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
 They come but neere the life, and there they stay,
 This fellow drawes life too : his Art is fuller,
 The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his servant.

Ser. Here's a person would speake with you Sir.

Hip. Hah !

Ser. A Parfon, fir, would fpeake with you.

Hip. Vicar ?

Ser. Vicar ? no fir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth ? of man or woman ? locke the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-varlet fure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're meafur'd him,

Hip. Let him give thee his meffage and be gone.

Ser. Hee fayer hee's Signior *Matheoes* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How doft thou know it ?

Ser. Caufe has nere a beard : 'tis his boy I thinke, fir, whofo-e're paid for his nurfing.

Hip. Send him and keepe the dore. *Reads.*

Fata fi liceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem Zephyro levi vela.

Ide faile were I to choofe, not in the Ocean,
Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How ? from *Mathæo* ?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art fick ?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do :

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hip. This paper does fpeake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it fpeakes, and therefore writ

In hidden charaëter, to me inſtruction

My Maifter gives, and (leffe you pleaſe to ſtay

Till you both meet) I can the text diſplay.

Hip. Do ſo ; read out.

Bell. I am already out :

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story !

Hip. What villaine, ho ? *Enter his servant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord ?

Hip. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.

Ser. Lord blesse us, where ? hee's not cloven my Lord that I can see : besides the divell goes more like a Gentleman than a Page, good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman, in mans shape. And thou art damn'd for't.

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier,—do not : I shall kill thee. Purge this infected chamber of that plague, That runnes upon me thus : Slave : thrust her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I shall never be able to thrust her hence without helpe : come Mer-maid you must to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but speake, my words shall be all musick :

Heare me but speake.

Hip. Another beates the dore, T'other Shee-devill, looke.

Ser. Why then hell's broke loose. *Exit.*

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber : let no more come on,

One woman ferves for man's damnation.
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate,
The chafest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heaven :
I was on meditations spotlesse wings,
Upon my journey thither ; like a storme
Thou beatst my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground : and like a theefe dost stand,
To steale devotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother ; if thy heart,
Be not all Marble (or if't Marble be)
Let my teares soften it, to pittie me,
I do beseech thee do not thus with scorne,
Destroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suite, this fits thee not :
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot love thee, nor I must not : See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my foule's bound in heauey penalties.

Bell. Shee's dead you told me, she'll let fall her
suite.

Hip. My vowes to her, fled after her to heaven,
Were thine eyes cleare as mine, thou mightst behold
her,

Watching upon yon battlements of Starres,
How I observe them : should I breake my bond,
This boord would rive in twaine, these wooden lippes
Call me most perjur'd villaine, let it suffice,
I ha fet thee in the path ; ist not a signe
I love thee, when with one so most most deare,
Ile have thee fellowes ? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a King, saue not a body,
But from eternall shipwracke keepe a foule,
If not, and that againe, sinnes path I tread,
The griefe be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Staie and take Phisick for it, read this booke,
Aske counsell of this head what's to be done,
He'll strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turne Turke againe, oh do it not,
Tho heaven cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you : and learne this,
The foule whose bosome Lust did never touch,
Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens foules are such :
The foule that leaving Chastities white shore,
Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the diuels whore.
How now, who comes ? *Enter his servant.*

Ser. No more knaves my Lord that weare smocks :
heeres a letter from Doctor *Benedict* : I would not
enter his man, tho he had haire at his mouth, for
feare he should be a woman, for some women have
beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid you are a
sweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and have no pins
to sticke upon it.

Hip. Ile meet the Doctor, tell him, yet to night
I cannot : but at morrow rising Sunne
I will not faile : goe woman, fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell :
It does not move him I must therefore fly
From this undoing Cittie, and with teares
Wash off all anger from my fathers brow,
He cannot fure but joy, seeing me new borne,
A woman honest first, and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more :
But from a strumpet to turne chaste, that found
Has oft beene heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

11. SCE. *Enter Fufligo, Crambo, and Poli.*

Fu. Hold up your hands gentlemen, here's one,
two, three : (nay I warrant they are found Pistols, and
without flaws. I had them of my lister (and I know
she uses to put nothing that's crackt) foure, five, fixe,
feaven, eight and nine, by this hand bring me but a
peece of his blood, and you shall have nine more : Ile
lurke in a Taverne not farre off, and provide supper to
close up the end of the Tragedy : The Linnen-Drapers
remember, stand to't, I beseech you, and play your
parts perfectly.

Cra. Looke you signior, tis not your gold that wee
weigh.

Fufl. Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not, if it lacke
one graine of corne, Ile give you a bushell of wheate
to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour signior, which of the
servants is it, because we'll punish justly.

Fufl. Mary 'tis the head man, you shall tast him
by his tongue, a prettie tall prating fellow, with a Tuf-
calonian beard.

Poli. Tufcalonian ! very good.

Fufl. Gods life, I was ne'r so thrumbed since I
was a Gentleman : my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if
my haire had beene hemp.

Cram. We'll dry beate some of them.

Full. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried out murder, very manfully: I have her consent (in a manner) to have him pepperd: else Ile not doo't, to win more then ten cheaters do at a rifling: breake but his pate, or so, only his mazer, because Ile have his head in a cloth as well as mine, he's a Linnen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Batterie against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawiers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but insconce your selfe 'ith Taverne, provide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, some Fefants, Plovers, an Oringeado-pie, or so: but how bloodie soere the day be, fally you not forth.

Fust. No, no, nay if I stir, some bodie shall stinke: Ile not budge: Ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Taverne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your belly full.

Fust. Thats all, so god sa me, I thirst after, blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaister for plaister, and so farewell: what shall I call your names because Ile leave word, if any such come to the Barre?

Cram. My name is Corporall Crambo.

Poh. And mine, Lieutenant *Poh.* *Exeunt.*

Cram. *Poli* is as tall a man as ever opened Oyster:

I would not be the Divell to meete *Poh*, Farewell.

Fust. Nor I, by this light, if *Poh* be such a *Poh*.

Exeunt.

Enter Candidoes wife in her Shop, and the two Prentises.

Wife. Whats a clocke now?

2. Pren. Tis almost twelve.

Wife. That's well,

The Senate will leave wording presently :
But is *George* ready ?

2. *Pren.* Yes forsooth, he's furbusht.

Wife. Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or jeering glaunce to any customer,
Keepe a true setled countenance ; and beware
You laugh not whatfoe'r you heare or see.

2. *Pren.* I warrant you mistris, let us alone for
keeping our countenance : for if I list, theres neuer a
foole in all *Milaine* shal make me laugh, let him play
the foole neuer so like an affe, whether it be the fat
Court foole, or the leane City foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George*.

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me see
How courtisic would become him : gallantly !
Besfhrew my bloud, a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thanke you Mistris, my back's broad enough,
now my Masters gown's on.

Wife. Sure, I should thinke twere the least of sin,
To mistake the Master, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors that ifaith.

2. *Pren.* Whift, whift, my Master.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your tasks : Gods my life !
What's that he has got on's backe ? who can tell ?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, has he lost his cloake too ?

This is the maddest fashion that ere I saw.

What said he *George* when he passed by thee ?

Geor. Troth mistress nothing : not so much as a Bee, he did not hum : not so much as a bawd, he did not hem : not so much as a Cuckold, he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely stared me in the face, passed along, and made haste in, as if my looks had wrought with him, to give him a stoole.

Wife. Sure hee's vext now, this trick has mov'd his spleene,

Hee's angerd now, because he uttered nothing : And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent, May be hee'll strive for place, when he comes downe : But if thou lovest me *George*, afford him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my masters prize, as long as my mistress warrants me : I am sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorne to give place to any that is interior in apparell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is observ'd as much as the fashion ; let that perswade you then, that Ile shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, though with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido like a Prentise.

Why how now mad-man, what in your tricki-coats ?

Cand. O peace good mistress.

Enter Crambo and Poli.

See what you lacke, what is't you buy ? pure Callicoës, fine Hollands, choise Cambrickes, neate Lawnes : see what you buy : pray come neare, my maister will use you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne ifaith.

Cand. Pray see your choice here Gentlemen.

Wife. O fine foole ! what, a mad-man ! a patient madman ! who ever heard of the like ? Well sir, Ile fit you and your humour presently : what, crosse points !

Ile untie em all in a trice, Ile vex you ifaith : boy,
take your cloke, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be covered *George*, this Chaine and welted
gowne

Bare to this coate : then the world's upside downe.

George. Umh, umh, hum.

Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poh. I but the master is walking in there.

Cram. No matter, wee'l in.

Poh. Sbloud, doft long to lie in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you, Gentlemen, your choice : Cam-
brickses?

Cram. No fir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Have you none of this strip'd Canvas for
doublets?

Cand. None strip'd fir, but plaine.

z. Pen. I thinke there be one peece strip'd
within.

Geo. Step firra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one
fspread, here's a peece of cloth, fine, yet shall
weare like iron, tis without fault, take this upon my
word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better than you firra.

Cand. I, and a number more : O that each foule
Where but as spotlesse as this innocent white,
And had as few brakes in it.

Cram. Twould have some then :
There was a fray here laft day in this shop.

Cand. There was indeed, a little flea-biting.

Poh. A Gentleman had his pate broke :

Call you that but a flea-biting?

Cand. He had fo.

Cram. Zounds do you stand to it? *He strikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em,
Ah you rogues, strike a Citizen in's shop?

Can. None of you flirre I pray, forbear good
George.

Cram. I beseech you fir, wee mistooke our markes,
deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds fir, cry clubs.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient,
Give them their weapons : firs, y'are best be gone,
I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares :
Hence, lest more fitts doe walke about your eares.

Both. We thanke you fir.

Exeunt.

Cand. You shall not follow them :
Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,
I thanke em for't : besides, I had decreed
To have a veine prickt, I did meane to bleed :
So that there's monie fav'd : they are honest men,
Pray use 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes fir, wee'l use 'em like honest men.

Cand. I, well said *George*, like honest men, tho
they be arrant knaves, for that's the phraze of the
Citie ; helpe to lay up these wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentices coate ?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heede.

Cand. How now ! what news with them ?
What make they with my wife ?

Officers, is she attach'd ? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talkes to himselfe : oh hee's much gone
indeed.

Off. Pray plucke up a good heart, be not so feare-
full :

Sirs hearke, wee'l gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray : Oh me !
What makes he with the Lawne in his hand ?
Hee'l teare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not, wee'l catch him on a sudden.

Wife. You had need do so, pray take heed of your
warrant.

Off. I warrant mistress : Now signior *Candido*.

Cand. Now fir, what news with you fir?

Wife. What news with you he saies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him, Signior, you looke not like your selfe me thinkes, (Steale you a tother fide,) y'are chang'd, y'are altred.

Cand. Chang'd fir, why true fir, is change strange, tis not the fashion unlesse it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beggars creepe into the nests of Princes, maisters serue their Prentices, Ladies their serving-men, men to turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Can. I, and women turne to men, you say true, ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Have we caught you fir?

Cand. Caught me! well, well, you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A rescue (prentises) my maisters catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or have your legs gartered with yrons, we have from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Wife. La, he desires no rescue, las poore heart, He talkes against himselfe.

Cand. Well, what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme, Pray make fure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why?

Wife. Look how his head goes, should he get but loose,

Oh twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Off. Feare not, we'll make all fure for our owne safetie.

Cand. Are you at leisure now? well, what's the matter?

Why doe I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Off. Because y'are mad, put feare upon your wife.

The Honest Whore. 67

Wife. O I, I went in danger of my life every minute.

Cand. What, am I mad say you, and I not know it ?

Off. That proves you mad, because you know it not.

Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You see he's too farre spent.

Cand. Bound with strong cord,
A sisters threed yfaith had beene enough,
To lead me any where : wife, doe you long ?
You are mad too, or else you doe me wrong.

George. But are you mad indeed maister ?

Cand. My wife saies so,
And what she saies *George*, is all truth you know :
And whither now, to Bethlem monasterie, ha ! whither ?

Off. Faith ee'n to the mad-mens pound.

Can. A God's name, still I feele my patience found.

Exit.

Ge. Come we'l see whither he goes, if the master be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps, wee'l be mad-caps too : farewell mistris, you shal have us all in Bedlam.

Exeunt.

Wife. I thinke I have fitted you now, you and your cloths,
If this move not his patience, nothing can,
I'le sweare then I have a Saint, and not a man.

SCENA XIII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Du. Give us a little leave ; Doctor, your newes.

Doct. I sent for him my Lord, at last he came,
And did receive all speech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health :
My credit with him wrought it : for some men
Swallow even empty hooks, like fooles that feare

No drowning where tis deepest, cause tis cleare :
 In th'end we fat and eat : a health I dranke
 To *Infelias* sweete departed foule,
 This traine I knew would take.

Du. Twas excellent.

Doct. He fell with such devotion on his knees.
 To pledge the same.

Du. Fond superstitious foole !

Doct. That had he beene inflam'd with zeale of
 prayer,

He could not poure't out with more reverence :
 About my neck he hung, wept on my checke,
 Kist it, and swore he would adore my lippes,
 Because they brought forth *Infelias* name.

Du. Ha, ha, alacke, alacke.

Doct. The Cup he lifts up high, and thus he said ;
 Here noble maid : drinks, and was poisoned.

Du. And died ?

Doct. And died, my Lord.

Du. Thou in that word

Haſt peec'd mine aged houres out with more yeares,
 Then thou haſt taken from *Hipolito*.

A noble youth he was, but leſſer branches
 Hindring the greater growth, muſt be lopt off,
 And feede the fire : Doct̃or we'are now all thine,
 And uſe us ſo : be bold.

Doct. Thankes gracious Lord :
 My honored Lord :

Du. Hum.

Doct. I doe beſeech your grace to bury deepe,
 This bloodie aſt of mine.

Du. Nay, nay, for that,
 Doct̃or, looke you to't : me it ſhall not move,
 The'yre curſt that ill do, not that ill doe love.

Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face :
 But be you pleaſ'd backward thus far to looke,
 That for your good, this evill I undertooke.

Du. I, I, we conſter ſo :

Doct. And onely for your love.

Du. Confest : tis true.

Doct. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence : nor beleeve
(As Princes haue quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do ?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.

Du. Which to prevent.

Doct. Tis from my heart as far.

Du. No matter Doctor, cause Ile feareles sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
I banish thee for ever from my Court.
This principle is old, but true as Fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. *Exit.*

Do. Ist so ? nay then Duke, your stale principle,
With one as stale, the Doctor thus shall quit,
He fals himselfe that digs anothers pit :
How now ! where is he ? will he not meet me ?

Enter the doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you sir, he might have met
with three Fencers in this time, and have received
lesse hurt then by meeting one Doctor of Phisicke :
Why sir, he has walkt under the old Abbey wall yonder
this houre, till hee's more cold then a Cittizens
countrie house in Janiuere, you may smell him behind
fir : la you, yonder he comes.

Do. Leave me. *Enter Hipelito.*

Do. man. Itch lurch if you will *Exit.*

Do. O my most noble friend !

Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could have intic'd me thus, to trust the Aire
With my close sighs : you sent for me, what news ?

Do. Come, you must doff this blacke, die that
pale cheek
Into his owne colour, goe, attire you selfe
Fresh as a Bridegroom when he meets his Bride,
The Duke has done much treason to thy Love,

Tis now reveal'd, tis now to be reveng'd :
Be merrie, honour'd friend, thy Lady lives.

Hip. What Lady ?

Do. *Infallice*, she's reviv'd,
Reviv'd : Alacke ! death never had the heart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Umh : I thanke you fir,
Phificke prolongs life, when it cannot save :
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave,
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

Do. By that love
Which I haue ever borne you, what I speake
Is truth : the maiden lives, that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfet :
A sleepe draught cofined the world and you :
I was his minifter, and then chambred up,
To stop difcoverie.

Hip. O treacherous Duke !

Do. He cannot hope fo certainly for bliffe,
As he beleeves that I have poifon'd you :
He woo'd me too't, I yeelded, and confirm'd him
In his moft bloodie thoughts.

Hip. A very deuill !

Do. Here did he clofely coach to Bergamo,
And thither

Hip. Will I ride, flood Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, Ile to her.

Do. You fhall to her, but not to Bergamo :
How Paffion makes you flie beyond your felfe :
Much of that wearie journey I ha cut off,
For fhe by letters hath intelligence,
Of your fupposed death, her owne interment,
And all thofe plots, which that falfe Duke her father
Has wrought againft you : and fhee'l meete you.

Hip. O when ?

Do. Nay fee : how covetous are your defires,
Earely to morrow morne.

Hip. O where good father ?

Doc. At Bethlem monasterie: are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem monasterie! the place well fits,
It is the Schoole where those that loose their wits,
Practise againe to get them: I am sicke
Of that disease, all Love is lunatique.

Doc. Wee'l steale away this night in some disguise:
Father *Anselmo*, a most reverend Frier,
Expects our comming, before whom wee'l lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld in bands
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happinesse,
That to beleieve it, tis impossible.

Doc. Let all your joyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reveale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with despaire,
I know not how to hope: I beleeeve all.

Doc. Wee'l hence this night, much must be done,
much said:

But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes,
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these armes.

Hipol. Heavenly Phisitian! far thy fame shall
spread,
That makst two Lovers speak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

Candido's wife, and George: Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good *George*, watch which way the
Duke comes.

Geo. Here comes one of the butter-flies, aske
him.

Wife. Pray sir, comes the Duke this way?

Pio. Hee's upon comming mistris. *Exit.*

Wife. I thanke you sir: *George*, are there many
mad folkes where thy maister lies?

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but especially
mad Greeks they swarme: troth mistris, the world is
altered with you, you had not wont to stand thus with

a paper humbly complaining : but you're well enough ferv'd : provender prickt you, as it does many of our Cittie-wives besides.

Wife. Dost thinke *George* we shall get him forth ?

George. Truly mistress I cannot tel, I thinke you'l hardly get him forth : why tis strange ! Sfoot I haue knowne many women that haue had mad rascalls to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame man into a madman, why the diuell himselfe was never usde so by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke *George* ! ha ! good *George* tell me.

George. Why youre best goe see.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid ! you had more need be asham'd, he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But *George*, hee's not starke mad, is he ? he does not rave, he is not horne-mad, *George*, is he ?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.

Wife. Ile to the Monastery : I shal be mad till I enjoy him, I shall be sicke untill I see him, yet when I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine see a woman weepe out her eyes, that's as true as to say, a mans cloake burnes, when it hangs in the water : I know you'l weepe mistress, but what saies the painted cloth ?

Trust not a woman when she cries,

For shee pumpe water from her eyes :

With a wet finger, and in faster showers,

Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but *George*, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying, all women have not teares at will, unlesse they have good cause.

George. I but mistress how easily will they finde a cause, and as one of our cheefe-trenchers sayes very learnedly :

*As out of wormewood Bees sucke Honey,
As from poore Clients Lawyers firke money.
As Parsley from a roasted cunny :
So, tho the day be nêr so funny,
If wives will have it raine, downe then it drives,
The calmeſt husbands make the ſtormeſt wives.*

Wife. Tame *George*, but I ha done ſtorming now.

Geo. Why that's well done: good miſtris, throw aſide this faſhion of your humour, be not ſo fantaſticall in wearing it: ſtorme no more, long no more. This longing has made you come ſhort of many a good thing that you might have had from my maiſter: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi.

Wife. O I beſeech you pardon my offence,
In that I durſt abuſe your Graces Warrant,
Deliver forth my husband, good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. *Candido* my Lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Wife. Hee's among the lunatickes,
He was a man made up without a gall,
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meeke bloud into fury, yet like a monſter,
I often beate at the moſt conſtant rocke
Of his unſhaken patience, and did long
To vex him.

Duke. Did you ſo?

Wife. And for that purpoſe,
Had warrant from your Grace, to carry him
To *Bethlem Monastery*, whence they will not free him,
Without your Graces hand that ſent him in.

Du. You haue longd faire, tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and keepe you there:
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

Geo. And pleaſe your Grace, hee's not ſtarke mad,
but only talkes like a yong Gentleman, ſomewhat fantaſtically, that's all: there's a thouſand about your Court, City, and Country madder then he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Duke. Get pen and inke, get pen and inke.

Enter Castruchio.

Cast. Where is my Lord the Duke ?

Duke. How now ! more mad men ?

Cast. I haue strange newes my Lord.

Duke. Of what ? of whom ?

Castr. Of *Infelice*, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha ! where ? with whom ?

Cast. *Hipolito*.

Geor. Here my Lord.

Du. Hence with that woman, void the roome.

Flu. Away, the Duke's vext.

Geo. Whoop, come mistress, the Duke's mad too.

Du. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead ? *Exeunt.*

Castr. He that can make any man dead, the doctor : but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke : *Hipolito*, the Doctor, and one more, rid hence this evening ; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monastery : *Infelice* comes from *Bergamo* and meets them there : *Hipolito* is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier *Anselmo* is the knitter.

Du. From *Bergamo* ? is't possible ? it cannot be.
It cannot be.

Cast. I will not sweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whose braines worke in the plot.

Duke. What's he ?

Cast. *Mathao*.

Flu. *Mathao* knowes all.

Pior. Hee's *Hipolitoes* bosome.

Duke. How farre stands Bethlem hence ?

Omnes. Six or feaven miles.

Du. Is't so ? not married till the afternoone :
Stay, stay, lets worke out some prevention : how !
This is most frange, can none but mad-men serve
To dresse their wedding dinner ? all of you
Get presently to horse, disguise your selves

Like Countrie Gentlemen,
Or riding Citizens, or so : and take
Each man a severall path, but let us meete
At Bethlem monastery, some space of time
Being spent betweene the arrivall each of other,
As if we came to see the Lunatickes.
To horse, away, be secrete on your lives.
Love must be punished that unjustly thrives. *Exeunt.*

Flu. Be secrete on your lives ! *Castruchio,*
Yare but a scurvie spaniell ; honest Lord,
Good Lady : Zounds their love is just, tis good,
And I'll prevent you tho I swim in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Mathæo, Infelice.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.

Ans. You presse me to an act, both full of danger,
And full of happines : for I behold
Your fathers frowns, his threats, nay perhaps death
To him that dare doe this : yet noble Lord,
Such comfortable beames break through these cloudes
By this blest mariage, that your honor'd word
Being pawnd in my defence, I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

Hip. Tush, feare not the Duke.

Ans. O son ! wisely to feare, is to be free from feare.

Hip. You have our words, and you shall have our
lives,

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. I, I, chop em up, and away.

Ans. Stay, when it fit for me, and safest for you,
To entertaine this businesse ?

Hip. Not till the evening.

Ans. Be it so, there is a Chappell stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the Abbey wall,
Thither convey your selves, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe upon this upper world,
I'll marrie you : that done, no thundring voice
Can breake the sacred bond, yet Ladie, here you are
most safe.

Infe. Father, your love's most decree.

Mat. I, well faide, locke us into some little roome by our selves, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathæo* no, lets make no noife.

Mat. How! no noife! doe you know where you are? sfoot amongst al the mad-caps in *Millan*: so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, & no man will suspect that we lurke heere to steale mutton: the more sober we are, the more scuruy tis. And tho the Frier tell us, that here we are safest, I am not of his minde, for if those lay here that had lost their monie, none would ever looke after them, but heere are none but those that have lost their wits, so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'l come, and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be starke mad.

Hip. Muffle your selves, yonders *Flucello*.

Enter Flucello.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord, these cloakes are not for this raine, the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter? you have matterd it faire: the Duke's at hand.

Omnes. The Duke?

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads; and we are blown up with our own underminings. Sfoot, how comes he? what vilaine durst betraie our being here?

Flu. *Castruchio* told the Duke, and *Mathæo* here told *Castruchio*.

Hip. Would you betraie me to *Castruchio*?

Ma. Sfoote, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell, if he spake on't agen.

Hip. So did you sweare to me: so were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not beleeeve oathes: he tooke bread and salt

by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Hip. Oh God, oh God.

Ans. Son be not desperate, haue patience, you shal trip your enemie downe by his owne flights : How far is the Duke hence ?

Flu. He's but new set out, *Castruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinesi* come along with him : you have time enough yet to preuent them, if you have but courage.

Ans. Ye shall steale secretly into the Chappell, And presently be married : if the Duke Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes, You shall scape hence like Friers.

Hip. O blest disguise ! O happy man !

Ans. Talke not of happinesse till your clos'd hand Have her by'th forehead, like the lock of Time : Be nor too slow, nor hasty, now you clime Up to the Tower of blisse, onely be wary And patient, thats all : if you like my plot, Build and dispatch : if not farewell, then not.

Hip. O yes, we doe applaud it : we'll dispute No longer, but will hence and execute.

Fluello you'll stay here, let us be gone, The ground that frighted Lovers tread upon, Is stucke with thornes.

Ans. Come then, away, tis meete, *Exeunt.*
To escape those thornes, to put on winged feet.

Mat. No words I pray *Fluello*, for it stands us upon.

Flu. Oh sir, let that be your lesion :
Alas poore Lovers ! on what hopes and feares,
Men tosse themselves for women : When she's got
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto,
and Sinesi from severall doores muffled.*

Du. Who's there ?

Cast. My Lord.

Du. Peace ; fend that Lord away.
A Lordship will spoile all, lets be all fellowes.
What's he ?

Cast. *Fludlo*, or else *Sinczi* by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Du. What, met upon the very point of time?
Is this the place?

Pio. This is the place my Lord.

Du. Dream you on Lordships! come no more
Lords I pray:

You have not seene these Lovers yet?

Om. Not yet.

Duke. *Castruchio*, art thou fure this wedding feate
Is not till afternoone?

Cast. So it is given out my Lord.

Du. Nay, nay, tis like, theeves must obserue their
houres,

Lovers watch minutes like Astronomers,

How shall the *interim* houres by us be spent?

Flu. Lets all goe see the madmen.

Om. Masse content. *Enter Towne like a sweeper.*

Du. O here comes one, question him, question him.

Flu. Now honest fellow, dost thou belong to the
house?

Tow. Yes forsooth, I am one of the implements, I
fweepe the mad-mens roomes, and fetch straw for 'em,
and buy chaines to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was
a mad wag my selfe here once, but I thank father *An-*
felmo, he lasht me into my right minde agen.

Du. *Anfelmo* is the Frier must marry them,
Question him where he is.

Cast. And where is father *Anfelmo* now?

Town. Marrie he's gone but eene now.

Du. I, wel done, tell me, whither is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a foole, talkes idely.

Pio. Sirra are all the mad folks in *Millan* brought
hither?

Tow. How all! ther's a question indeed: why if
all the mad folkes in *Millan* should come hither,
there would not be left ten men in the Cittie.

Du. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.

Tow. O yes, abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they run out a their wits : Cittizens sons & heirs are free of the house by their fathers copy : Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flocks) & when they ha sold all their corn fields, here they sit and pick the strawes.

Si. Me thinks you should have women here aswell as men.

Tow. O I, a plague on 'em, ther's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

Flu. Are there no Lawyers amongst you ?

Tow. O no, not one : never any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster then we can recover 'em.

Du. And how long ist e're you recover any of these ?

Tow. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans sonne will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen : a puritane there's no hope of him, unlesse he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himselfe i'th bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net.

Tow. Yes intruth, we have blockes for all heads, we have good store of wild-Oates heere : for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is mad at the Countrie man, the Shoomaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Punck is so common a whore : gods so, here's father *Anselmo*, pray say nothing that I tel tales out of the Schoole.

Exit.

Omn. God bleffe you father.

Ansel. I thanke you gentlemen. *Enter Anselmo.*

Cass. Pray may we see some of those wretched foules,
That here are in your keeping ?

Anf. Yes, you shall.

But gentlemen, I must disarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike : we have here some,
So apish and phantasticke, play with a feather,
And tho twould grieve a foule to see Gods image
So blemisht and defac'd, yet doe they act
Such anticke and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of Sorrow they will make you smile :
Others agen we have like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, untameable as flies,
And these have oftentimes from strangers sides
Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harme,
Whom if you'l see, you must be weaponlesse.

Omn. With all our hearts.

Anf. Here, take these weapons in,
Stand off a little pray ; so, so, tis well :
He shew you here a man that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy Cittizen,
Has serv'd a prentiship to this misfortune,
Beene here seven yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo*.

Duke. How fell he from his wits ?

Anf. By losse at Sea ;
He stand aside, question him you alone,
For if he spy me, hee'l not speake a word,
Unlesse hee's throughly vext. *Discovers an old man
wrapt in a net.*

Flu. Alas poore foule !

Cast. A very old man.

Duke. God speed father.

1. *Mad.* God speed the Plough, thou shalt not
speed me.

Rio. We see you old man, for all you dance in a
net.

1. *Mad.* True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter,
and I shall not see thee.

Anf. O, doe not vex him pray.

Cast. Are you a Fisherman father ?

1. *Mad.* No, I am neither fish nor flesh.

Flu. What do you with that net then?

1. *Mad.* Dost not see foole? there's a fresh Salmon in't: if you step one foot further, you'll be over shoos, for you see I am over head and eares in the salt-water: and if you fal into this whirle-poole where I am, y'are drown'd: y'are a drown'd Rat. I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my Net breakes still, and breakes, but Ile breake some of your neckes and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay, wheres the wind? wheres the wind? wheres the winde? wheres the winde? Out you Gullies, you Goose-caps, you Gudgeon-eaters! do you looke for the wind in the heavens? ha, ha, ha, ha, no, no, looke there, looke there, looke there, the winde is alwayes at that doore: hearke how it blowes, puffe, puffe, puffe.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Mad.* Do you laugh at Gods creatures? do you mock old age, you Rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfet that you cry, ha, ha, ha? Sirra, art not thou my eldest sonne?

Pior. Yes indeed father.

1. *Mad.* Then th'art a foole, for my eldest son had a polt-foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a peare colour'd beard: I made him a Scholler, and he made himselfe a foole. Sirra, thou there: hold out thy hand.

Du. My hand, wel, here tis.

1. *Mad.* Looke, looke, looke, looke: has he not long nailles, and short haire?

Flu. Yes, monstrous short haire, and abhominable long nailles.

1. *Mad.* Ten-peny nailles, are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailles.

1. *Mad.* Such nailles had my second boy: kneele downe thou varlet, and aske thy father blessing: Such nailles had my middlemost son, and I made him a Promoter: and he scrapt, and scrapt, and scrapt, til he got the divel and all: but he scrapt thus and thus and thus and it went under his legs, till at length a

companie of Kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all all, all, all, all. If you love your lives, looke to your felves: fee, fee, fee, fee, the Turkes Gallies are fighting with my ships, Bownce goes the guns: oooh! cry the men: romble, romble goe the waters: Alas, there; tis funke, tis funke: I am undone, I am undone, you are the damn'd Pirates have undone me: you are by the Lord, you are, you are, stop 'em, you are.

Ans. Why how now firra! must I fall to tame you!

1. *Mad.* Tame me! no, Ile be madder then a roasted Cat: fee, fee, I am burnt with gunpowder, these are our close fights.

Ans. Ile whip you if you grow unruly thus.

1. *Mad.* Whip me! out you toad! whip me: what justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am starv'd, and have had no meate by this light, ever since the great floud, I am a poore man.

Ans. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I pray do; for looke you, here be my guts: these are my ribs—you may looke through my ribs—fee how my guts come out: these are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Ans. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous sight.

Capt. Father, I see you have a busie charge.

Ans. They must be usde like children, pleased with toyes,

And anon whipt for their unrulinesse:
 Ile shew you now a paire quite different
 From him that's gone: he was all words, and these
 Unlessse you urge em, seldome spend their speech,
 But fave their tongues: la you, this hithermost
 Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
 About a maiden that he lov'd, and died:
 He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
 And as her body went into the ground,
 He fell starke mad. This is a married man,
 Was jealous of a faire, but as some say,
 A very vertuous wife, and that spoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All these are whoremongers, & lay with my wife : whore, whore, whore, whore, whore.

Fhu. Observe him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer Shoomaker, you puld on my wifes pumps, and then crept into her pantofles : lie there, lie there : this was her Tailer ; you cut out her loose-bodied Gowne, and put in a yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoomaker : O maister Doctor ! are you here ? you gave me a Purgation, and then crept into my wifes chamber, to feele her pulses, and you said, and she said, and her maide said, that they went pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat : Doctor, Ile put you anone into my wifes Urinall ; heigh, come aloft Jacke : this was her schoole-maister, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and still his Jacks leapt up, up : you prickt her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but Ile pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor : Tayler-shoomaker ; shoomaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler : fo, lie with my wife agen now.

Casfr. See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile give thee none.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile not giue thee a bit.

2. *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* Ile not give thee a spoonefull : thou liest, its no Dragon, tis a Parrat, that I bought for my sweet heart, and Ile keepe it.

2. *Mad.* Here's an almond for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Hang thy selfe.

2. *Mad.* Here's a rope for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Eate it, for Ile eate this.

2. *Mad.* Ile shoote at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ?

2. *Mad.* Ile run a tilt at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ? doe and thou dar'ft.

2. *Mad.* Bownce.

3. *Mad.* O oh! I am flaine! murder, murder, murder, I am flaine, my braines are beaten out.

Anf. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.

3. *Mad.* I am dead, I am flaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you do now sirra? you ha kill'd him.

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd 'him, Ile answer't at Sessions, so my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Anf. Take 'hem in both: bury him, for he's dead.

3. *Mad.* Indee'de, I am dead, put me I pray into a good pit hole.

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Anf. How now hufwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting forsooth: how do you gaffer? how do you gaffer? there's a French curfew for you too.

Flu. Tis *Bellafronte*.

Pio. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.

Duke. Father, what's she I pray?

Anf. As yet I know not,
She came in but this day, talkes little idly,
And therefore has the freedome of the house.

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you, nor you, nor you?

Omn. No indeed.

Bell. Then you are an Affe, and you an Affe, and you are an Affe, for I know you.

Anf. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They are Fish-wives, will you buy any Gud-geons? gods fanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Frier?

Enter Hipolito, Mathæo, and Infalice disguisd in the habites of Friers.

Anf. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble Friers

The Duke is heere, speake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeed you shall not goe : wee'll run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.

Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as all her fellowes are ?

Hip. Say nothing, but steal hence, when you spie time.

Anf. I'll locke you up, if y'are unruly, fie.

Bell. Fie, marrie fo : they shall not goe indeed till I ha tolde 'hem their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bell. I pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.

Anf. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus unruly,
I'll have you lockt up fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me see, 1. 2. 3. and 4. I'll begin with the little Frier first, heer's a fine hand indeed, I never saw Frier have such a daintie hand : heere's a hand for a Ladie, heere's your fortune,
You love a Frier better than a Nun,
Yet long you'l love no Frier, nor no Friers sonne.
Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I am afraid,
For all y'are holy, you'll not die a maid : God give you joy.

Now to you Frier *Tucke.*

Mat. God fend me good lucke.

Bell. You love one, and one loves you :
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew,
Here is a Diall that false ever goes.

Mat. O your wit drops !

Bell. Troth so does your nose ;
Nay lets shake hands with you too :
Pray open, here's a fine hand :
Ho Frier ho, God be here,
So he had need : you'l keepe good cheare,
Here's a free table, but a frozen breast,
For you'l starve those that love you best.
Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,

Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Discovers them.*

Du. Are holy habits clokes for villanie?
Draw all your weapons.

Hip. Doe, draw all your weapons,

Duke. Where are your weapons? draw.

Omn. The Frier has guld us of 'em.

Mat. O rare tricke!

You ha learn'd one mad point of Arithmeticke.

Hip. Why fwels your spleene fo hie? against what
bofom

Would you your weapons draw, hers, tis your
daughters:

Mine, tis your fonnes.

Du. Sonne?

Mad. Sonne, by yonder Sunne.

Hip. You cannot shed blood here but tis your
owne,

To spill your owne blood were damnation:

Lay smoothe that wrinkled brow, and I will throw

My selfe beneath your feet:

Let it be rugged still and flinted ore,

What can come forth but sparkles that will burne

Your selfe and us? she's mine, my claime's most good,

She's mine by marriage, tho she's yours by blood.

I have a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,

For I foresaw this storme, yet willingly

Put forth to meet it: Oft have I seene a father

Washing the wounds of his deare sonne in tears,

A sonne to curse the sword that stricke his father,

Both flaine i'th quarrell of your families,

Those scars are now tane off: And I beseech you

To feale our pardon, all was to this end,

To turne the ancient hates of your two houses

To fresh greene friendship, that your Loves might
looke

Like the Springs forehead, comfortably sweet:

And your vext foules in peacefull union meete,

Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs

And happineffe shall crowne your silver haire.

Flu. You see (my Lord) theres now no remedie.

Omn. Befeech your Lordship.

Du. You befeech faire, you have me in place fit
To bridle me, rise Frier, you may be glad
You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad,
Since Fate hath conquerd, I must rest content,
To strive now, would but adde new punishment :
I yeeld unto your happineffe, be blest,
Our families shall henceforth breath in rest.

Omn. O happy change !

Du. Yours now is my content,
I throw upon your joyes my full consent.

Bel. Am not I a good girle, for finding the Frier in
the wel ? Gods so, you are a brave man : will not you
buy me some sugar plums, because I am so good a
fortune teller.

Du. Would thou hadst wit (thou pretty foule) to
aske,
As I have will to give.

Bel. Prettie foule, a pretty foule is better then a
prety bodie : doe not you know my prettie foule ?
I know you : Is not your name *Mathæo* ?

Mat. Yes lamb.

Bel. Baa Lamb ! there you lie, for I am mutton :
looke fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was
mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and
were you never mad ? Yes I warrant, I had a fine
jewell once, a verie fine jewell, and that naughty
man stole it away from me, a very fine and a rich
jewell.

Du. What jewell pretty maide ?

Bel. Maide, nay that's a lie : O 'twas a very rich
jewell, called a Maiden head, and had not you it
leerer.

Mat. Out you mad asse ! away.

Du. Had he thy Maiden-head ?

He shall make thee amends, and marrie thee.

Bel. Shall he ? O brave *Arthur* of *Bradley*
then ?

Du. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,
I know he will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of some such paltry jewell.

Du. Did you? then marry her, you fee the
wrong

Has led her spirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? sfoote marry a
madwoman: let a man get the tameft wife he can
come by, shee'll be mad enough afterward, doe what
he can.

Du. Nay then, father *Anfelmo* here fhall do his
best,

To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may choofe.

Du. Nay then Law fhall compell: I tell you fir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you fhould not
breath

Under this aire, unleffe you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits ftand in their right
place,

I'll marrie her.

Bell. I thanke your Grace: *Mathæo*, thou art
mine:

I am not mad, but put on this difguife,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.
Mathæo, thou didft firft turne my foule blacke,
Now make it white agen: I doe proteft,
I'm pure as fire now, chafte as *Cynthias* breft.

Hip. I durft be fworne *Mathæo* she's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, guld, muft I faile in your flie-
boat,

Becaufe I helpt to reare your maine-maft firft?

Plague found you for't, tis well.

The Cockolds flampe goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha hornes giv'n them at their creations,
If I be one of thofe, why fo: tis better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that fimpers, and at firft will fcarce

Be tempted forth over the threshold doore,
Yet in one fennight, zounds, turnes arrant whore :
Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy gols,
Wee'l talke of legs hereafter : see my Lord,
God give us joy.

Omn. God, give you joy.

Enter Candido's wife, and George.

Geo. Come mistress, we are in Bedlam now, mas and
fee, we come in pudding time, for here's the Duke.

Wife. My husband good my Lord.

Duke. Have I thy husband ?

Cast. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's here among the
lunaticks : father *Anselmo*, pray fetch him forth :
this mad woman is his wife, and tho she were
not with child, yet did she long most spitefully to
have her husband mad : and because shee would
be sure he should turne Jew, she placed him here in
Bethlem, yonder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anselmo.

Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad ?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know that.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that know
You are not mad, and that you are the Duke :
None is mad here but one. How do you wife ?
What do you long for now ? pardon my Lord :
She had lost her childes nose else : I did cut out
Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was yet mine owne :
A carpet was my gowne, yet 'twas mine owne :
I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne :
Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was yet mine owne,
She sayes for this I'm mad : were her words true,
I should be mad indeed : O foolish skill !
Is patience madnesse ? Ile be a mad-man still.

Wife. Forgive me, and Ile vex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, wee'l have you friends, joyne hearts, joyne hands.

Cand. See my Lord, we are even,
Nay rife, for ill deeds kneele unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, me thinkes patience has laid on
you
Such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it !

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood fo
coole,

That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole :
What comfort do you finde in being fo calme ?

Cand. That which greene wounds receive from
foveraigne balme,

Patience my Lord : why tis the foule of peace :

Of all the vertues tis neer'st kin to heaven.

It makes men looke like gods : the best of men

That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,

A soft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill spirit,

The first true Gentleman that ever breath'd,

The stock of Patience then cannot be poore :

All it desires, it has, what Monarch more ?

It is the greatest enemy to Law

That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,

And so chaines up Lawyers and Womens tongues.

Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty :

His walkes and orchards : tis the bond-slaves free-
dome,

And makes him seeme proud of each yron chaine,

As tho he wore it more for state then paine :

It is the beggars musicke, and thus sings,

Although their bodies beg, their foules are kings.

O my dread Liege ! It is the sap' of blisse

Reares us aloft ; makes men and Angels kisse.

And last of all, to end a household strife,

It is the hony gainst a walpish wife.

Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours : who dare say
Hee's mad, whose words march in so good array?
Twere sinne all women should such husbands have,
For every man must then be his wifes slave.
Come therefore, you shall teach our Court to shine,
So calme a spirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wives (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.
Exeunt.

FINIS.



THE
SECOND
PART OF THE
HONEST WHORE,

WITH THE HUMORS
of the Patient Man, the Impatient
Wife : the Honest Whore, perfwaded by
strong Arguments to turne Curtizan
agaïne : her braue refuting thofe
Arguments.

And laftly, the Comickall Paſſages of an Italian
Bridewell, where the Scène ends.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



LONDON,
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An. Dom. 1630.



THE
H O N E S T
W H O R E.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

*Enter at one doore Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Astolfo,
with Scrivingmen, or Pages attending on them ; at
another doore enter Lodouico, meeting them.*

Lodouico.



Ood day, Gallants.

Omnes, Good morrow, sweet

Lodouico.

Lodo. How doest thou *Carolo*.

Carolo. Faith as the Physicians doe in a Plague,
see the World sicke, and am well my selfe.

Fontinell. Here's a sweet morning, Gentlemen.

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt *Ioue* from his Ningle
Ganimed, which is but to giue Dary Wenches greene
gownes as they are going a milking ; what, is thy
Lord stirring yet ?

Astolfo. Yes, he will not be horst this houre,
sure.

Bercaldo. My lady fweares he shall, for the longs to bee at Court.

Carolo. Oh, wee shall ride switch and spurre, would we were there once.

Enter Bryan the Footman.

Lod. How now, is thy Lord ready?

Bryan. No fo crees fa mee, my Lady will haue some little Tyng in her pelly firft.

Caro. Oh, then they'le to breakefast.

Lod. Footman, does my Lord ride y'th Coach with my Lady, or on horsebacke?

Bry. No foot la, my Lady will haue me Lord sheet wid her, my Lord will sheet in de one side, and my Lady sheet in de toder side. *Exeunt.*

Lod. My Lady sheet in de toder side: did you euer here a Rafcall talke fo like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his starre, should bee seene here fo long in Italy, yet speake fo from a Christian?

Enter Anthonio, Georgio, a poore Scholler.

Afol. An Irishman in Italy! that fo strange! why, the nation haue running heads.

Exchange Walke.

Lod. Nay *Carolo*, this is more strange, I ha bin in *France*, theres few of them: Mary, *England* they count a warme chimney corner, and there they swarme like Crickets to the creuice of a Brew-house; but Sir, in *England* I haue noted one thing.

Omnes. What's that, what's that of *England*?

Lod. Mary this Sir, what's he yonder!

Bert. A poore fellow would speake with my Lord.

Lod. In *England*, Sir, troth I euer laugh when I thinke on't: to see a whole Nation should be mark't i'th forehead, as a man may say, with one Iron: why Sir, there all Coftermongers are Irishmen.

Caro. Oh, that's to shew their Antiquity, as coming from *Eue*, who was an Apple-wife, and they take after the Mother.

Omnes. Good, good, ha, ha.

Lod. Why then, should all your Chimny-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? answer that now, come, your wit.

Caro. Faith, that's soone answered, for *S. Patricke* you know keepes Purgatory, hee makes the fire, and his Country-men could doe nothing, if they cannot sweepe the Chimnies.

Omnes. Good agen.

Lod. Then, Sir, haue you many of them (like this fellow) (especially those of his haire) Footmen to Noblemen and others, and the Knaues are very faithfull where they loue, by my faith very proper men many of them, and as actiue as the cloudes, whirre, hah.

Omnes. Are they so?

Lod. And stout! exceeding stout; Why, I warrant, this precious wild Villaine, if hee were put to't, would fight more desperately then sixteene Dunkerkes.

Afo. The women they say are very faire.

Lod. No, no, our Country Bona Robaes, oh! are the sugrest delicious Rogues.

Afo. Oh, looke, he has a feeling of them.

Lod. Not I, I protest, there's a saying when they commend Nations: It goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

Fron. I faith, they may make swabbers of them.

Lod. The Spaniard, let me see, for a little foot (I take it) the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and fo of the rest.

Are they at breakfast yet? come walke.

Afo. This *Lodonico*, is a notable tounge fellow.

Fron. Discourfes well.

Berc. And a very honest Gentleman.

Afo. Oh! hee's well valued by my Lord.

Enter Bellafront with a Petition.

Fron. How now, how now, what's she?

Bert. Let's make towards her.

Bella. Will it be long, sir, ere my Lord come forth?

Aff. Would you speake with my Lord?

Lod. How now, what's this, a Nurfes Bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keepe it?

Bella. No sir, my businesse is vnto my Lord.

Lod. Hee's about his owne wife now, hee'le hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Affo. No matter what he faies, faire Lady, hee's a Knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

Fro. My Lord will passe this way presently.

Bert. A pretty plumpe Rogue.

Aff. A good lusty bouncing baggage.

Bert. Doe you know her?

Lod. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my Table-booke once, I know not of what cut her dyc is now, but she has beene more common then Tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Omnes. Is this she?

Lod. This is the Blackamore that by washing was turned white: this is the Birding Peece new scowred: this is shee that (if any of her religion can be faued) was faued by my Lord *Hipolito*.

Affo. She has beene a goodly creature.

Lod. She has bin! that's the Epitaph of all Whores, I'm well acquainted with the poore Gentleman her Husband, Lord! what fortunes that man has ouerreached! She knowes not me, yet I haue beene in her company, I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheekes hath (like the Moone) suffred strange Eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like Medlars (no sooner ripe but rotten.)

A woman last was made, but is spent first,

Yet man is oft proued, in performance worft.

Omnes. My Lord is come.

Enter Hypolito, Infæliche, and two waiting women.

Hip. We ha wafted halfe this morning : morrow
Lodouico.

Lod. Morrow Madam.

Hip. Let's away to Horfe.

Omnes. I, I to Horfe, to Horfe.

Bela. I doe befeech your Lordship, let your eye
read o're this wretched Paper.

Hip. I'm in haft, pray the good woman take fome
apter time.

Infæ. Good Woman doe.

Bcl. Oh las ! it does concerne a poore mans life.

Hip. Life ! fweet heart ? Seat your felfe, I'll but
read this and come.

Lod. What flockings haue you put on this morning,
Madam ? if they be not yellow, change them ; that
paper is a Letter from fome Wench to your Husband.

Infæ. Oh fir, that cannot make me iealous.

Exeunt

Hip. Your bufines, fir, to me ?

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Prefently fir ; are you *Mathæos* wife.

Bela. That moft vnfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm forry thefe ftormes are fallen on him, I
loue *Mathæo*.

And any good fhall doe him, hee and I
Haue fealed two bonds of friendship, which are ftrong
In me, how euer Fortune does him wrong ;
He fpeakes here hee's condemned. Is't fo ?

Bcl. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed ? Oh, his
name's here ; old *Iacomo*, fonne to the *Florentine*
Iacomo, a dog, that to meet profit, would to the very
eyelids wade in blood of his owne children. Tell
Mathæo, the Duke my father hardly fhall deny his

figned pardon, 'twas faire fight, yes if rumors tongue
goe true, so writes he here.

To morrow morning I retorne from Court,
Pray be you here then. Ile haue done sir straight :
But in troth say, are you *Mathaeos* wife ?
You haue forgot me.

Bel. No, my Lord.

Hip. Your Turner,
That made you smooth to run an euen byas,
You know I loued you when your very soule
Was full of discord : art not a good wench still ?

Bel. Vmph, when I had lost my way to heauen,
you shewed it :

I was new borne that day. *Enter Lodouico.*

Lod. S'foot, my Lord, your Lady askes if you haue
not left your Wench yet ? When you get in once, you
neuer haue done : come, come, come, pay your old
score, and fend her packing, come.

Hip. Ride softly on before, Ile oretake you.

Lod. Your Lady sweares she'll haue no riding on
before, without ye.

Hip. Prethee good *Lodouico*.

Lod. My Lord pray hasten.

Hip. I come : to morrow let me see you, fare you
well : commend me to *Mathaeo* : pray one word more :
Does not your father liue about the Court ?

Bel. I thinke he does, but such rude spots of
shame

Stick on my cheek, that he scarce knowes my name

Hip. *Orlando Friscabaldo*, Is't not ?

Bel. Yes my Lord.

Hip. What does he for you ?

Bel. All he should : when Children
From duty start, Parents from loue may swarue.
He nothing does : for nothing I deserue.

Hip. Shall I ioyne him vnto you, and restore you
to wonted grace ?

Bel. It is impossible.

Exit Bellaf.

Hip. It shall be put to tryall : fare you well :

The face I would not looke on ! ture then 'twas rare,
When in despight of griefe, 'tis still thus faire.

Now, fir, your businesse with me.

Ant. I am bold to expresse my loue and duty to
your Lordship in these few leaues.

Hip. A Booke !

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Are you a Scholler ?

Ant. Yes, my Lord, a poore one.

Hip. Sir, you honor me.

Kings may be Schollers Patrons, but faith tell me,
To how many hands besides hath this bird flowne,

How many partners share with me ?

An. Not one in troth, not one : your name I held
more deare,

I'm not (my Lord) of that low Character.

Hip. Your name I pray ?

Ant. *Antonio Georgio.*

Hip. Of *Millan* ?

Ant. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Ile borrow leaue

To read you o're, and then we'll talke : till then
Drinke vp this gold, good wits should loue good wine,
This of your loues, the earnest that of mine.

How now, fir, where's your Lady, not gone yet ?

Enter Bryan.

Bryan. I fart di Lady is runne away from dee, a
mighty deale of ground, she sent me backe for dine
owne sweet face, I pray dee come my Lord away, wut
tow goe now ?

Hip. Is the Coach gone ?
Saddle my Horfe the forrell.

Bryan. A pox a de Horfes nose, he is a lowfy raf-
cally fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his scuruy
guts rumbled, di Horfe farted in my face, and dow
knowest, an Irishman cannot abide a fart, but I haue
faddled de Hobby-horfe, di fine Hobby is ready, I

pray dee my good sweet Lord, wit tow goe now, and
I will runne to de Deuill before dee ?

Hip. Well, fir, I pray lets see you Maſter Scholler.

Bry. Come I pray dee, wut come ſweet face ?
Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lodouico, Carolo, Aſtolpho, Bercaldo.

Lod. Gods fo, Gentlemen, what doe we forget ?

Omnes. What ?

Lod. Are not we all enioyned as this day, Thurf-
day is't not ? I as that day to be at the Linnen-drapers
houſe at dinner ?

Car. *Signior Candido*, the patient man.

Aſto. Afore *Ioue*, true, vpon this day hee's married.

Berc. I wonder, that being ſo ſlung with a Waſpe
before, he dares venture againe to come about the
eaues amongſt Bees.

Lod. Oh 'tis rare fucking a ſweet Hony-combe ;
pray Heauen his old wife be buried deepe enough,
that the riſe not vp to call for her daunce, the poore
Fidlers Instruments would cracke for it, ſhee'd tickle
them : at any hand let's try what mettle is in his new
Bride, if there be none, we'll put in ſome ; troth it's a
very noble Citizen, I pittie he ſhould marry againe,
He walke along, for it is a good old fellow.

Caro. I warrant, the Wiues of *Millan* would giue
any fellow twenty thouſand Duckets, that could but
haue the face to beg of the Duke, that all the Citizens
in *Millan* might be bound to the peace of patience,
as the Linnen-draper is.

Lod. Oh fy vpon't, 'twould vndoe all vs that are
Courtiers, we ſhould haue no whoe with the wenches
then.

Enter Hipollito.

Omnes. My Lord's come.

Hip. How now, what newes ?

Omnes. None.

Lod. Your Lady is with the Duke her Father.

Hip. And we'll to them both presently, whose's that?

Enter Orlando Friscobaldo.

Omnes. Signior Friscabaldo.

Hip. Friscabaldo, oh! pray call him, and leaue me, wee two haue bufinesse.

Car. Ho Signior! Signior Friscabaldo.

The Lord *Hipollito*.

Exeunt.

Orla. My Noble Lord: my Lord *Hipollito*! the Dukes Sonne! his braue Daughters braue Husband! how does your honord Lordship! does your Nobility remember fo poore a Gentleman as Signior Orlando Friscabaldo! old mad Orlando!

Hip. Oh fir, our friends! they ought to be vnto vs as our Iewels, as dearely valued, being locked vp, & vnseene, as when we weare them in our hands. I see, Friscabaldo, age hath not command of your blood, for all Times fickle has gone ouer you, you are Orlando still.

Orl. Why my Lord, are not the fields mowen and cut downe, and stript bare, and yet weare they not pide coates againe? tho my head be like a Leeke, white: may not my heart be like the blade, greene?

Hip. Scarce can I read the Stories on your brow, Which age hath writ there, you looke youthfull still.

Orla. I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes. My heart shall neuer haue a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry Hem with a cleare voice.

Hip. You are the happier man, fir.

Orla. Happy man! Ile giue you (my Lord) the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaues ouer this morning, and found it, an excellent Italian Painter drew it, If I haue it in the right colours, Ile bestow it on your Lordship.

Hip. I stay for it.

Orla. He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noone-day walkes by a prison doore,

He that 'ith Sunne is neither beame nor moate,
 He that's not mad after a Petticoate,
 He for whom poore mens curses dig no graue,
 He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers flauce,
 He that makes This his Sea, and That his Shore,
 He that in's Coffin is richer then before,
 He that counts Youth his Sword, and Age his Staffe,
 He whose right hand carues his owne Epitaph,
 He that vpon his death-bead is a Swan,
 And Dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

Hip. It's very well, I thanke you for this Picture.

Orla. After this Picture (my Lord) doe I striue to
 haue my face drawne :

For I am not couetous,

Am not in debt,

Sit neither at the Dukes fide,

Nor lie at his feete.

Wenching and I haue done, no man I wrong,

No man I feare, no man I fee ;

I take heed how farre I walke, because I know
 yonders my home.

I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing
 away faue a winding sheete :

But like a good man, to leaue *Orlando* behind me.

I sowed leaues in my Youth, and I reape now Bookes
 in my Age.

I fill this hand, and empty this, and when the bell
 shall toll for me, if I proue a Swan, & go finging
 to my nest, why so ?

If a Crow ! throw me out for carrion, & pick out mine
 eyes,

May not old *Friscabaldo* (my Lord) be merry now ! ha ?

Hip. You may, would I were partner in your
 mirth.

Orla. I haue a little,

Haue all things ;

I haue nothing ; I haue no wife, I haue no child, haue
 no chick, and why should not I be in my locun-
 dare ?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orla. She's an old dweller in those high Countries,
Yet not from me,
Here, she's here: but before me, when a Knaue and
a Qucane are married, they commonly walke like
Sericants together: but a good couple are feldome
parted.

Hip. You had a Daughter too sir, had you not?

Orla. Oh my Lord! this old Tree had one
Branch, (and but one Branch growing out of it) It
was young, it was faire, it was straight; I pruinde it
daily, drest it carefully, kept it from the winde, help'd
it to the Sunne, yet for all my skill in planting, it
grew crooked, it bore Crabs; I hewed it downe,
What's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

Hip. Then can I tell you whats become of it;
That Branch is witherd.

Orl. So 'twas long agoe.

Hip. Her name I thinke was *Bellafront*, she's dead.

Orlando. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes, what of her was left, not worth the
keeping,
Euen in my fight was throwne into a Graue.

Orl. Dead! my last and best peace goe with her,
I see deaths a good trencherman, he can eat course
homely meat, as well as the daintiest.

Hip. Why, *Friscabaldo*, was she homely?

Orla. O my Lord! a Strumpet is one of the
Deuils Vines; all the finnes like so many Poles are
stucke vpright out of hell, to be her props, that she
may spread vpon them. And when she's ripe, euery
Slaue has a pull at her, then must she be preft. The
yong beautifull Grape sets the teeth of Lust on edge,
yet to taste that lickrish Wine, is to drinke a mans
owne damnation. Is she dead?

Hip. Shee's turned to earth.

Orla. Wod she were turn'd to heauen; Vmh, is
she dead! I am glad the world has lost one of his
Idols; no Whore-monger will at midnight beat at the

doores ; In her graue sleepe all my shame, and her owne ; and all my forrowes, and all her finnes.

Hip. I'm glad you are wax, not marble ; you are made

Of mans best temper, there are now good hopes
That all these heapes of ice about your heart,
By which a fathers loue was frozen vp,
Are thawed in these sweet showres fetcht from your eyes,

We are ne'r like Angels till our passion dyes,
She is not dead, but liues vnder worfe fate,
I thinke she's poore, and more to clip her wings,
Her Husband at this houre lies in the layle,
For killing of a man, to saue his blood,
Ioyne all your force with mine : mine shall be showne,
The getting of his life perserues your owne.

Orla. In my daughter you will say ! does she liue then ? I am sorry I wasted teares vpon a Harlot, but the best is I haue a handkercher to drinke them vp, sope can wash them all out agen.
Is she poore ?

Hip. Trust me, I thinke she is.

Orla. Then she's a right Strumpet ; I ne'r knew any of their trade rich two yeeres together ; Siues can hold no water, nor Harlots hoord vp money ; they haue many vents, too many sluces to let it out ; Tauernes, Taylors, Bawds, Panders, Fiddlers, Swaggerers, Fooles and Knaues, doe all waite vpon a common Harlots trencher : she is the Gally-pot to which these Drones flye : not for loue to the pot, but for the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

Hip. I almost dare pawne my word, her bosome giues warmth to no such Snakes ; when did you see her ?

Orla. Not feunteene Summers.

Hip. Is your hate so old ?

Orla. Older ; it has a white head, and shall neuer dye till she be buried,

Her wrongs shall be my bedfellow.

Hip. Worke yet his life, since in it liues her fame.

Orl. No, let him hang, and halfe her infamy departs out of the world : I hate him for her ; he taught her first to taste poyson ; I hate her for her selfe, because she refused my Physicke.

Hip. Nay but *Friscabaldo*.

Orl. I detest her, I despise both, she's not mine, she's

Hip. Heare her but speake.

Orl. I love no Maremaid, Ile not be caught with a quail pipe.

Hip. Yare now beyond all reason.

Orl. I am then a Beast, Sir, I had rather be a beast, and not dishonor my creation, then be a doting father, & like Time, be the destruction of mine owne broode.

Hip. Is't dotage to relieue your child being poore ?

Orl. Is't fit for an old man to keepe a whore ?

Hip. 'Tis charity too.

Orl. 'Tis foolery ; releue her !

Were her cold limbes stretcht out vpon a Beere,
I would not sell this durt vnder my nailes
To buy her an houres breath, nor giue this haire,
Vnlesse it were to choke her.

Hip. Fare you well, for Ile trouble you no more.

Exit

Orl. And fare you well fir, goe thy waies, we haue few Lords of thy making, that loue wenches for their honesty ; Las my Girle ! art thou poore ? pouerty dwells next doore to despaire, there's but a wall betweene them ; despaire is one of hells Catch-poles ; and lest that Deuill arrest her, Ile to her, yet she shall not know me ; she shall drinke of my wealth, as beggars doe of running water, freely, yet neuer know from what Fountaines head it flowes. Shall a silly bird picke her owne brest to nourish her yong ones and can a father see his child starue ? That were hard ; The Pelican does it, and shall not I. Yes, I will victuall the Campe for her, but it shall be by some

stratagem ; that knaue there her husband will be hanged I feare, Ile keepe his necke out of the nooze if I can, he shall not know how.

Enter two Seruing-men.

Orl. How now knaues, whither wander you ?

1. To seeke your Worship.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purse, what money haue you about you ?

2. Some fiftene or sixteene pounds, sir.

Orl. Giue it me, I thinke I haue some gold about me ; yes, it's well ; leaue my Lodging at Court, and get you home. Come sir, tho I neuer turned any man out of doores, yet Ile be so bold as to pull your Coate ouer your eares.

1. What doe you meane to doe sir ?

Orl. Hold thy tongue knaue, take thou my Cloake, I hope I play not the paltry Merchant in this barning ; bid the Steward of my house, sleepe with open eyes in my absence, and to looke to all things, whatsoever I command by Letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it fit well ?

2. As if it were made for your Worship.

Orl. You proud Varlets, you need not bee ashamed to weare blue, when your Master is one of your fellowes ; away, doe not see me.

Both. This is excellent.

Exeunt.

Orl. I should put on a worfe suite too ; perhaps I will. My Vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I should shaue off this Honor of an old man, or tye it vp shorter : Well, I will spoyle a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I looke ? euen like A Winter Cuckoo, or vnfeatherd Owle ; Yet better lose this haire, then lose her soule. *Exit.*

*Enter Candido, Lodouico, and Carolo. Lodouico
other Guests, and Bride with Prentises.*

Cand. O Gentlemen, so late, y'are very welcome, pray sit downe.

Lod. *Carolo*, did'st ere see such a nest of Caps?

Asto. Me thinkes

It's a most ciuill and most comely sight.

Lod. What does he'ith middle looke like?

Asto. Troth like a spire sleeple in a Country Village ouerpeering so many thatcht houses.

Lod. It's rather a long pike staffe against so many bucklers without pikes; they fit for all the world like a paire of Organs, and hee's the tall great roaring pipe 'ith middest.

Asto. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cand. What's that you laugh at, *Signiors*?

Lod. Troth shall I tell you, and aloude Ile tell it, We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorn) Amongst so many Caps that long Hat worne.

Lodo. Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in *Millan*, and therefore I loue it, for the blocke was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a haire.

Cand. Indeed you are good obseruers, it shewes strange.

But Gentlemen, I pray neither contemne,
Nor yet deride a ciuill ornament;
I could build so much in the round Caps praise,
That loue this hye rooffe, I this flat would raise.

Lod. Prethee sweet Bridegrome doo't.

Cand. So all these guests will pardon me, Ile doo't.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Cand. Thus then in the Caps honor,
To euery Sex and state, both Nature, Time,
The Countries lawes, yea and the very Clime
Doe allot distinct habits, the spruce Courtier
Iets vp and downe in filke: the Warriour
Marches in buffe, the Clowne plods on in gray:
But for these vpper garments thus I say,
The Sea-man has his Cap, par'd without brim,
The Gallants head is featherd, that fits him;
The Soldier has his Murren, women ha Tires;
Beasts haue their head-peeeces, and men ha theirs.

Lod. Proceed.

Cand. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,
One should be laid by for the Citizen,
And that's the Cap which you see swels not hyc,
For Caps are Emblems of humility ;
It is a Citizens badge, and first was worne
By'th Romanes ; for when any Bondmans turne
Came to be made a Freeman : thus 'twas said,
He to the Cap was call'd ; that is, was made
Of Rome a Freeman, but was first clofe thorne,
And so a Citizens haire is still short worne.

Lod. That clofe shauing made Barbers a Company,
And now euery Citizen vses it.

Cand. Of Geometricke figures the most rare,
And perfect'st are the Circle and the square,
The City and the Schoole much build vpon
These figures, for both loue proportion.
The City Cap is round, the Schollers square,
To shew that Gouvernment and learning arc
The perfect'st limbes i'th body of a State :
For without them, all's disproportionate.
If the Cap had no honor, this might reare it,
The Reuerend Fathers of the Law doe weare it.
It's light for Summer, and in cold it fits
Close to the scull, a warme house for the wits ;
It shewes the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to looke on't were afraide,
Nor like a Drapers shop with broad darke shed,
For hee's no Citizen that hides his head.
Flat Caps as proper are to Citty Gownes,
As to Armors Helmets, or to Kings their Crownes.
Let then the City Cap by none be scornd,
Since with it Princes heads haue beene adorn'd.
If more the round Caps honor you would know,
How would this long Gowne with this steeple shew ?

Ommes. Ha, ha, ha : most vile, most vgly.

Cand. Pray *Signior* pardon me, 'twas done in iest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.

The Honest Whore.

III

1. Wine : yes forfooth, wine for the Bride.

Car. You ha well fet out the Cap, fir.

Lod. Nay, that's flat.

Long. A health.

Lod. Since his Cap's round, that shall goe round.

Be bare,

For in the Caps praise all of you haue share

The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.

Lod. The Bride's at cuffes.

Cand. Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand,
I spied the error of my seruants,
She call'd for Claret, and you fill'd out Sacke ;
That cup giue me, 'tis for an old mans backe,
And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken, aske
all these else.

Omnes. No faith, 'twas but mistaken.

1. Nay, she tooke it right enough.

Cand. Good *Luke* reach her that glasse of Claret.
Here, Mistris Bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now Ile none.

Exit Bride.

Cand. How now ?

Lod. Looke what your Mistris ayles.

1. Nothing, fir, but about filling a wrong glasse,
a scurvy tricke.

Cand. I pray you hold your tongue, my seruant
there tells me she is not well.

Omnes. Step to her, step to her.

Lod. A word with you : doe ye heare ? This
wench (your new wife) will take you downe in your
wedding shooes, vnlesse you hang her vp in her wed-
ding garters.

Cand. How, hang her in her garters ?

Lod. Will you be a tame Pidgeon still ? shall your
backe be like a Tortoys shell, to let Carts goe ouer it,
yet not to breake ? This Shee-cat will haue more
liues then your last Puffe had, and will scratch worfe,
and mouze you worfe : looke toot.

Cand. What would you haue me doe, fir ?

Lod. What would I haue you doe ? Sweare,
swagger brawle, sling ; for fighting it's no matter, we

ha had knocking Puffles enow already ; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The Morall of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife ; be you like an Orange to her, let her cut you neuer so faire, be you fowre as vineger ; will you be ruled by me ?

Cand. In any thing that's ciuill, honest, and iust.

Lod. Haue you euer a Prentices suit will fit me ?

Cand. I haue the very same which my selfe wore.

Lod. Ile fend my man for't within this halfe houre, and within this two houres Ile be your Prentice : the Hen shall not ouercrowe the Cocke, Ile sharpen your spurres.

Cand. It will be but some iest, sir.

Lod. Onely a iest : farewell, come *Carolo. Exeunt.*

Omnes. Wee'l take our leaues, Sir, too.

Cand. Pray conceite not ill of my wines sodaine rising. This young Knight, Sir *Lodouico*, is deepe seene in Phisicke, and he tells me, the discaise call'd the Mother, hangs on my wife, it is a vchement heauing and beating of the Stomacke, and that swelling did with the paine thereof crampe vp her arme, that hit his lips, and brake the glasse : no harme, it was no harme.

Omnes. No, *Signior*, none at all.

Cand. The straightest arrow may flye wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawle vp in some dance.

Exeunt.

Enter Bellafront and Matheo.

Bell. Oh my sweet Husband, wert thou in thy graue, and art aliue agen ? O welcome, welcome.

Mat. Dost know me ? my cloake prethee lay't vp. Yes faith, my winding sheete was taken out of Lauender, to be stucke with Rosemary, I lacke but the knot

here, or here ; yet if I had had it, I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playfe : but sweetest villaine, I am here now, and I will talke with thee foone.

Bel. And glad am I th'art here.

Mat. Did these heeles caper in shackles ? A my little plumpe rogue, Ile beare vp for all this, and flye hye. *Catzo Catzo.*

Bel. *Matheo ?*

Mat. What sayest, what sayest ? O braue fresh ayre, a pox on these Grates and gingling of Keyes, and rattling of Iron. Ile beare vp, Ile flye hye wench, hang Toffe.

Bel. *Matheo*, prethee make thy prision thy glaffe, And in it view the wrinkles, and the scarres, By which thou wert disfigured, viewing them, mend them.

Mat. Ile goe visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boyes.

Bel. Thou doest not heare me ?

Mat. Yes faith doe I.

Bel. Thou hast beene in the hands of misery, and tane strong Physicke, prethee now be found.

Mat. Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a Tauerne lookes now. Oh when shall I bizle, bizle ?

Bel. Nay fee, th'art thirsty still for poyson, come, I will not haue thee swagger.

Mat. Honest Apes face.

Bel. 'Tis that sharpned an axe to cut thy throate. Good Loue, I would not haue thee sell thy substance And time (worth all) in those damned shops of Hell ; Those Dying houses, that stand neuer well, But when they stand most ill, that foure-squared sinne

Has almost lodg'd vs in the beggers Inne.

Besides (to speake which euen my foule does grieve)

A fort of Rauens haue hung vpon thy sleeue,

And fed vpon thee : good *Mat.* (if you please)

Scorne to spread wing amongst so base as these ;
 By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shoves
 Cleare amongst them ; so Crowes are faire with
 Crowes.

Custome in sinne, giues sinne a loutly dye.
 Blacknesse in Mores is no deformity.

Mat. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I
 sweare, as I hope my soule, I will turne ouer a new
 leafe, the prison I confesse has bit me, the best man
 that sayles in such a Ship, may be lowfy.

Bel. One knockes at doore.

Mat. Ile be the Porter : they shall see, a Iayle
 cannot hold a braue spirit, Ile flye hye. *Exit.*

Bel. How wilde is his behauiour ! oh, I feare
 He's spoyld by prison, he's halfe damned comes
 there,

But I must fit all stormes : when a full sayle
 His fortunes spred, he loued me : being now poore,
 Ile beg for him, and no wife can doe more.

Enter Matheo, and Orlando like a Seruingman.

Mat. Come in pray, would you speake with me,
 sir ?

Orl. Is your name *Signior Matheo* ?

Mat. My name is *Signior Matheo*.

Orl. Is this Gentlewoman your wife, sir ?

Mat. This Gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

Orl. The Destinies spin a strong and euen thread
 of both your loues : the Mothers owne face, I ha not
 forgot that, I'm an old man, sir, & am troubled with a
 whoreson salt rhewme, that I cannot hold my water.
 Gentlewoman, the last man I serued was your Father.

Bel. My Father ? any tongue that sounds his
 name,

Speakes Musicke to me : welcome good old man.

How does my father ? liues he ? has he health ?

How does my father ? I so much doe shame him,

So much doe wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orl. I can speake no more.

Mat. How now old Lad, what doest cry?

Orl. The rhewme still, fir, nothing else; I should be well seafond, for mine eyes lye in brine: looke you, fir, I haue a suite to you.

Math. What is't, my little white pate?

Orl. Troth, fir, I haue a mind to serue your Worship.

Mat. To serue me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say——

Orl. Nay looke you, fir, I know when all finnes are old in vs, and goe vpon Crutches, that Couetoufnesse does but then lie in her Cradle; 'Tis not so with me. Letchery loues to dwell in the fairest lodging, and Couetoufnesse in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, fir, is no Inne for such a gossip. If a Seruingman at my yeeres be not stored with bisket enough, that has sayled about the world to serue him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East-home; Ill pittie but all his daies should be fasting daies: I care not so much for wages, for I haue scraped a handfull of gold together; I haue a little money, fir, which I would put into your Worships hands, not so much to make it more.

Mat. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well; but I must tell you: How much is the money, sayest thou?

Orl. About twenty pound, Sir.

Mat. Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum, per annum*.

Orl. No, no, no, fir, no; I cannot abide to haue money ingender: fye vpon this filuer Letchery, fye; if I may haue meat to my mouth, and rags to my backe, and a flock-bed to snort vpon, when I die, the longer liuer take all.

Mat. A good old Boy, yfaith, if thou seruest me,

thou shalt eat as I eat, drinke as I drinke, lye as I lye, and ride as I ride.

Orl. That's if you haue money to hire horsfes.

Mat. Front. What doest thou thinke on't? This good old Lad here shall serue me.

Bel. Alas, *Matheo*, wilt thou load a backe That is already broke?

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace, there's a trickie in't, I flye hye, it shall be so, *Front.* as I tell you : giue me thy hand, thou shalt serue me yfaith : wel-come : as for your money——

Orl. Nay, looke you fir, I haue it here.

Mat. Pesh, keepe it thy selfe, man, and then th'art sure 'tis safe.

Orl. Safe! and 'twere ten thousand Duckets, your Worship should be my cash-keeper ; I haue heard what your Worship is, an excellent dunghill Cocke, to scatter all abroad : but Ile venture twenty pound on's head.

Mat. And didst thou serue my Worshipfull Father-in-law, *Signior Orlando Friscabaldo*, that mad man once?

Orl. I serued him so long, till he turned me out of doores.

Mat. It's a notable Chuffe, I ha not seene him many a day.

Orl. No matter and you ne'r see him : it's an arrant Grandy, a Churle, and as damnd a cut-throat.

Bel. Thou villaine, curb thy tongue, thou art a Iudas,

To sell thy Masters name to slander thus.

Mat. Away Affe, he speakes but truth, thy father is a—

Bel. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knaue, there's more deceit in him then in fixeene Poticaries : it's a Deuill, thou maist beg, starue, hang, damne ; does he fend thee so much as a cheefe?

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Orl. Or so much as a Gammon of Bacon,
Hee'll giue it his Dogs first.

Mat. A Iayle, a Iayle.

Orl. A Iew, a Iew, fir.

Mat. A Dog.

Orl. An English Mastiffe, fir.

Mat. Pox rot out his old stinking garbage.

Bel. Art not ashamed to strike an absent man
thus ?

Art not ashamed to let this vild Dog barke,
And bite my Father thus ? Ile not indure it ;
Out of my doores, base slaue.

Mat. Your dores a vengeance ? I shall liue to
cut that old rogues throat, for all you take his part
thus.

Orl. He shall liue to see thee hangd first.

Enter Hipollito.

Mat. Godsfo my Lord, your Lordship is most wel-
come,
I'm proud of this, my Lord.

Hip. Was bold to see you.
Is that your wife ?

Mat. Yes fir.

Hip. Ile borrow her lip.

Mat. With all my heart, my Lord.

Orl. Who's this, I pray fir ?

Mat. My Lord *Hipollito* : what's thy name ?

Orl. *Pacheco*.

Mat. *Pacheco*, fine name ; Thou feest *Pacheco*,
I keepe company with no Scondrels, nor base fel-
lowes.

Hip. Came not my Footman to you ?

Bel. Yes my Lord.

Hip. I sent by him a Diamond and a Letter,
Did you receiue them ?

Bel. Yes my Lord, I did.

Hip. Read you the letter ?

Bel. O're and o're tis read.

Hip. And faith your answer?

Bel. Now the time's not fit,
You see, my Husbands here.

Hip. Ile now then leaue you,
And choofe mine houre; but ere I part away,
Harke, you remember I must haue no nay.

Matheo, I will leaue you.

Mat. A glasse of wine.

Hip. Not now, Ile visit you at other times.
Yare come off well then?

Mat. Excellent well, I thanke your Lordship: I
owe you my life, my Lord; and will pay my best
blood in any seruice of yours.

Hip. Ile take no such deare payment, harke you
Matheo, I know, the prison is a gulfe, if money runne
low with you, my purse is yours; call for it.

Mat. Faith my Lord, I thanke my starres, they
send me downe some; I cannot sinke, so long as these
bladders hold.

Hip. I will not see your fortunes ebbe, pray try.
To starue in full barnes were fond modestly.

Mat. Open the doore, firra.

Hip. Drinke this, and anon I pray thee giue thy
Mistris this. *Exit.*

Orl. O Noble Spirit, if no worfe guests here
dwell,

My blue coate sits on my old shoulders well.

Mat. The onely royall fellow, he's bounteous as
the Indies, what's that he said to thee, *Bellafront*?

Bel. Nothing.

Mat. I prethee good Girle?

Bel. Why I tell you nothing.

Mat. Nothing? it's well: trickes, that I must be
beholden to a scald hot-liuerd gotish Gallant, to stand
with my cap in my hand, and vaile bonnet, when I ha
spred as lofty sayles as himselfe, wud I had beene
hanged. Nothing? *Pacheco,* brush my cloake.

Orl. Where is't, fir?

Mat. Come, wee'll flye hye.

Nothing? there is a whore still in thine eye. *Exit.*

Orl. My twenty pounds flyes high, O wretched woman,

This varlot's able to make *Lucrece* common.

How now Mistris? has my Master dyed you into this fad colour?

Bel. Fellow, be gone I pray thee, if thy tongue itch after talke so much, seeke out thy Master, th'art a fit instrument for him.

Orl. Zownes, I hope he will not play vpon me?

Bel. Play on thee? no, you two will flye together,

Because you are rousing arrowes of one feather.

Would thou wouldst leaue my house, thou ne'r shalt

Please me weaue thy nets ne'r so hye,

Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

Th'art ranke with poyson, poyson temperd well,

Is food for health; but thy blacke tongue doth swell

With venome, to hurt him that gaue thee bread,

To wrong men absent, is to spurne the dead.

And so did'st thou thy Master, and my Father.

Orl. You haue small reason to take his part; for I haue heard him say fye hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as euer stiffned tiffany neckcloathes in water-starch vpon a Saturday 'ith afternoone.

Bel. Let him say worfe, when for the earths offence

Hot vengeance through the marble cloudes is driuen,

Is't fit earth shoot agen those darts at heauen?

Orl. And so if your Father call you whore you'll not call him old knaue: *Friscaaldo*, she carries thy mind vp and downe; she's thine owne flesh, blood, and bone; troth Mistris, to tell you true, the fire-workes that ran from me vpon lines against my good old Master, your father, were but to try how my young Master, your Husband loued such squibs: but it's well knowne, I loue your father as my selfe; Ile ride for him at mid-night, runne for you by Owle-

light ; Ile dye for him, drudge for you ; Ile flye low,
and Ile flye hye (as my Master saies) to doe you good,
if you'll forgiue me.

Bel. I am not made of marble : I forgiue thee.

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good
Stone-cutter might cut you : I hope the twenty pound
I deliuered to my Master, is in a sure hand.

Bel. In a sure hand I warrant thee for spending.

Orl. I see my yong Master is a mad-cap, and a
bonus focius, I loue him well, Mistris : yet as well as I
loue him, Ile not play the knaue with you ; looke you,
I could cheate you of this purse full of money ; but I
am an old Lad, and I sorne to cunny-catch : yet I ha
beene Dog at a Cony in my time.

Bel. A purse, where hadst it ?

Orl. The Gentleman that went away, whisperd in
mine eare, and charged me to giue it you.

Bel. The Lord *Hippollito* ?

Orl. Yes, if he be a Lord, he gaue it me.

Bel. 'Tis all gold.

Orl. 'Tis like so : it may be, he thinkes you want
money, and therefore bestowes his almes brauely,
like a Lord.

Bel. He thinkes a siluer net can catch the poore,
Here's baite to choake a Nun, and turne her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me ?

Orl. As your nailes to your fingers, which I thinke
neuer deceiued you.

Bel. Thou to this Lord shalt goe, commend me to
him,

And tell him this, the Towne has held out long,
Because (within) 'twas rather true, then strong.
To sell it now were bafe ; Say 'tis no hold
Built of weake stuffe, to be blowne vp with gold.
He shall beleue thee by this token, or this ;
If not, by this.

Orl. Is this all ?

Bel. This is all.

Orl. Mine owne Girle still.

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Bel. A Starre may shoote, not fall.

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. A Starre ? nay, thou art more then the moone, for thou haft neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thornes. Is't possible the Lord *Hippolito*, whose face is as ciuill as the outside of a Dedicatory Booke, should be a Muttonmunger ? A poore man has but one Ewe, and this Grandy Sheepe-biter leaues whole Flockes of fat Weathers (whom he may knocke downe), to deuoure this. Ile trust neither Lord nor Butcher with quicke flesh for this tricke ; the Cuckoo I see now sings all the yeere, though euery man cannot heare him, but Ile spoyle his notes ; can neither Loue-letters, nor the Deuils common Pick-lockes (Gold) nor Precious Stones make my Girle draw vp her Percullis : hold out still, wench.

All are not Bawds (I see now) that keepe doores,
Nor all good wenches that are markt for Whores.

Exit.

Enter Candido, Lodouico *like a Prentice.*

Lod. Come, come, come, what do yee lacke, fir ? what doe ye lacke, fir ? what is't ye lacke fir ? is not my Worship well suited ? did you euer see a Gentleman better dilguised ?

Cand. Neuer, beleeeue me, Signior.

Lod. Yes : but when he has bin drunke, there be Prentices would make mad Gallants, for they would spend all, and drinke, and whore, and so forth ; and I see we Gallants could make mad Prentices. How does thy wife like me ? Nay, I must not be so fawcy, then I spoyle all : pray you how does my Mistris like me ?

Cand. Well : for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

Lod. And they that are taken for such, are com-

monly the arrantest knaves : but to our Comedy come.

Cand. I shall not act it, chide you say, and fret,
And grow impatient : I shall neuer doo't.

Lod. S'blood, cannot you doe as all the world
does ? counterfet.

Cand. Were I a Painter, that should liue by drawing
nothing but Pictures of an angry man, I should
not earne my colours ; I cannot doo't.

Lod. Remember y'are a Linnen Draper, and that
if you giue your wife a yard, she'll take an ell : giue
her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a
nayle.

Cand. Say I should turne to Ice, and nip her loue
Now 'tis but in the bud.

Lod. Well, say she's nipt.

Cand. It will so ouercharge her heart with griefe,
That like a Cannon, when her fighes goe off,
She in her duty either will recoyle,
Or breake in pieces and so dye : her death,
By my vnkindnesse might be counted murther.

Lod. Dye ? neuer, neuer ; I doe not bid you beat
her, nor giue her blacke eyes, nor pinch her sides : but
croffe her humours. Are not Bakers armes the skales
of Iustice ? yet is not their bread light ? and may not
you I pray bridle her with a sharpe bit, yet ride her
gently ?

Cand. Well, I will try your pills, doe you your
faithfull seruice, and bee ready still at a pinch to
helpe me in this part, or else I shall be out cleane.

Lod. Come ; come, Ile prompt you.

Cand. Ile call her forth now, shall I ?

Lod. Doe, doe, brauely.

Cand. *Luke*, I pray bid your Mistris to come
hither.

Lod. *Luke*, I pray bid your Mistris to come hither.

Cand. Sirra, bid my wife come to me : why, when

Luke. Presently, sir, she comes.—*within*—

The Honest Whore.

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Lod. La you, there's the eccho, she comes.

Enter Bride.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me ?

Cand. Mary wife,

I haue intent, and (you see) this stripling here,
He beares good will and liking to my trade,
And meanes to deale in Linnen.

Lod. Yes indeed, fir, I would deale in Linnen, it
my Miftris like me so well as I like her ?

Cand. I hope to finde him honest, pray good wife
looke that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are best to let him hire mee for his
maide ? I looke to his bed ? looke too't your selfe.

Cand. Euen so

I sweare to you a great oath.

Lod. Sweare, cry Zoundes.

Cand. I will not, goe to wife, I will not.

Lod. That your great oath ?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeons.

Lod. Well said.

Bride. Then fast, then you may choofe.

Cand. You know at Table

What trickes you played, swaggerd, broke glases !
Fie,

Fie, fie, fie : and now before my Prentice here
You make an asse of me ; thou (what shall I call
thee ?)

Bride. Euen what you will.

Lod. Call her arrant whore.

Cand. Oh fie, by no meanes, then she'll call me
Cuckold, firrah, goe looke to'th shop : how does
show ?

Lod. Excellent well, Ile goe looke to the shop, fir.
Fine Cambricks, Lawnes, what doe you lacke.

Exit Lodouico.

Cand. A curst Cowes milke I ha drunke once
before,

And 'twas so ranke in taste, Ile drinke no more.
Wife, Ile tame you.

Bride. You may, sir, if you can,
But at a wraffling I haue seene a fellow
Limbd like an Oxe, throwne by a little man.

Cand. And so you'll throw me. Reach me (Knaues)
a yard.

Lod. A Yard for my Master.

1. *Pren.* My Master is growne valiant.

Cand. Ile teach you fencing trickes.

Omnes. Rare, rare ; a prize.

Lod. What will you doe, sir ?

Can. Mary, my good Prentice, nothing but breathe
my wife.

Bride. Breathe me with your yard ?

Lod. No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

Bride. Since you'll needes fence, handle your
weapon well,

For if you take a yard, Ile take an ell.

Reach me an ell.

Lod. An ell for my Mistris.

Keep the lawes of the Noble Science, sir, & measure
weapons with her ; your yard is a plaine Heathenish
weapon ; 'tis too short, she may giue you a handfull, &
yet you'll not reach her.

Cand. Yet I ha the longer arme, come fall too't
roundly,

And spare not me (wife) for Ile lay't on foundly.

If o're husbands their wiues will needes be Masters,
We men will haue a law to win't at wasters.

Lod. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not ?

Cand. For the breeches.

Bride. Husband I am for you, Ile not strike in
ieft.

Cand. Nor I.

Bride. But will you signe to one request ?

Cand. What's that ?

Bride. Let me giue the first blow.

Cand. The first blow, wife, shall I ? *Prompt ?*

Lod. Let her ha'te.

If she strike hard, in to her, and breake her pate.

Cand. A bargaine. Strike.

Bride. Then guard you from this blow,
For I play all at legges, but 'tis thus low. *She kneeles.*
Behold, I am such a cunning Fencer growne,
I keepe my ground, yet downe I will be throwne
With the least blow you giue me, I disdaine
The wife that is her husbands Soueraigne.
She that vpon your pillow first did rest,
They say, the breeches wore, which I detest :
The taxe which she imposed vpon you, I abate you,
If me you make your Master, I shall hate you.
The world shall iudge who offers fairest play :
You win the breeches, but I win the day.

Cand. Thou winst the day indeed, giue me thy hand,

Ile challenge thee no more : my patient brest
Plaid thus the Rebelle, onely for a iest :
Here's the rancke rider that breakes Colts, 'tis he
Can tame the mad folkes, and curst wiues.

Bride. Who, your man ?

Cand. My man ? my Master, tho his head be bare,
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his haire.

Lod. Nay, if your seruice be so hot, a man cannot
keepe his haire on, Ile serue you no longer.

Bride. Is this your Schoolemaster ?

Lod. Yes faith, wench, I taught him to take thee
downe : I hope thou canst take him downe without
teaching ;

You ha got the conquest, and you both are friends.

Cand. Beare witnes else.

Lod. My Prentiship then ends.

Cand. For the good seruice you to me haue done,
I giue you all your yeeres.

Lod. I thanke you Master.

Ile kisse my Mistris now, that she may say,
My man was bound, and free all in one day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orlando, and Infælice.

Infæ. From whom fairest thou ?

Orla. From a poore Gentlewoman, Madam, whom I ferue.

Infæ. And whats your bufinesse ?

Orla. This, Madam : my poore Mistris has a waste piece of ground, which is her owne by inheritance, and left to her by her mother ; There's a Lord now that goes about, not to take it cleane from her, but to inclose it to himfelfe, and to ioyn it to a piece of his Lordships.

Infæ. What would she haue me doe in this ?

Orla. No more, Madam, but what one woman should doe for another in such a case. My Honourable Lord, your Husband would doe any thing in her behalfe, but shee had rather put her selfe into your hands, because you (a woman) may doe more with the Duke your Father.

Infæ. Where lyes this Land ?

Orl. Within a stones cast of this place ; my Mistris, I think, would be content to let him enioy it after her decease, if that would serue his turne, so my Master would yeeld too : but she cannot abide to heare that the Lord should meddle with it in her life time.

Infæ. Is she then married ? why stirres not her Husband in it ?

Orl. Her Husband stirres in it vnder hand : but because the other is a great rich man, my Master is loth to be seene in it too much.

Infæ. Let her in writing draw the cause at large : And I will moue the Duke.

Orl. 'Tis fet downe, Madam, here in blacke and white already : worke it so, Madam, that she may keepe her owne without disturbance, grieuance, molestation, or meddling of any other ; and she bestowes this purse of gold on your Ladyship.

Infæ. Old man, Ile pleade for her, but take no fees :

Giue Lawyers them, I swim not in that flood,
Ile touch no gold, till I haue done her good.

Orl. I would all Proctors Clearkes were of your minde, I should law more amongst them then I doe then; here, Madam, is the suruey, not onely of the Mannor it selfe, but of the Grange house, with euery Meadow pasture, Plough-land, Cony-borough, Fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush that stands in it.

Infæ. My Husbands name, and hand and seale at armes to a Loue-letter? Where hadst thou this writing?

Orla. From the foresaid party, Madam, that would keepe the foresaid Land out of the foresaid Lords fingers.

Infæ. My Lord turnd Ranger now?

Orl. Y'are a good Huntresse, Lady, you ha found your Game already: your Lord would faine be a Ranger, but my Mistris requests you to let him runne a course in your owne Parke, if you'll not doo't for loue, then doo't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or else she praies you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other mens pastures.

Infæ. This very purse was wouen with mine owne hands,

This Diamond on that very night, when he

Vntyed my Virgin girdle, gaue I him:

And must a common Harlot share in mine?

Old man, to quit thy paines, take thou the gold.

Orl. Not I, Madam, old Seruingmen want no money.

Infæ. *Cupid* himselfe was sure his Secretary,
These lines are euen the Arrowes Loue let flies,
The very Incke dropt out of *Venus* eyes.

Orla. I doe not thinke, Madam, but hee fetcht off some Poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous Hawkes to flie at wenches.

Infæ. Here's honied poyson, to me he ne'r thus writ,

But Lust can set a double edge on wit.

Orla. Nay, that's true, Madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Infæ. Oathes, promifes, preferments, Jewels, gold,
What snares should breake, if all thefe cannot hold ?
What creature is thy Miftris ?

Orl. One of thofe creatures that are contrary to
man ; a woman.

Infæ. What manner of woman ?

Orl. A little tiny woman, lower then your Ladi-
fhip by head and foulders, but as mad a wench as
euer unlaced a petticoate : thefe things should I indeed
haue deliuered to my Lord your Husband.

Infæ. They are deliuered better : Why should fhe
fend backe thefe things ?

Orl. Ware, ware, there's knauery.

Infæ. Strumpets like cheating gamefters will not
win

At firft : thefe are but baites to draw him in.

How might I learne his hunting houres ?

Orl. The Irifh Footman can tell you all his hunt-
ing houres, the Parke he hunts in, the Doe he would
ftrike, that Irifh Shackatory beates the bufh for him,
and knowes all ; he brought that Letter, and that
Ring ; he is the Carrier.

Infæ. Knoweft thou what other gifts haue paff be-
twene them ?

Orl. Little S. *Patricke* knowes all.

Infæ. Him Ile examine prefently.

Orl. Not whileft I am here, fweet Madam.

Infæ. Be gon then, & what lyes in me command.

Exit Orl.

Enter Bryan.

Infæ. Come hither firra, how much coft thofe
Satins, and cloth of Siluer, which my husband fent by
you to a low Gentlewoman yonder ?

Bry. Faat Sattins ? faat Siluers, faat low Gentle-
folkes ? dow prateft dow knoweft not what, yfaat la.

Infæ. She there, to whom you carried letters.

Bry. By dis hand and bod dow faift true, if I did
fo, oh how ? I know not a letter a de Book yfaat la.

Infæ. Did your Lord neuer send you with a Ring, fir, set with a Diamond?

Bry. Neuer, fa crees fa me, neuer; he may runne at a towfand rings yfaat, and I neuer hold his stirrop, till he leape into de faddle. By S. *Patricke*, Madam, I neuer touch my Lords Diamond, nor euer had to doe, yfaat la, with any of his precious stones.

Enter Hipollito.

Infæ. Are you so close, you Bawd, you pandring flauie?

Hip. How now? why *Infælice*? what's your quarrell?

Infæ. Out of my sight, base varlet, get thee gone.

Hip. Away you rogue.

Bry. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ah marragh frofat bodidah breen.* *Exit.*

Hip. What, growne a fighter? prethee what's the matter?

Infæ. If you'll needs know, it was about the clocke: how workes the day, my Lord, (pray) by your watch?

Hip. Left you cuffe me, Ile tell you presently: I am neere two.

Infæ. How, two? I am scarce at one.

Hip. One of vs then goes false.

Infæ. Then sure 'tis you,
Mine goes by heauens Diall, (the Sunne) and it goes true.

Hip. I thinke (indeed) mine runnes somewhat too fast.

Infæ. Set it to mine (at one) then.

Hip. One? 'tis past:

'Tis past one by the Sunne.

Infæ. Faith then belike,
Neither your clocke nor mine does truly strike,
And since it is vncertaine which goes true,
Better be false at one, then false at two.

Hip. Y're very pleasant, Madam.

Infæ. Yet not merry.

Hip. Why *Infælice*, what should make you sad ?

Infæ. Nothing my Lord, but my false watch, pray tell me.

You see, my clocke, or yours is out of frame,
Must we vpon the Workeman lay the blame,
Or on ourselues that keepe them ?

Hip. Faith on both.

He may by knauery spoile them, we by sloth,
But why talke you all riddle thus ? I read
Strange Comments in those margines of your lookes :
Your cheekes of late are (like bad printed Bookes)
So dimly charactred, I scarce can spell,
One line of loue in them. Sure all's not well.

Infæ. All is not well indeed, my dearest Lord,
Locke vp thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speake may enter.

Hip. What meanes this ?

Infæ. Or of my owne tongue must my selfe betray,
Count it a dreame, or turne thine eyes away,
And thinke me not thy wife. *She kneeles.*

Hip. Why doe you kneele ?

Infæ. Earth is sinnes cushion : when the sicke soule
feeles her selfe growing poore, then she turnes begger,
cryes and kneeles for helpe : *Hipollito* (for husband I
dare not call thee) I haue stolne that Iewell of my
chaste honour (which was onely thine) and given it to
a slaue.

Hip. Hah ?

Infæ. On thy pillow adultery & lust haue slept,
thy Groome
Hath climbed the vnlawfull tree, and pluckt the
sweets,

A villaine hath vsurped a husbands sheetes.

Hip. S'death, who, (a Cuckold) who ?

Infæ. This Irish Footman.

Hip. Worse then damnation, a wilde Kerne, a
Frogge, a Dog : whom Ile scarce spurne. Longed
you for Shamocke ? were it my fathers father (heart)

Ile kill him, although I take him on his death-bed
gasping 'twixt heauen and hell ; a shag-haired Cur ?
Bold Strumpet, why hangest thou on me ? thinkst Ile
be a Bawde to a Whore, because she's Noble ?

Infæ. I beg but this,
Set not my shame out to the worlds broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) soare hie,
So it be in darkned clowdes.

Hip. Darkned ! my hornes
Cannot be darkned, nor shall my reuenge.
A Harlot to my slaue ? the act is base,
Common, but foule, so shall not thy disgrace :
Could not I feed your appetite ? oh women
You were created Angels, pure and faire ;
But since the first fell, tempting Deuils you are,
You should be mens blisse, but you proue their rods.
Were there no women, men might liue like gods ;
You ha beene too much downe already, rise,
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed,
Ile with no Strumpets breath be poysoned.
As for your Irish *Lubrican*, that spirit
Whom by prepostrous charmes thy lust hath raised
In a wrong Circle, him Ile damne more blacke
Then any Tyrants foule.

Infæ. *Hipollito* ?

Hip. Tell me, didst thou baite Hookes to draw
him to thee, or did he bewitch thee ?

Infæ. The slaue did woo me.

Hip. Two wooes in that Skreech-owles language ?
Oh who would trust your corcke-heeld sex ? I thinke
to fate your lust, you would loue a Horse, a Beare, a
croaking Toade, so your hot itching veines might
haue their bound, then the wild Irish Dart was
throwne. Come, how ? the manner of this fight.

Infæ. 'Twas thus, he gaue me this battery first.

Oh I

Mistake, belecue me, all this in beaten gold :
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.
What ? change your Diamond wench, the act is base,

Common, but foule, so shall not your disgrace :
 Could not I feed your appetite ? Oh Men,
 You were created Angels, pure and faire,
 But since the first fell, worfe then Devils you are.
 You should our shields be, but you proue our rods.
 Were there no Men, Women might liue like gods.
 Guilty my Lord ?

Hip. Yes, guilty my good Lady.

Inf. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun
 my bed,
 With no whores leauings Ile be poysoned. *Exit.*

Hip. O're-reach'd so finely ? 'Tis the very Dia-
 mond

And Letter which I sent : this villany
 Some Spider closely weaues, whose poyfond bulke
 I must let forth. Who's there without ?

Seruant. My Lord calls.———*within.*———

Hip. Send me the Footman.

Ser. Call the Footman to my Lord. *Bryan, Bryan.*

Enter Bryan.

Hip. It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,
 Bred in a Country where no venom prospers,
 But in the Nations blood hath thus betraid me.
 Slaue, get you from your seruice.

Bry. Faat meanest thou by this now ?

Hip. Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villaine,
 Couldst thou turne all the Mountaines in the land,
 To hills of gold, and giue me : here thou stayest
 not.

Bry. I faat, I care not.

Hip. Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

Bry. I, doe predy, I had rather haue thee make
 a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish pud-
 dings in my poore belly, den to be a false knaue to
 de I faat, I will neuer see dyne own sweet face more.
A matwhid deer a gra, fare de well, fare de well, I wil
goe steale Cowes agen in Ireland. *Exit.*

Hip. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlwind, which
hath blowne

Into her eyes this iealoufie : yet Ile on,
Ile on, flood armed Deuils flaring in my face,
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race,
Shall my blood streames by a wiues lust be bard ?
Fond woman, no : Iron growes by strokes more hard,
Lawlesse desires are feaſ ſcorning all bounds,
Or fulphure which being ram'd vp, more confounds,
Strugling with mad men, madnes nothing tames,
Winds wraſtling with great fires, incenſe the flames.

Exit.

Enter Matheo, Bellafront, and Orlando.

Bel. How now, what ayles your Maſter ?

Orl. Has taken a yonger brothers purge, forſooth,
and that workes with him.

Bel. Where is his Cloake and Rapier ?

Orl. He has giuen vp his Cloake, and his Rapier
is bound to the Peace : If you looke a little higher,
you may ſee that another hath entred into hatband for
him too. Sixe and foure haue put him into this
ſweat.

Bel. Where's all his money ?

Orl. 'Tis put ouer by exchange : his doublet was
going to be tranſlated, but for me : if any man would
ha lent but halfe a duckett on his beard, the haire of
it had ſtuft a paire of breeches by this time ; I had
but one poore penny, and that I was glad to niggle out,
and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorow the ſtreete.
As hap was, his bootes were on, and them I duſtied,
to make people thinke he had beene riding, and I had
runne by him.

Bel. Oh me, how does my ſweet *Matheo* ?

Mat. Oh Rogue, of what deuiliſh ſtuffe are theſe
Dice made off ? the parings of the Deuils cornes of his
toes, that they runne thus damnably.

Bel. I prethee vex not.

Mat. If any handy-crafts man was euer ſuffred to

keep shop in hell, it will be a Dice-maker ; he's able to vndoe more foules then the Deuill ; I plaid with mine owne Dice, yet lost. Ha you any money ?

Bel. Las I ha none.

Mat. Must haue money, must haue some, must haue a Cloake, and Rapier, and things : will you goe fet your limetwigs, and get me some birds, some money ?

Bel. What limetwigs should I fet ?

Mat. You will not then ? Must haue cash and pictures : doe ye heare, (frailty) shall I walke in a *Plimouth* Cloake, (that's to say) like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgell in my hand, and you swimme in your Sattins ? must haue money, come.

Orl. Is't bed-time, Master, that you vndo my Mistris ?

Bel. Vndoe me ? Yes, yes, at these riflings I haue beene too often.

Mat. Helpe to flea, *Pacheco*.

Orl. Fleaing call you it ?

Mat. Ile pawne you by'th Lord, to your very eye-browes.

Bel. With all my heart, since heauen will haue me poore,
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at shore.

Orl. Why heare you, sir ? yfaith doe not make away her Gowne.

Mat. Oh it's Summer, it's Summer ; your onely fashion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

Orl. Why, pray sir, employ some of that money you haue of mine.

Mat. Thine ? Ile starue first, Ile beg first ; when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers ends rot.

Orl. So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my twenty pounds flye hie.

Mat. Knowest thou neuer a damn'd Broker about the City ?

Orl. Damn'd Broker ? yes, fise hundred.

Mat. The Gowne flood me in aboute twenty Duckets, borrow ten of it, cannot liue without filuer.

Orle. Ile make what I can of it, fir, Ile be your Broker,

But not your damb'd broker : Oh thou scurvy knaue,
What makes a wife turne whore, but such a flauie ?

Exit.

Mat. How now little chicke, what aylest, weeping
For a handfull of Taylors shreds ? pox on them, are
there not filkes enow at Mercers ?

Bel. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Mat. What doest care for then ? why doest grieue ?

Bel. Why doe I grieue ? A thousand forrowes
strike

At one poore heart, and yet it liues. *Matheo,*
Thou art a Gamester, prethee throw at all,
Set all vpon one cast, we kneele and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, split all, fell all,
And when thou hast sold all, spend it, but I beseech
thee

Build not thy mind on me to coyne thee more,
To get it wouldst thou haue me play the whore ?

Mat. 'Twas your profession before I married you.

Bel. Vmh ? it was indeed : if all men should be
branded

For sinnes long since laid vp, who could be faued ?
The Quarter day's at hand, how will you doe
To pay the Rent, *Matheo* ?

Mat. Why ? doe as all of our occupation doe
against Quarter daies : breake vp house, remoue,
shift your lodgings, pox a your Quarters.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Where's this Gallant ?

Mut. *Signior Lodouico* ? how does my little Mirror
of Knight-hood ? this is kindly done yfaith : welcome
by my troth.

Lod. And how doest, frolicke ? Saue you faire

Lady. Thou lookest smug and brauely, Noble *Mat.*

Mat. Drinke and feed, laugh and lie warme.

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, sir, whom I make
vfe of a nights.

Lod. Pay custome to your lips, sweet Lady.

Mat. Borrow some shells of him, some wine, sweet
heart.

Lod. Ile fend for't then yfaith.

Mat. You fend for't? Some wine I prethee.

Bel. I ha no money.

Mat. S'blood, nor I; What wine loue you, *Signior?*

Lod. Here, or Ile not stay, I protest; trouble the
Gentlewoman too much? *Exit Bellafront.*

And what newes flies abroad, *Matheo?*

Mat. Troth, none. Oh *Signior*, we ha beene merry
in our daies.

Lod. And no doubt shall agen.

The Diuine powers neuer shoot Darts at men
Mortall, to kill them.

Mat. You say true.

Lod. Why should we grieve at want? Say the
world made thee

Her Minnion, that thy head lay in her lap,
And that she danc't thee on her wanton knee,
She could but giue thee a whole world: that's all,
And that all's nothing; the worlds greatest part
Cannot fill vp one corner of thy heart.

Say the three corners were all filld, alas!

Of what art thou poffest, a thinne blowne glasse:

Such as by Boyes is puffed into the aire.

Were twenty Kingdomes thine, thou'dst liue in care:

Thou could'st not sleepe the better, nor liue longer,

Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.

If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,
No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Mat. I am the most wretched fellow: sure some
left-handed Priest christned me, I am so vn lucky: I
am neuer out of one puddle or another, still falling.

Enter Bellafront, and Orlando.

Mat. Fill out wine to my little finger.
With my heart yfaith.

Lod. Thanks, good *Matheo*.
To your owne sweet selfe.

Orl. All the Brokers hearts, fir, are made of flint,
I can with all my knocking, strike but fixe sparkes of
fire out of them, here's fixe duckets, if youle take
them.

Mat. Giue me them: an euill conscience gnaw
them all, moths and plagues hang vpon their lowlie
wardrobs.

Lod. Is this your man, *Matheo*? An old Seruing-
man.

Orl. You may giue me t'other halfe too, fir :
That's the Begger.

Lod. What hast there, gold?

Mat. A fort of Rascalls are in my debt, (God
knowes what) and they feed me with bits, with
crummes, a pox choke them.

Lod. A word, *Matheo*: be not angry with me,
Beleeue it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o're)
From the true gold: the failes which thou doest
spread,

Would shew well, if they were not borrowed.
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I giue my selfe vnto thee, prethee vse me,
I will bestow on you a suite of Sattin,
And all things else to fit a Gentleman,
Because I loue you.

Mat. Thanks, good Noble Knight.

Lod. Call on me when you please,
Till then farewell.

Exit.

Mat. Haft angled? haft cut up this fresh Salmon?

Bel. Wudst haue me be so bafe?

Mat. It's bafe to steale, it's bafe to be a whore :

Thou't be more bafe, Ile make thee keepe a doore.

Exit.

Orl. I hope he will not fneake away with all the money, will he?

Bel. Thou feeft he does.

Orl. Nay then it's well. I fet my braines vpon an vp-right Laft; tho my wits be old, yet they are like a witherd pippin, wholfome. Looke you, Mifttris, I told him I had but fixe duckets of the (Knaue) Broker, but I had eight, and kept thefe two for you.

Bel. Thou shouldft haue giuen him all.

Orl. What, to flie hie?

Bel. Like waues, my misery driues on misery.

Exit.

Orl. Sell his wiues cloathes from her backe? does any Poulterers wife pull chickens aliue? He Riots all abroad, wants all at home: he Diccs, whores, fwaggers, fwears, cheates, borrowes, pawncs: Ile giue him hooke and line, a little more for all this. Yet fure i'th end he'll delude all my hopes, And fhew me a French tricked danc'd on the ropes.

Exit.

Enter at one doore Lodouico and Carolo; at another Bots, and Mifttris Horfleach; Candido and his wife appeare in the Shop.

Lod. Hift, hift, Lieutenant *Bots*, how do'ft, man?

Car. Whither are you ambling, Madam *Horfleach*?

Horf. About worldly profit, fir: how doe your Worships?

Bots. We want tooles, Gentlemen, to furnifh the trade: they weare out day and night, they weare out till no mettle bee left in their backe; wee heare of two or three new Wenches are come vp with a Carrier, and your old Gofhawke here is flying at them.

Lod. And faith, what flefh haue you at home?

Horf. Ordinary Dishes, by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i'th Cittie; I am as well furnisht as any, and tho I say it, as well custom'd.

Bots. We haue meates of all forts of dressing; we haue stew'd meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted, for *Don Spaniaro*.

Lod. A pox on't.

Bots. We haue Poulterers ware for your sweet bloods, as Doue, Chickin, Ducke, Teale, Woodcocke, and so forth: and Butchers meat for the Cittizen: yet Muttons fall very bad this yeere.

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient Linnen Draper yonder, and my fine yong sinug Mistris, his wife?

Car. Sirra Grannam, Ile giue thee for thy fee twenty crownes, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon veluet cap.

Horf. You'd weare another thing besides the cap. Yare a Wag.

Bots. Twenty crownes? we'll share, and Ile be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Doo't presently; we'll ha some sport.

Horf. Wheele you about, sweet men doe you see, Ile cheapen wares of the man, whilest *Bots* is doing with his wife.

Lod. Too't: if we come into the shop to doe you grace, wee'll call you Madam.

Bots. Pox a your old face, giue it the badge of all scuruy faces, a Masque.

Cand. What is't you lacke, Gentlewoman? Cambricke or Lawnes, or fine Hollands? Pray draw neere, I can tell you a penny-worth.

Bots. Some Cambricke for my old Lady.

Cand. Cambricke? you shall, the purest thred in *Millan*.

Lod. and *Car.* Saue you, *Signior Candido*.

Lod. How does my Noble Master? how my faire Mistris?

Cand. My Worshopfull good Seruant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and euen.

Car. Cry you mercy, Madam, tho mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray, *Signior*, shew her the best, for she commonly deales for good ware.

Cand. Then this shall fit her, this is for your Ladieship.

Bots. A word, I pray, there is a waiting Gentlewoman of my Ladies: her name is *Ruyna*, saies she's your Kinswoman, and that you should be one of her Aunts.

Wife. One of her Aunts? troth sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poore labour of your legs at any time, I will be your conuoy thither?

Wife. I am a Snaile, sir, feldome leaue my house, 'ft please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

Bots. Doe you heare? the naked troth is: my Lady hath a yong Knight, her sonne, who loues you, y'are made, if you lay hold vpon: this Iewell he sends you.

Wife. Sir, I returne his loue and Iewell with scorne; let goe my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant Knaue.

Exit.

Lod. What, will she doe?

Bots. Doe? they shall all doe if *Bots* sets vpon them once, she was as if she had profest the trade, squeamish at first, at last I shewed her this Iewell, said, a Knight fent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, Copper, I goe a fishing with these baites. She nibbled, but wud not swallow the hooke, because the Cunger-head her husband was by; but shee bids the Gentleman name any afternoone, and she'll meet him at her Garden house, which I know.

The Honest Whore.

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Lod. Is this no lie now ?

Bots. Dam me if——

Lod. Oh prethee stay there.

Bots. The twenty crownes, fir.

Lod. Before he has his worke done ? but on my Knightly word he shall pay't thee.

*Enter Aftolpho, Beraldo, Fontinell, and the Irish
Footman.*

Afto. I thought thou hadst beene gone into thine owne Country.

Bry. No faat la, I cannot goe dis foure or tree dayes.

Ber. Looke thee, yonders the shop, and that's the man himfelfe.

Fon. Thou fhalt but cheapen, and doe as we told thee, to put a iest vpon him, to abufe his patience.

Bry. I faat, I doubt my pate fhall be knocked : but fa crees fa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any Linnen Draper in hell, come preddy.

Omnes. Saue you Gallants.

Lod. and Car. Oh, well met !

Cand. You'll giue no more you fay ? I cannot take it.

Horf. Truly Ile giue no more.

Cand. It muft not fetch it. What wud you haue, fweet Gentlemen ?

Afto. Nay, here's the Customer.

Exeunt. Bots & Horf.

Lod. The Garden-houfe you fay ? wee'il bout out your roguery.

Cand. I will but lay thefe parcels by—— My men are all at Cufrome-houfe vnloading Wares, if Cambricke you wud deale in, there's the beft, all *Millan* cannot fample it.

Lod. Doe you heare ? 1. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in

4. Gallants, fure your wife is flipt vp, and the 4th. man
I hold my life, is grafting your Warden tree.

Cand. Ha, ha, ha : you Gentlemen are full of
Ieft.

If ſhe be vp, ſhe's gone ſome wares to ſhow,
I haue aboute as good wares as below.

Lod. Haue you ſo ? nay then ——

Cand. Now Gentlemen, is't Cambricks ?

Bry. I predee now let me haue de beſt wares.

Cand. What's that he ſaies, pray Gentlemen ?

Lod. Mary he ſaies we are like to haue the beſt
wares.

Cand. The beſt wares ? all are bad, yet wares doe
good,

And like to Surgeons, let ſicke Kingdomes blood.

Bry. Faat a Deuill prateſt tow ſo, a pox on dee, I
preddee let me ſee ſome Hollen, to make Iinnen
ſhirts, for feare my body be lowſie.

Cand. Indeed I vnderſtand no word he ſpeakes.

Car. Mary, he ſaies, that at the ſiege in *Holland*
there was much bawdry vſed among the Souldiers, tho
they were lowſie.

Cand. It may be ſo, that's likely, true indeed,
In euery garden, fir, does grow that weed.

Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weedles, and de
fooles cap dere, and de cloutes ; heare ? doeſt make a
Hobby-horſe of me.

Omnes. Oh fie, he has torne the Cambricke.

Cand. 'Tis no matter.

Aſto. It frets me to the foule.

Cand. So doeſt not me.

My Customers doe oft for remnants call,
Theſe are two remnants, now, no loſſe at all.

But let me tell you, were my Seruants here,
It would ha coſt more.— Thanke you Gentle-
men,

I viſe you well, pray know my ſhop agen.

Exit.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ; come, come, let's goe, let's
goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Matheo (braue) and Bellafront.

Mat. How am I fuitied, *Front*? am I not gallant, ha?

Bel. Yes, fir, you are fuitied well.

Mat. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

Bel. The Taylor has plaid his part with you.

Mat. And I haue plaid a Gentlemans part with my Taylor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bel. And why did you so, fir?

Mat. To keepe the fashio; It's your onely fashio now of your best ranke of Gallants, to make their Taylors waite for their money, neither were it wifedome indeed to pay them vpon the first edition of a new suite: for commonly the suite is owing for, when the lynings are worne out, and there's no reason then, that the Taylor should be paid before the Mercer.

Bel. Is this the suite the Knight bestowed vpon you?

Mat. This is the suite, and I need not shame to weare it, for better men then I would be glad to haue suites bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but—pox on him—we whose Pericranions are the very Limbecks and Stillitories of good wit, and flie hie, must driue liquor out of stale gaping Oysters. Shallow Knight, poore Squire *Tinacheo*: Ile make a wild Cataine of forty such: hang him, he's an Affe, he's alwaies sober.

Bel. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

Mat. No faith, *Front*, *Lodouico* is a noble Slaunian: it's more rare to see him in a womans company, then for a Spaniard to goe into *England*, and to challenge the English Fencers there.—One knockes,—See—*La, fa, fol, la, fa, la*, rustle in Silkes and Satins: there's musique in this, and a Taffety Petticoate, it make both flie hie,—*Catzo*.

*Enter Bellafront, after her Orlando, like himselfe, with
four men after him.*

Bel. *Matheo*? 'tis my Father.

Mat. Ha, Father? It's no matter, hee findes no tattered Prodigals here.

Orl. Is not the doore good enough to hold your blue Coates? away, Knaues. Weare not your cloathes thred-bare at knees for me; beg Heauvens blessing, (not mine.) Oh cry your Worship mercy, fir, was somewhat bold to talke to this Gentlewoman, your wife here.

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, fir.

Orl. Stand not, fir, bare to me; I ha read oft That Serpents who creepe low, belch ranker poison Than winged Dragons doe, that flie aloft.

Mat. If it offend you, fir? 'tis for my pleasure.

Orl. Your pleasure be't, fir; vmh, is this your Palace?

Bel. Yes, and our Kingdome, for 'tis our content.

Orl. It's a very poore Kingdome then; what, are all your Subjects gone a Sheepe-shearing? not a Maid? not a Man? not so much as a Cat? you keepe a good house belike, iust like one of your profession, euery roome with bare walls, and a halfe-headed bed to vault vpon (as all your bawdy-houses are.) Pray who are your Vpholsters? Oh, the Spiders, I see, they be-flow hangings vpon you.

Mat. Bawdy-house? Zounds fir ———

Bel. Oh sweet *Matheo*, peace. Vpon my knees I doe beseech you, fir, not to arraigne me For sinnes, which heauen, I hope, long since hath pardoned.

Those flames (like lightning flashes) are so spent,
The heate no more remaines, then where ships went,
Or where birds cut the aire, the print remaines.

Mat. Pox on him, kneele to a Dog?

Bel. She that's a Whore,
Liues gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poore,

I ha now as small acquaintance with that sinne,
As if I had neuer knowne it ; that, neuer bin.

Orl. No acquaintance with it ? what maintaines thee then ? how doest liue then ? has thy husband any Lands ? any Rents comming in, any Stocke going, any Ploughs iogging, any Ships failing ? haft thou any Wares to turne, so much as to get asingle penny by ? Yes, thou haft Ware to fell,
Knaues are thy Chapmen, and thy Shop is Hell.

Mat. Doe you heare, fir ?

Orl. So fir, I do heare, fir, more of you then you dreame I do.

Mat. You flie a little too hie, fir.

Orl. Why, fir, too hie ?

Mat. I ha suffred your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, to runne all this while, and ha not stopt it.

Orl. Well, fir, you talke like a Gamester.

Mat. If you come to bark at her, becaufe shee's a poore rogue ; look you, here's a fine path, fir, and there, there the doore.

Bel. *Mathco* ?

Mat. Your blue Coates stay for you, fir.
I loue a good honest roaring Boy, and so ——

Orl. That's the Deuill.

Mat. Sir, fir, Ile ha no *Ioues* in my house to thunder Auaunt : she shall liue and be maintained when you, like a keg of musty Sturgeon, shall stinke. Where ? in your Coffin. How ? be a musty fellow, and lowfie.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, but how ? she like a Queane, thou like a Knaue ; she like a Whore, thou like a Thiefe.

Mat. Theife ? Zounds Thiefe ?

Bel. Good dearest *Mat.* —— Father.

Mat. Pox on you both, Ile not be braued : New Sattin scornes to be put downe with bare bawdy Veluet. Thiefe ?

Orl. I Thiefe, th'art a Murtherer, a Cheater, a Whoremonger, a Pot-hunter, a Borrower, a Begger ——

Bel. Deare Father.

Mat. An old Ass, a Dog, a Churle, a Chuffe, an Vsurer, a Villaine, a Moth, a mangy Mule, with an old veluet foot-cloth on his backe, sir.

Bel. Oh me!

Orl. Varlet, for this Ile hang thee.

Mat. Ha, ha, alas.

Orl. Thou keepest a man of mine here, vnder my nose.

Mat. Vnder thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a smell-smocke, for an old Mutton-munger, as thy selfe.

Mat. No, as your selfe.

Orl. As arrant a purse-taker as euer cried, Stand, yet a good fellow, I confesse, and valiant, but he'll bring thee to'th Gallowes; you both haue robd of late two poore Country Pedlers.

Mat. How's this? how's this? dost thou lye hie? rob Pedlers? beare witness *thout*, rob Pedlers? my man and I a Thiefe?

Bel. Oh, sir, no more.

Orl. I Knaue, two Pedlers, hue and cry is vp, War-rants are out, and I shall see thee climbe a Ladder.

Mat. And come downe againe as well as a Brick-layer, or a Tyler. How the vengeance knowes he this? If I be hanged, Ile tell the people I married old *Friscabaldoes* Daughter, Ile frisco you, and your old carkas.

Orl. Tell what thou canst; if I stay here longer, I shall bee hang'd too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leaue you.

Mat. Kneele, and get money of him.

Orl. A Knaue and a Queanc, a Thiefe and a Strumpet, a couple of Beggers, a brace of Baggages.

Mat. Hang vpon him. I, I, sir, fare you well; we are so: follow close—we are Beggers—in Sattin—to him.

Bel. Is this your comfort, when so many yeeres You ha left me frozen to death?

Orl. Freeze still, starue still.

Bel. Yes, so I shall : I must : I must and will.

If as you say I'm poore, relieue me then,

Let me not sell my body to base men.

You call me Strumpet, Heauen knowes I am none :

Your cruelty may driue me to be one :

Let not that finne be yours, let not the shame

Of common Whore liue longer then my name.

That cunning Bawd (Necessity) night and day

Plots to vndoe me ; driue that Hag away,

Left being at lowest ebbe, as now I am,

I sinke for euer.

Orl. Lowest ebbe, what ebbe ?

Bel. So poore, that (tho to tell it be my shame)

I am not worth a dish to hold my meate ;

I am yet poorer, I want bread to eate.

Orl. It's not seene by your cheekes.

Mat. I thinke she has read an Homely to tickle
to the old rogue.

Orl. Want bread ? there's Sattin : bake that,

Mat. S'blood, make Pasties of my cloathes ?

Orl. A faire new Cloake, stew that ; an excellent
gilt Rapier.

Mat. Will you eat that, sir ?

Orl. I could feast ten good fellowes with those
Hangers.

Mat. The pox you shall.

Orl. I shall not (till thou beggest,) thinke thou
art poore ;

And when thou beggest, Ile feed thee at my doore,

As I feed Dogs, (with bones) till then beg, borrow,

Pawne, steale, and hang, turne Bawde, when th'art

Whore,

My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strained
more. *Exit.*

Mat. This is your Father, your damn'd —— con-
fusion light vpon all the generation of you ; he can
come bragging hither with foure white Herrings (at's
taile) in blue Coates without roes in their bellies, but
I may starue ere he giue me so much as a cob.

Bel. What tell you me of this? alas.

Mat. Goe trot after your Dad, doe you capitulate, Ile pawne not for you, Ile not steale to be hanged for such an hypocriticall clofe common Harlot: away, you Dog — Braue yfaith! Vds foot, Giue me some meate.

Bel. Yes, Sir.

Exit.

Mat. Goodman slaue, my man too, is gallop'd to the Deuill at the t'other side: *Pacheco*, Ile checo you. Is this your Dad's day? *England* (they say) is the onely hell for Horses, and onely Paradise for Women: pray get you to that Paradise, because y'are called an *Honest Whore*; there they liue none but honest whores with a pox: Mary here in our City, all our sex are but foot-cloth Nags: the Master no sooner lights, but the man leapes into the saddle.

Enter Bellafront.

Bel. Will you sit downe I pray, sir?

Mat. I could teare (by'th Lord) his flesh, and eate his midriffe in salt, as I eate this: — must I choake — my Father *Friscabaldo*, I shall make a pittifull Hog-louse of you *Orlando*, if you fall once into my fingers — Here's the sauorest meat: I ha got a stomacke with chafing. What Rogue should tell him of those two Pedlers? A plague choake him, and gnaw him to the bare bones: come fill.

Bel. Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

Mat. Where didst buy this Mutton? I neuer felt better ribbes.

Bel. A neighbour sent it me.

Enter Orlando.

Mat. Hah, neighbour? foh, my mouth stinkes, you whore, doe you beg victuals for me? Is this Sattin doublet to bee bumbasted with broken meat?

Takes up the stooke.

The Honest Whore.

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Orl. What will you doe, fir?

Mat. Beat out the braines of a beggerly ——

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. Beat out an Affes head of your owne; away, Mistris. Zownds, doe but touch one haire of her, and Ile so quilt your cap with old Iron, that your coxcombe shall ake the worfe these feuen yeeres for't: Does she looke like a roasted Rabbet, that you must haue the head for the braines?

Mat. Ha, ha: Goe out of my doores, you Rogue, away, foure markes trudge.

Orl. Foure markes? no, fir, my twenty pound that you ha made flie hie, and I am gone.

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? y'are best get a clap-dish, and say y'are Proctor to some Spittle-houfe. Where hast thou beene, *Pacheco*? come hither my little Turky-cocke.

Orl. I cannot abide, fir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

Mat. Sirra, here was my Father-in-law to day.

Orl. Pish, then y'are full of Crownes.

Mat. Hang him, he would ha thrust crownes vpon me, to haue falne in againe, but I sorne cast-cloathes, or any mans gold.

Orl. But mine: how did he brooke that (fir?)

Mat. Oh: swore like a dozen of drunken Tinkers; at last growing foule in words, he and foure of his men drew vpon me, fir.

Orl. In your houfe? wud I had bin by.

Mat. I made no more adoe, but fell to my old locke, and so thrashed my blue Coates, and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt like a Lion in my grate.

Orl. Oh Noble Master!

Mat. Sirra, he could tell me of the robbing the two Pedlers, and that warrants are out for vs both.

Orl. Good, fir, I like not those crackers.

Mat. Crackhalter, wut fet thy foot to mine?

Orl. How, fir? at drinking.

Mat. We'll pull that old Crow my Father : rob thy Master. I know the house, thou the servants : the purchase is rich, the plot to get it easie, the Dog will not part from a bone.

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat then : Ile snarle for one, if this can bite,

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old cole, meet me anon at the signe of the Shipwracke.

Orl. Yes, fir.

Mat. And dost heare, man ?—the Shipwracke.

Exit.

Orl. Th'art at the Shipwracke now, and like a swimmer

Bold (but vnexpert) with those waues doest play,
Whose dalliance (whorelike) is to cast thee away.

Enter Hipollito and Bellafront,

Orl. And here's another Vessell, (better fraught,
But as ill man'd) her sinking will be wraught,
If rescue come not : like a Man of warre
Ile therefore brauely out : somewhat Ile doe,
And either saue them both, or perish too. *Exit.*

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bel. Fate ? your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you ? 'las, those colours
Are wound vp long agoe, which beauty spread,
The flowres that once grew here, are withered.
You turn'd my blacke foule white, made it looke new,
And should I sinne, it ne'r should be with you.

Hip. Your hand, Ile offer you faire play : When
first

We met i'th Lists together, you remember
You were a common Rebbl ; with one parlee
I won you to come in.

Bel. You did.

Hip. Ile try

If now I can beate downe this Chastity
With the same Ordnance ; will you yeeld this Fort,

If with the power of Argument now (as then)
I get of you the conquest : as before
I turnd you honest, now to turne you whore,
By force of strong perswasion ?

Bel. If you can,

I yeeld.

Hip. The allarm's stricke vp ; I'm your man.

Bel. A woman giues defiance.

Hip. Sit.

Bel. Beginne :

'Tis a braue battaile to encounter sinne.

Hip. You men that are to fight in the same warre,
To which I'm prest, and pleade at the same barre,
To winne a woman, if you wud haue me speed,
Send all your wishes.

Bel. No doubt y'are heard, proceede.

Hip. To be a Harlot, that you stand vpon,
The very name's a charme to make you one.
Harlotta was a Dame of so diuine
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine
To an English King : her sweet bewitching eye
Did the Kings heart-strings in such loue-knots tye,
That euen the coyest was proud when she could heare
Men say, Behold ; another Harlot there ;
And after all her women that were faire
Were Harlots call'd, as to this day some are :
Besides her dalliance she so well does mix,
That she's in Latine call'd the *Meretrix*.
Thus for the name ; for the profession, this,
Who liues in bondage, liues lac'd, the chiefe blisse
This world below can yeeld, is liberty :
And who (than whores) with looser wings dare flie ?
As *Iuno*s proud bird spreads the fairest taile,
So does a Strumpet hoist the loftiest saile.
She's no mans slaue ; (men are her slaues) her eye
Moues not on wheelles scrowd vp with Iealowsie.
She (Horse, or Coacht) does merry iourneys make,
Free as the Sunne in his gilt Zodiake :
As brauely does she shine, as fast she's driuen,

But staies not long in any house of Heauen :
 But shifts from Signe, to Signe, her amorous prizes
 More rich being when she's downe, then when she
 rizes.

In briefe, Gentlemen haunt them, Soldiers fight for
 them,

Few men but know them, few or none abhorre them :
 Thus (for sport sake) speake I, as to a woman,
 Whom (as the worst ground) I would turne to com-
 mon :

But you I would enclose for mine owne bed.

Bcl. So should a husband be dishonoured.

Hip. Dishonoured ? not a whit : to fall to one
 (Besides your husband) is to fall to none,
 For one no number is.

Bcl. Faith, should you take

One in your bed, would you that reckoning make ?
 'Tis time you found retreat.

Hip. Say, haue I wonne,
 Is the day ours ?

Bcl. The battaile's but halfe done,
 None but your selfe haue yet sounded alarmes,
 Let vs strike too, else you dishonour armes.

Hip. If you can win the day,
 The glorie's yours.

Bcl. To proue a woman should not be a whore,
 When she was made, she had one man, and no more,
 Yet she was tied to lawes then, for (euen than)
 'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.
 Anon, t'increase earths brood, the law was varied,
 Men should take many wiues : and tho they married
 According to that Act, yet 'tis not knowne,
 But that those wiues were onely tied to one.
 New Parliaments were since : for now one woman
 Is shared betweene three hundred, nay she's common :
 Common ? as spotted Leopards, whom for sport
 Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for't.
 So spread they Nets of gold, and tune their Calls,
 To inchaunt filly women to take falls :

Swearing they are Angels, (which that they may win),
They'll hire the Deuill to come with false Dice in.
Oh Sirens fittle tunes ! your selues you flatter,
And our weake sex betray, so men loue water ;
It serues to wash their hands, but (being once foule),
The water downe is powred, cast out of doores,
And euen of such base vse doe men make whores.
A Harlot (like a Hen) more sweetnes reapes,
To picke men one by one vp, then in heapes :
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste
me,

I serue but for the time, and when the day
Of warre is done, am casheerd out of pay :
If like lame Soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's lusts Rendez-vous, an Hospitall.
Who then would be a mans slaue, a mans woman ?
She's halfe staru'd the first day that feeds in Common.

Hip. You should not feed so, but with me alone.

Bel. If I drinke poison by stealth, is't not all one ?
Is't not ranke poison still ? with you alone !
Nay say you spide a Curtezan, whose soft side
To touch, you'd sell your birth-right for one kisse,
Be rack'd, she's won, y'are fated : what follows this ?
Oh, then you curse that Bawd that toald you in,
(The Night) you curse your lust, you loath the sin,
You loath her very fight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when y'are stolne away.
Euen then when you are drunke with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a Strumpets sheetes.

Women, whom Lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like Dancers vpon ropes ; once seene, are stale.

Hip. If all the threds of Harlots lyues are spun,
So coorse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long loued the trade ?

Bel. If all the threds
Of Harlots lyues be fine as you would make them,
Why doe not you perswade your wife turne whore,
And all Dames else to fall before that sin ?
Like an ill husband (tho I knew the fame,

To be my vndoing) followed I that game.
 Oh when the worke of Lust had earn'd my bread,
 To taste it, how I trembled, lest each bit,
 Ere it went downe, should choake me (chewing it ?)
 My bed seem'd like a Cabin hung in Hell,
 The Bawde Hells Porter, and the lickorish wine
 The Pander fetch'd, was like an easie Fine,
 For which, me thought I lea'd away my foule,
 And oftentimes (euen in my qualling bowle)
 Thus said I to my selfe, I am a whore,
 And haue drunke downe thus much confusion more.

Hip. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
 Two of one trade neuer loue : no more doe you.
 Why are you sharpe 'gainst that you once profest ?
Bel. Why doate you on that, which you did once
 detest ?

I cannot (seeing she's wouen of such bad stuffe)
 Set colours on a Harlot base enough.
 Nothing did make me, when I loued them best,
 To loath them more then this : when in the street
 A faire yong modest Damsell I did meet,
 She seem'd to all a Doue (when I pass'd by)
 And I (to all) a Rauin : euerie eye
 That followed her went with a bashfull glance,
 At me each bold and ieering countenance
 Darted forth scorne : to her (as if she had bin
 Some Tower vnvauquished) would they vaile,
 'Gainst me swolne Rumor hoisted euerie faile.
 She (crown'd with reuerend praifes) passed by them,
 I (tho with face maskt) could not scape the hem,
 For (as if Heauen had set strange markes on Whores,
 Because they should be pointing stocks to man)
 Drest vp in ciuilest shape a Curtizan,
 Let her walke Saint-like, notelesse, and vnknowne,
 Yet she's betraid by some tricke of her owne.
 Were Harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold deare :
 For men account them good but for one yeere :
 And then like Almanackes (whose dates are gone)
 They are throwne by, and no more lookt vpon.

Who'le therefore backward fall, who will lanch forth
In Seas so foule, for ventures no more worth ?
Lufts voiage hath (if not this courfe) this croffe,
Buy ne'r so cheape, your Ware comes home with
loffe.

What, shall I found retreat ? the battaile's done :
Let the world iudge which of vs two haue won.

Hip. I !

Bel. You ? nay then as cowards doe in fight,
What by blowes cannot, shall be saued by flight. *Exit.*

Hip. Flie to earths fixed Center : to the Caues
Of euerlasting horror, Ile pursue thee,
(Tho loaden with finnes) euen to Hells brazen
doores.

Thus wisest men turne fooles, doting on whores. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Lodouico, and Orlando : after them
Infælice, Carolo, Aftolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Orl. I beseech your Grace (tho your eye be so
piercing) as vnder a poore blue Coate, to cull out an
honest Father from an old Seruingman : yet good my
Lord discouer not the plot to any, but onely this Gen-
tleman that is now to be an Actor in our ensuing
Comedy.

Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, passe vn-
knowne,
Sforza shall onely goe along with thee.

To see that Warrant serued vpon thy Sonne.

Lod. To attach him vpon felony, for 2. Pedlers :
is't not so ?

Orl. Right, my Noble Knight : those Pedlers
were two Knaues of mine ; he fleec'd the men before,
and now he purpofes to flea the Master. He will rob
me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this
shal hang him by'th gills, till I pull him on shore.

Duke. Away : ply you the businesse.

Orl. Thanks to your Grace : but my good Lord,
for my Daughter.

Duke. You know what I haue said.

Orl. And remember what I haue sworne : She's more honest, on my soule, then one of the Turkes Wenches, watcht by a hundred Eunuches.

Lod. So she had need, for the Turkes make them whores.

Orl. He's a Turke that makes any woman a Whore, hee's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your Grace.

Duke. *Infelice.*

Infæ. Here, sir.

Lod. *Signior Friscabaldo.*

Orl. Frisking agen, *Pacheco*?

Lod. Vds so, *Pacheco*? wee'll haue some sport with this Warrant : 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house : Besides, there's one *Bots* a Pander, and one Madam *Horsleach* a Bawde, that haue abus'd my friend, those two Coneyes will we ferret into the purfenet.

Orl. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th necke : come, come.

Lod. Doe ye heare, Gallants? meet me anon at *Mathcos*.

Omnes. Enough. *Exeunt Lodouico & Orlando.*

Duke. Th'old Fellow sings that note thou didst before,

Onely his tunes are, that she is no Whore,
But that she sent his Letters and his gifts,
Out of a Noble Triumph o're his Lust,
To shew she trampled his Assaults in dust.

Infæ. 'Tis a good honest seruant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no less.

Infæ. And it may be my husband,
Because when once this woman was vnmaskt,
He leueld all her thoughts, and made them fit :
Now he'd marre all agen, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be so too, for to turne a Harlot
Honest, it must be by strong Antidots,
'Tis rare, as to see Panthers change their spots.
And when she's once a Starre (fixed) and shines bright,

Tho 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Because we see such Tapers feldome burne.
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing Starre agen,
And it may be, *Hipollito* does no more.
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all
With that same madnesse of our Sonne-in-law,
That dotes fo on a Curtizan.

Omnes. Yes, my Lord.

Car. All the City thinks he's a Whoremonger.

Ast. Yet I warrant, he'll sweare, no man markes him.

Ber. 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a wenching, is as if he had a strong stinking breath, euery one smells him out, yet he feesles it not, tho it be ranker then the sweate of sixteene Bearewarders.

Duke. I doubt then you haue all those stinking breaths,

You might be all smelt out.

Car. Troth my Lord, I thinke we are all as you ha bin in your youth when you went a Maying, we all loue to heare the Cuckoo sing vpon other mens Trees.

Duke. It's well yet you confesse: but Girle, thy bed

Shall not be parted with a Curtizan—— 'tis strange,
No frowne of mine, no frowne of the poore Lady,
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of Honor, Heauen, or Hell, no not that name
Of Common Strumpet, can affright, or woo
Him to abandon her; the Harlot does vndoe him,
She has bewitched him, robd him of his shape,
Turnd him into a beast, his reason's lost,
You see he lookes wild, does he not?

Car. I ha noted new Moones

In's face, my Lord, all full of change.

Duke. He's no more like vnto *Hipollito*,

Then dead men are to liuing——neuer sleepest,
Or if he doe, it's dreames: and in those dreames

His armes worke,—and then cries—Sweet—
what's her name,

What's the drabs name ?

Ast. In troth, my Lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.

Duke. Oh, *Bellafront* !
And catching her fall, cries, My *Bellafront*.

Car. A drench that's able to kill a Horse, cannot
kill this difeafe of Smock-smelling, my Lord, if it
haue once eaten deepe.

Duke. Ile try all Phisicke, and this Med'cine first :
I haue directed Warrants strong and peremptory
(To purge our Citty *Millan*, and to cure
The outward Parts, the Suburbs) for the attaching
Of all those women, who (like gold) want waight,
Citties (like Ships) should haue no idle freight.

Car. No, my Lord, and light wenches are no idle
freight,
But what's your Graces reach in this ?

Duke. This (*Carolo.*) If she whom my Son doates
on,

Be in that Muster-booke enrolld, he'll shame
Euer t'approach one of such noted name.

Car. But say she be not ?

Duke. Yet on Harlots heads
New Lawes shall fall so heauy, and such blowes
Shall giue to those that haunt them, that *Hipollito*
(If not for feare of Law) for loue to her,
If he loue truely, shall her bed forbear.

Car. Attach all the light heeles i'the Citty, and
clap em vp ? why, my Lord, you diue into a Well
vnfearehable : all the Whores within the walls, &
without the walls ? I would not be he should meddle
with them for ten such Dukedomes ; the Army that
you speake on, is able to fill all the prisons within this
Citty, and to leaue not a drinking roome in any
Tauerne besides.

Duke. Those onely shall be caught that are of
note,

Harlots in each street flow :
The fish being thus i'th net, our selfe will fit,
And with eye most feure dispose of it.—come,
Girle.

Car. Araigne the poore Whore.

Aß. Ile not misse that Seffions.

Font. Nor I.

Ber. Nor I,

Tho I hold vp my hand there my selfe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Matheo, Orlando, and Lodouico.

Mat. Let who will come (my Noble Shauileir) I
can but play the kind Hoast, and bid vm welcome.

Lod. We'll trouble your house (*Matheo*) but as
Dutchmen doe in Tauernes (drinke, be merry, and be
gone.)

Orl. Indeed if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall
to drinking, you must be gone.

Mat. The worst is, my wife is not at home ; but
we'll flie hie (my generous Knight) for all that : there's
no Musike when a woman is in the confort.

Orl. No, for she's like a paire of Virginals,
Alwaies with Iackes at her taile.

Enter Aftolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. See, the Couy is sprung.

Omnes. Saue you Gallants.

Mat. Happily encounterd, sweet bloods.

Lod. Gentlemen, you all know *Signior Candido*,
the Linnen Draper, he that's more patient then a
browne Baker, vpon the day when he heates his
Ouen, and has forty Scolds about him.

Omnes. Yes, we know him all, what of him ?

Lod. Wud it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a
piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on
the Tainters, till the threds of his owne naturall humor
cracke, by making him drinke healths, Tobacco, dance,
sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we
thinke good to cast him ?

Car. 'Twere a Morris dance worth the seeing.

Ast. But the old Fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt out of his den.

Mat. To that traine I ha giuen fire already ; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certaine pieces of Lawne, which I told him I haue to sell, and indeed haue such ; fetch them downe, *Pacheco.*

Orl. Yes, fir, I'm your Water-spanniell, and will fetch any thing : but Ile fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turne your stomacke, and that's a Constable.

Exit.

Enter Boots ushering Mistris Horfleach.

Omnes. How now ? how now ?

Car. What Gally-foist is this ?

Lod. Peace, two dishes of flew'd prunes, a Bawde and a Pander. My worthy Lieutenant *Bots* ; why, now I see th'art a man of thy word, welcome ; welcome Mistris *Horfleach* : Pray Gentlemen, salute this reuerend Matron.

Horf. Thankes to all your Worships.

Lod. I bade a Drawer fend in wine too : did none come along with thee (Grannam) but the Lieutenant ?

Horf. None came along with me but *Bots*, if it like your Worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with you but *Bots* ?

Enter two Vintners.

Omnes. Oh braue ! march faire.

Lod. Are you come ? that's well.

Mat. Here's Ordnance able to facke a Citty.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this Inuentory.

1. *Vint.* *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter fa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

Lod. Yare paid ?

2. *Vint.* Yes Sir.

Exeunt Vintners.

Mat. So shall some of vs be anon, I feare.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards : but zounds, this is the life out of which a Soldier fucks sweetneffe, when this Artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground : Cannon, Demy-cannon, Saker, and Bafalisk.

Lod. Giue fire, Lieutenant.

Bots. So, so : Must I venture first vpon the breach ? to you all, Gallants : *Bots* sets vpon you all.

Omnes. Its hard (*Bots*) if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper vs.

Enter Candido.

Lod. My noble Linnen Draper ! Some wine : Welcome old Lad.

Mat. Y'are welcome, *Signior*.

Cand. These Lawnes, fir ?

Mat. Presently, my man is gone for them : we ha rigged a Fleet, you see here, to faile about the world.

Cand. A dangerous Voyage, failing in such Ships.

Bots. There's no casting ouer boord yet.

Lod. Because you are an old Lady, I will haue you be acquainted with this graue Cittizen, pray bestow your lips vpon him, and bid him welcome.

Horf. Any Cittizen shall be most welcome to me : — I haue vsed to buy ware at your shop.

Cand. It may be so, good Madam.

Horf. Your Prentices know my dealings well ; I trust your good wife be in good case : if it please you, beare her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

Cand. I pray no more forfooth, 'tis very well, indeed I loue no sweet meats : — Sh'as a breath stinks worse then fifty Polecats. Sir, a word, is she a Lady ?

Lod. A woman of a good house, and an ancient, shee's a Bawde.

Cand. A Bawde ? Sir, Ile steale hence, and see your Lawnes some other time.

Mat. Steale out of such company ? *Pacheco* ? my

man is but gone for em : Lieutenant *Bots*, drinke to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to flie hie.

Omnes. Swagger : and make him doo't on his knees.

Cand. How, *Bots*? now bleffe me, what doe I with *Bots*? no wine in footh, no wine, good Master *Bots*.

Bots. Gray-beard, Goats pizzle : 'tis a health, haue this in your guts, or this, there : I will fing a bawdy fong, fir, becaufe your vergis face is melancholly, to make liquor goe downe glib : will you fall on your maribones, and pledge this health, 'tis to my Miftris, a whore?

Cand. Here's Ratsbane vpon Ratsbane : Master *Bots*, I pray, fir, pardon me : you are a Soldier, preffe me not to this seruice, I am old, and shoot not in fuch pot-gunnes.

Bots. Cap, Ile teach you.

Cand. To drinke healths, is to drinke sicknesse : Gentlemen, pray rescue me.

Bots. Zounds, who dare?

Omnes. We shall hae stabbing then?

Cand. I ha reckonings to cast vp, good Master *Bots*.

Bots. This will make you cast em vp better.

Lod. Why does your hand shake so?

Cand. The palfie, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, fir, then, or Ile make your blood dance——

Cand. Hold, hold, good Master *Bots*, I drinke.

Omnes. To whom?

Cand. To the old Countesse there.

Horf. To me, old Boy? this is he that neuer drunke wine : once agen too't.

Cand. With much adoe the poifon is got downe, Tho I can fcarce get vp ; neuer before Dranke I a whores health, nor will neuer more.

Enter Orlando with Lawnes.

Mat. Haft bin at Gallowes?

Orl. Yes, fir, for I make account to suffer to day.

Mat. Looke, *Signior*: here's the Commodity.

Cand. Your price?

Mat. Thus.

Cand. No: too deare: thus.

Mat. No: O fie, you must flie higher: yet take em home, trifles shall not make vs quarrell, we'll agree, you shall haue them, and a penniworth, Ile fetch money at your shop.

Cand. Be it so, good *Signior*, fend me going.

Mat. Going? a deepe bowle of wine for *Signior Candido*.

Orl. He wud be going.

Cand. Ile rather stay, then goe so: stop your Bowle.

Enter Constable and Bilmen.

Lod. How now?

Bots. Is't Shroue-tuesday, that these Ghosts walke.

Mat. What's your businesse, Sir?

Const. From the Duke: you are the man wee looke for, *Signior*, I haue Warrant here from the Duke, to apprehend you vpon felony for robbing two Pedlers: I charge you i'th Dukes name goe quickly.

Mat. Is the winde turn'd? well: this is that old Wolfe, my Father-in-law: feeke out your Mistris, Sirra.

Orl. Yes, Sir: as shafts by piecing are made strong,
So shall thy life be straightned by this wrong. *Exit.*

Omnes. In troth we are forry.

Mat. Braue men must bee croft, it's but Fortunes Dice rouing against me: Come, fir, pray vse me like a Gentleman, let me not be carried through the streets like a Pageant.

Const. If these Gentlemen please, you shall goe along with them.

Omnes. Bee't so: come.

Const. What are you, fir?

Bots. I, fir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cipher, as the State has occasion to cast vp her accounts : I'm a Soldier.

Const. Your name is *Bots*, is't not?

Bots. *Bots* is my name, *Bots* is knowne to this Company.

Const. I know you are, Sir : what's she?

Bots. A Gentlewoman, my Mother.

Const. Take em both along.

Bots. Me? Sirrr.

Billmen. And Sirrr.

Const. If he swagger, raise the street.

Bots. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, whither will you drag vs?

Lod. To the Garden house. *Bots*, are we euen with you?

Const. To Bridewell with em.

Bots. You will answer this.

Exeunt.

Const. Better then a challenge, I haue warrant for my worke, fir.

Lod. Wee'll goe before.

Exeunt.

Const. Pray doe.

Who, *Signior Candido*? a Cittizen of your degree comforted thus, and reuelling in such a house?

Cand. Why, fir? what house I pray?

Const. Lewd, and defamed.

Cand. Is't so? thanks, fir: I'm gone.

Const. What haue you there?

Cand. Lawnes which I bought, fir, of the Gentleman that keepes the house.

Const. And I haue warrant here, to search for such stolne Ware: these Lawnes are stolne.

Cand. Indeed!

Const. So he's the Thiefe, you the Receiuer: I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

Cand. Me, fir, for what?

Const. These Goods are found vpon you, and you must answer't.

Cand. Must I so?

Const. Most certaine.

Cand. Ile send for Bayle.

Const. I dare not: yet because you are a Cittizen of worth, you shall not be made a pointing stocke, but without Guard passe onely with my selfe.

Cand. To Bridewell too?

Const. No remedy.

Cand. Yes, patience: being not mad, they had mee once to Bedlam,
Now I'm drawne to Bridewell, louing no Whores.

Const. You will buy Lawne?— *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Hipollito; at another, Lodouico, Astolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. Yonder's the Lord *Hipollito*, by any meanes leaue him and me together: Now will I turne him to a Madman.

Omnes. Saue you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Lod. I ha strange newes to tell you.

Hip. What are they?

Lod. Your Mare's i'th pound.

Hip. How's this?

Lod. Your Nightingale is in a Limebush.

Hip. Ha?

Lod. Your Puritanicall *Honest Whore* fits in a blue gowne.

Hip. Blue Gowne!

Lod. She'll chalke out your way to her now: she beats chalke.

Hip. Where, who dares?

Lod. Doe you know the Bricke-house of Castigation, by the Riuer side that runnes by *Millan*: the Schoole where they pronounce no letter well but O?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne Office of Constable, or any woman that has falne from a Horse-load to a Cart-load, or like an old Hen that has had none but rotten egges in her nest, can direct you to her: there you shall see your Puncke amongst her back-friends,

there you may haue her at your will, for there she beates Chalke, or grindes in the Mill, with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, decelle ; ah little monkey.

Hip. What Rogue durst serue that Warrant, knowing I loued her ?

Lod. Some Worshipfull Rascall, I lay my life.

Hip. Ile beat the Lodgings downe about their eares

That are her Keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old house ouer her head.

Hip. Ile to her —

Ile to her, flood armed Fiends to guard the doores.

Exit.

Lod. Oh me ! what Monsters are men made by whores ?

If this false fire doe kindle him, there's one Faggot

More to the bonfire, now to my Bridewell Birds,

What Song will they sing ?

Exit.

Enter Duke, Carolo, Aftolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell, three or foure Masters of Bridewell: Infelice.

Duke. Your Bridewell ? that the name ? for beauty, strength,

Capacity and forme of ancient building,
(Besides the Riuers neighbourhood) few houses
Wherein we keepe our Court can better it.

1. *Master.* Hither from forraigne Courts haue Princes come,

And with our Duke did Acts of State Commence,
Here that great Cardinall had first audience,
(The graue Campayne,) that Duke dead, his Sonne
(That famous Prince) gaue free possession

Of this his Palace, to the Cittizens,

To be the poore mans ware-house : and endowed it
With Lands to'th valew of seuen hundred marke,

With all the bedding and the furniture,

Once proper (as the Lands then were) to an Hospital
Belonging to a Duke of *Sauoy*. Thus

Fortune can tosse the World, a Princes Court
Is thus a prifon now.

Duke. 'Tis Fortunes sport :

These changes common are : the Wheele of Fate
Turnes Kingdomes vp, till they fall defolate.
But how are these feuen hundred Markes by'th yeere
Imployde in this your Worke-houfe ?

1. *Master.* Warre and Peace

Feed both vpon those Lands : when the Iron doores
Of warre burst open, from this Houfe are sent
Men furnisht in all Martiall Complement.
The Moore hath thorow her Bow scarce drawn to'th
head,

(Like to twelue filuer Arrowes) all the Moneths,
Since 1600. Soldiers went aboard :
Here Prouidence and Charity play such parts,
The Houfe is like a very Schoole of Arts,
For when our Soldiers (like Ships driuen from Sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tattered sides,)
Cast anchor here agen, their ragged backs
How often doe we couer ? that (like men)
They may be sent to their owne Homes agen.
All here are but one fwarme of Bees, and striue
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the Hiue.
The sturdy Begger, and the lazy Lowne,
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd Correction.
The Vagabond growes stay'd, and learnes t'obey,
The Drone is beaten well, and sent away.
As other prifons are, (some for the Thiefe,
Some, by which vndone Credit gets reliefe
From bridled Debtors ; others for the poore)
So this is for the Bawd, the Rogue, the Whore.

Car. An excellent Teeme of Horfe.

1. *Master.* Nor is it feene,

That the whip drawes blood here, to coole the Spleene
Of any rugged Bencher : nor does offence
Feele smart on spitefull, or rash euidence :
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere Iustice leaue them in the Beadles hand,

As Iron, on the Anuill are they laid,
Not to take blowes alone, but to be made
And fashioned to ſome Charitable uſe.

Duke. Thus whoſom'ſt Lawes ſpring from the
worſt abuſe.

Enter Orlando before Bellafront.

Bel. Let mercy touch your heart-ſtrings (gracious
Lord)
That it may ſound like muſike in the care
Of a man deſperate, (being i'th hands of Law.)

Duke. His name?

Bel. *Matheo.*

Duke. For a robbery? where is he?

Bel. In this Houſe.

Exit Bel. & one of the Maſters of Bridewell.

Duke. Fetch you him hither ——
Is this the Party?

Orl. This is the Hen, my Lord, that the Cocke
(with the Lordly combe) your Sonne-in-law would
crow ouer, and tread.

Duke. Are your two Seruants ready?

Orl. My two Pedlers are pack'd together, my good
Lord.

Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by puniſhment.

Infæ. Let me be gone, my Lord, or ſtand vnſcene;
'Tis rare when a Iudge ſtrikes, and that none dye,
And 'tis vnfit then, women ſhould be by.

1. *Maſter.* Wee'll place you, Lady, in ſome priuat
roome.

Infæ. Pray doe ſo.

Exit.

Orl. Thus nice Dames ſweare, it is vnfit their eyes
Should view men caru'd vp for Anatomies,
Yet they'll ſee all, ſo they may ſtand vnſcene,
Many women ſure will ſinne behind a Skrecne.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Your Sonne (the Lord *Hippolito*) is entred.

Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word
Sforza :

On what wings flew he hither ?

Lod. These, I told him—his Larke whom he loved,
was a Bridewell Bird, he's mad that this Cage should
hold her, and is come to let her out.

Duke. 'Tis excellent : away, goe call him hither.

Exit. Lod.

*Enter one of the Gouvernours of the House, Bellafront
after him with Matheo, after him the Constable.*

*Enter at another doore, Lodouico and
Hipollito : Orlando steps forth and
brings in two Pedlers.*

Duke. You are to vs a stranger (worthy Lord)
'Tis strange to see you here.

Hip. It is most fit,
That where the Sunne goes, *Attomyes* follow it.

Duke. *Attomyes* neither shape, nor honour beare :
Be you your selfe, a Sunne-beame to shine cleare.
Is this the Gentleman ? Stand forth & heare
Your accusation.

Mat. Ile heare none : I flie hie in that : rather
then Kites shall seize vpon me, and picke out mine
eyes to my face, Ile strike my tallons thorow mine
owne heart first, and spit my blood in theirs : I am
here for shriuing those two fooles of their sinfull
packe : when those lack-dawes haue cawde ouer me,
then must I cry guilty, or not guilty ; the Lawe has
worke enough already, and therefore Ile put no worke
of mine into his hands, the Hangman shall ha't first,
I did pluck those Ganders, did rob them.

Duke. 'Tis well done to confesse.

Mat. Confesse and be hanged, and then I flie hie,
is't not so ? that for that a gallowes is the worst rub that
a good Bowler can meet with : I stumbled against such
a post, else this night I had plaid the part of a true
Sonne in these daies, vndone my Father-in-law, with
him wud I ha run at leape-frogge, and come ouer

his gold, tho I had broke his necke for't : but the poore Salmon Trout is now in the Net.

Hip. And now the Law must teach you to flie hie.

Mat. Right, my Lord, and then may you flie low ; no more words, a Moufe, Mum, you are flop'd.

Bel. Be good to my poore husband, deare my Lords.

Mat. Affe, why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another ?

Duke. Did any hand worke in this theft but yours ?

Mat. O, yes, my Lord, yes :—the Hangman has neuer one Sonne at a birth, his Children alwaies come by couples : Tho I cannot giue the old dog, my Father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall bee sure of a Choke-peare.—Yes, my Lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine Pedlers, and that was my wife.

Bel. Alas, I ?

Orl. O euerlasting, supernaturall superlatiue Villaine !

Omnes. Your wife, *Mathew* ?

Hip. Sure it cannot be.

Mat. Oh, Sir, you loue no quarters of Mutton that hang vp, you loue none but whole Mutton ; she fet the robbery, I perform'd it ; she spur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

Orl. My Lords.

Bel. My Lords, (fellow giue me speach) if my life

May ranfome thine, I yeeld it to the Law,
Thou hurt'st thy foule (yet wipest off no offence)

By casting blots vpon my Innocence :

Let not these spare me, but tell truth : no, fee

Who slips his necke out of the misery,

Tho not out of the mischief : let thy Seruant

That shared in this base Act, accuse me here,

Why should my Husband perishe, he goe cleare ?

Orl. A god Child, hang thine owne Father.

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too ?

Orl. My hand was in the Pye, my Lord, I confesse it : my Mistris I see, will bring me to the Gallowes, and so leaue me ; but Ile not leaue her so : I had rather hang in a womans company, then in a mans ; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the Deuils are afraid to haue any women come amongst them, as I am true Thiefe, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife ?

Mat. It is my humor, Sir, 'tis a foolish Bag-pipe that I make my selfe merry with : why should I eate hempe-seed at the Hangmans thirteene-pence halfe-penny Ordinary, and haue this whore laugh at me as I fwing, as I totter ?

Duke. Is she a Whore ?

Mat. A fixe-penny Mutton Pasty, for any to cut vp.

Orl. Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad.

Mat. A Barbers Citterne for euery Seruingman to play vpon, that Lord, your Sonne, knowes it.

Hip. I, sir, am I her Bawd then ?

Mat. No, sir, but she's your Whore then.

Orl. Yea Spider, doest catch at great Flies ?

Hip. My Whore ?

Mat. I cannot talke, sir, and tell of your Rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and deuices : but, my Lord, I found em like Sparrowes in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me, I tooke em in bed, was ready to kill him was vp to stab her ——

Hip. Cloze thy ranke lawes : pardon me, I am vexed,

Thou art a Villaine, a malicious Deuill,
Deepe as the place where thou art lost, thou lyeft,
Since I am thus far got into this storme,
Ile thorow, and thou shalt see Ile thorow vntoucht,
When thou shalt perish in it.

Enter Infelice.

Infel. 'Tis my cue
 To enter now : roome, let my Prize be plaid,
 I ha lurk'd in Cloudes, yet heard what all haue said,
 What Iury more can proue, she has wrong'd my bed,
 Then her owne husband, she must be punished ;
 I challenge Law, my Lord, Letters, and Gold,
 And Iewels
 From my Lord that woman tooke.

Hip. Against that blacke-mouthed Deuill, against
 Letters, and Gold,
 And against a ialous Wife I doe vphold,
 Thus farre her reputation, I could sooner
 Shake the Appenine, and crumble Rockes to dust,
 Then (tho *Ioues* showre rayned downe) tempt her to
 lust.

Bel. What shall I say ?

Hee discouers himselfe.

Orl. Say thou art not a Whore, and that's more
 then fiftene women (amongst foue hundred) dare
 sweare without lying : this shalt thou say, no let mee
 say't for thee ; thy Husband's a Knaue, this Lord's an
 honest Man ; thou art no Puncke, this Lady's a right
 Lady. *Pacheco* is a Thiefe as his Master is, but old
Orlando is as true a man as thy Father is : I ha seene
 you flie hie, fir, & I ha seene you flie low, fir, and to
 keepe you from the Gallowes, fir, a blue Coat haue I
 worne, and a Thiefe did I turne, mine owne men are
 the Pedlers, my twenty pound did flie hie, fir, your
 wiuies Gowne did flie low, fir : whither flie you now,
 fir ? you ha scap'd the Gallowes, to the Deuill you flie
 next, fir. Am I right, my Liege ?

Duke. Your Father has the true Phisicion plaid.

Mat. And I am now his Patient.

Hip. And be so still,
 'Tis a good signe when our cheekes blush at ill.

Const. The Linnen Draper (*Signior Candido*)
He whom the Citty tearmes the Patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those Lawnes
The Pedlers loft.

Infir. Alas good *Candido*. *Exit Constable.*

Duke. Fetch him : and when these payments vp
are cast,
Weigh out your light Gold, but let's haue them last.

Enter Candido, and Constable.

Duke. In Bridewell, *Candido* ?

Cand. Yes, my good Lord.

Duke. What make you here ?

Cand. My Lord, what make you here ?

Duke. I'm here to saue right, and to driue wrong
hence.

Cand. And I to beare wrong here with patience.

Duke. You ha bought stolne Goods.

Cand. So they doe say, my Lord,
Yet bought I them vpon a Gentlemans word,
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be Theeues, but no Theeues Gentlemen.

Hip. Your Credit's crack'd being here.

Cand. No more then Gold
Being crack'd which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad ?
They made me pledge Whores healths, but am I bad,
Because I'm with bad people ?

Duke. Well, stand by,
If you take wrong, wee'll cure the iniury.

*Enter Constable, after them Bots, after him two Beadles,
one with a Hlempe, the other with a Beetle.*

Duke. Stay, stay, what's he ? a prifoner ?

Const. Yes, my Lord.

Hip. He seemes a Soldier ?

Bots. I am what I feeme, Sir, one of Fortunes
Bastards, a Soldier, and a Gentleman, and am brought

in here with Master Conflables band of Bilmen, because they face mee downe that I liue (like those that keepe Bowling-alleyes) by the finnes of the people, in being a Squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an Apple-squire.

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scuruy Squiers, and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts, but I am knowne to all this company.

Lod. My Lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis Lieutenant *Bots*.

Duke. *Bots*, and where ha you serued, *Bots*?

Bots. In most of your hottest Seruices in the Low-countries: at the *Groyne* I was wounded in this thigh, and halted vpon't, but 'tis now found. In *Cleualand* I mist but little, hauing the bridge of my nose broken downe with two great stones, as I was scaling a Fort: I ha beene tryed, Sir, too, in *Gelderland*, and scap'd hardly there from being blown vp at a Breach: I was fired, and lay i'th Surgeons hands for't, till the fall of the leafe following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no Soldier.

Bots. No Soldier, sir? I hope these are Seruices that your proudest Commanders doe venture vpon, and neuer come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a Soldier, Ile vse you like a Gentleman: make roome there, Plant him amongst you, we shall haue anon Strange Hawkes flie here before vs: if none light On you, you shall with freedome take your flight: But if you preue a Bird of baser wing, Wee'll vse you like such Birds, here you shall sing.

Bots. I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

Duke. Why, is he furnisht with those imployments?

1. *Master.* The Pander is more dangerous to a State,

Then is the common Thiefe, and tho our lawes Lie heauier on the Thiefe, yet that the Pander

May know the Hangmans ruffe should fit him too,
Therefore he's fet to beat Hempe.

Duke. This does fauour
Of Iuftice, bafeft Slaues to bafeft labour.
Now pray, fet open Hell, and let vs fee
The Shee-Deuils that are here.

Infæ. Me thinkes this place
Should make euen *Lais* honeft.

1. *Maffer.* Some it turnes good,
But (as fome men whose hands are once in blood,
Doe in a pride spill more) fo, fome going hence,
Are (by being here) loft in more impudence :
Let it not to them (when they come) appeare,
That any one does as their Iudge fit here :
But that as Gentlemen you come to fee,
And then perhaps their tongues will walke more free.

Duke. Let them be marshall'd in : be couerd all,
Fellowes, now to make the Sceane more Comickall.

Car. Will not you be fmelt out, *Bots.*

Bots. No, your braueft whores haue the worft
nofes.

*Enter two of the Maffers : a Conftable after them, then
Doratheia Target, braue, after her two Beadles,
th'one with a wheele, the other with
a blue Gowne.*

Lod. Are not you a Bride, forfooth ?

Dor. Say yee ?

Car. He wud know if thefe be not your Bridemen.

Dor. Vuh, yes, fir : and looke yee, doe you fee
the Bride-laces that I giue at my wedding, will ferue
to tye Roſemary to both your Coffins when you come
from hanging—Scab ?

Orl. Fie, Puncke, fie, fie, fie.

Dor. Out you ſtale ſtinking head of Garlicke, foh,
at my heeles.

Orl. My head's clouen.

Hip. O, let the Gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

Aff. Nay to doe penance.

Car. I, I, goe Puncke, goe to the Crosse and be whipt.

Dor. Mary mew, mary muffle, mary hang you Goodman Dog: whipt? doe yee take me for a base Spittle whore? in troth Gentlemen, you weare the cloathes of Gentlemen, but you carry not the mindes of Gentlemen, to abuse a Gentlewoman of my fashion.

Lod. Fashion? pox a your fashions, art not a whore?

Dor. Goodman Slaue.

Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let vs two talke, What mought I call your name, pray?

Dor. I'm not ashamed of my name, Sir, my name is Mistris *Doll Target*, a Westerne Gentlewoman.

Lod. Her Target against any Pike in *Millan*.

Duke. Why is this wheele borne after her?

1. Master. She must spinne.

Dor. A coorse thred it shall be, as all threds are.

Aff. If you spin, then you'll earne money here too?

Dor. I had rather get halfe a Crowne abroad, then ten Crownes here.

Orl. Abroad? I thinke so.

Infæ. Doeft thou not weepe now thou art here?

Dor. Say yee? weepe? yes forfooth, as you did when you lost your Maidenhead: doe you not heare how I weep?

Sings.

Lod. Farewell *Doll*.

Dor. Farewell Dog.

Exit.

Duke. Past shame: past penitence, why is that blue Gowne?

1. Master. Being stript out of her wanton loose attire,

That Garment she puts on, base to the eye,
Onely to cloath her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this ?

1. *Master.* No, my good Lord.

You see, this Drab swells with a wanton reyne,
The next that enters has a different straine.

Duke. Variety is good, let's see the rest.

Exit Master.

Bots. Your Grace sees I'm found yet, & no Bullets
hit me.

Duke. Come off so, and 'tis well.

Omnes. Here's the second Messe.

*Enter the two Masters, after them the Constable, after
him Penelope Whore-hound, like a Citizens wife,
after her two Beadles, one with a blue Gowne,
another with Chalke and a Mallet.*

Pen. I ha worne many a costly Gowne, but I was
neuer thus guarded with blue Coats, and Beadles, and
Constables, and ———

Car. Alas faire Mistris, spoyle not thus your eyes.

Pen. Oh sweet sir, I feare the spoyling of other
places about me that are dearer then my eyes ; if you
be Gentlemen, if you be men, or euer came of a
woman, pittie my case, stand to me, sticke to me, good
sir, you are an old man.

Orl. Hang not on me, I prethee, old Trees beare
no such fruit.

Pen. Will you bayle me, Gentlemen ?

Lod. Bayle thee, art in for debt ?

Pen. No — is my Iudge, sir, I am in for no debts,
I payd my Taylor for this Gowne, the last fve shil-
lings a weeke that was behind, yesterdai.

Duke. What is your name, I pray ?

Pen. *Penelope Whore-hound*, I come of the *Whore-
hounds*. How does Lieutenant *Bots*.

Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a Soldier, a
pox *Bots* ye.

Pen. I was neuer in this pickle before, and yet if
I goe amongst Cittizens wiues, they ieere at me : if I

goe among the Loofe-bodied Gownes, they cry a pox on me, becaufe I goe ciuilly attyred, and fweare their trade was a good trade, till fuch as I am tooke it out of their hands : good Lieutenant *Bots*, fpeake to thefe Captaines to bayle me.

1. *Maſter*. Begging for bayle ſtill ? you are a trim goffiſp, goe giue her the blue Gowne, fet her to her chare, worke Huſwife, for your bread, away.

Pen. Out you Dog, a pox on you all, women are borne to curſe thee, but I ſhall liue to fee twenty ſuch flat-caps ſhaking Dice for a penny-worth of Pippins : out, you blue-eyed Rogue. *Exit.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Euen now ſhe wept, and praid, now does ſhe curſe ?

1. *Maſter*. Seeing me : if ſtill ſhe had ſtaid, this had bene worſe.

Hip. Was ſhe euer here before ?

1. *Maſter*. Fiue times at leaſt,
And thus if men come to her, haue her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bayle.

Omnes. *Bots*, you know her ?

Bots. Is there any Gentleman here, that knowes not a Whore, and is he a haire the worſe for that ?

Duke. Is ſhe a Citty-dame, ſhe's ſo attyred ?

1. *Maſter*. No, my good Lord, that's onely but the vaile

To her loofe body, I haue ſeene her here
In gayer Masking Suits, as feuerall Sawces
Giue one Diſh feuerall Taſtes, ſo change of Habits
In Whores is a bewitching Art : to day
She's all in colours to beſot Gallants,
Then in modeſt blacke, to catch the Cittizen,
And this from their Examinations drawne,
Now ſhall you ſee a Monſter both in ſhape
And nature quite from theſe, that ſheds no teare,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plaine ramping Beare,
Many ſuch Whales are caſt vpon this Shore.

Omnes. Let's ſee her.

The Honest Whore.

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1. *Master.* Then behold a swaggering Whore.

Exit.

Orl. Keep your grownd, *Bots.*

Bots. I doe but trauerse to spy aduantage how to arme my selfe.

Enter the two Masters first, after them the Constable; after them a Beadle beating a Bason, then Catryna Bountinall, with Mistris Horsleach, after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded with yellow.

Cat. Sirra, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you Rogue-Catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French Chiblaines in your heeles, that you can come no faster? are not you (Bawd) a Whores Ancient, and must not I follow my Colours?

Horf. O Mistris *Katherine*, you doe me wrong to accufe mee here as you doe, before the right Worshipfull: I am knowne for a motherly honest woman, and no Bawd.

Cat. Mary foh, honest? burnt at fourteene, feuen times whipt, fixe times carted, nine times duck'd, fearch'd by some hundred and fifty Constables, and yet you are honest? Honest Mistris *Horsleach*, is this World, a World to keepe Bawds and Whores honest? How many times hast thou giuen Gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelue-penny Fees, nay two shillings Fees, nay, when any Embassadours ha bene here, how many halfe crowne Fees hast thou taken? how many Carriers hast thou bribed for Country Wenches? how often haue I rins't your lungs in *Aqua uita*, and yet you are honest?

Duke. And what were you the whilest?

Cat. Mary hang you, Master Slaue, who made you an examiner?

Lod. Well said, belike this Deuill spares no man.

Cat. What art thou prethee?

Bots. Nay what art thou prethee?

Cat. A Whore, art thou a Thiefe?

Bots. A Thiefe, no, I defie the calling, I am a Soldier, haue borne Armes in the Field, beene in many a hot Skyrmish, yet come off sound.

Cat. Sound with a pox to yee, yee abominable Rogue! you a Soldier? you in Skirmishes? where? amongst pottle pots in a Bawdy-house? Looke, looke here, you Madam Wormeaten, doe you not know him?

Horf. Lieutenant *Bots*, where haue yee beene this many a day?

Bots. Old Bawd, doe not discredit me, seeme not to know me.

Horf. Not to know yee, Master *Bots*? as long as I haue breath, I cannot forget thy fweet face.

Duke. Why, doe you know him? he saies he is a Soldier.

Cat. He a Soldier? a Pander, a Dog that will lick vp fixe pence: doe yee heare, you Master Swines snout, how long is't since you held the doore for me, and cried too't agen, no body comes, yee Rogue you?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, y'are smelt out agen, *Bots*.

Bots. Pox ruyne her nose for't, and I be not reuenged for this — vm yee Bitch.

Lod. Dee yee heare yec, Madam? why does your Ladiship fwagger thus? y'are very braue, me thinkes.

Cat. Not at your cost, Master Cods-head, Is any man here bleare-eyed to see me braue?

Añ. Yes, I am,
Because good Cloathes vpon a Whores backe
Is like faire painting vpon a rotten wall.

Cat. Mary muffle Master Whoremaster, you come vpon me with sentences.

Ber. By this light has small fence for't.

Lod. O fie, fie, doe not vex her.

And yet me thinkes a creature of more scurvy conditions

Should not know what a good Petticoate were.

Cat. Mary come out,

Y'are so busie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour, but and the outfides offend your Roguefhips, looke o'the lining, 'tis Silke.

Duke. Is't Silke'tis lined with then?

Cat. Silke? I Silke, Mafter Slaue, you wud bee glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come among a company of Cods-heads that know not how to vse a Gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the Duke is here.

1. *Master.* Be modest, *Kate*, the Duke is here.

Cat. If the Deuill were here, I care not: fet forward, yee Rogues, and giue attendance to your places, let Bawds and Whores be sad, for Ile sing and the Deuill were a dying.

Exeunt.

Duke. Why before her does the Bafon ring?

1. *Master.* It is an emblem of their reuelling,
The whips we vse lets forth their wanton blood,
Making them calme, and more to calme their pride,
In stead of Coaches they in Carts doe ride.
Will your Grace fee more of this bad Ware?

Duke. No shut vp shop, wee'll now breake vp the faire,

Yet ere we part—you, fir, that take vpon yee
The name of Soldier, that true name of worth,
Which, action not vaine boasting best sets forth,
To let you know how farre a Soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you see,
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where Princes be:
This bee your sentence.

Omnes. Defend your selfe, *Bots.*

Duke. First, all the priuat sufferance that the house

Inflicts vpon Offenders, you (as the basest)
Shall vndergoe it double, after which
You shall bee whipt, fir, round about the Citty,
Then banisht from the Land.

Bots. Befeech your Grace.

Duke. Away with him, see it done, Panders and Whores

Are Citty-plagues, which being kept aliue,
 Nothing that lookes like goodnes ere can thriue.
 Now good *Orlando*, what say you to your bad Sonne-
 in-law?

Orl. Mary this, my Lord, he is my Sonne-in-law,
 and in law will I be his Father: for if law can pepper
 him, he shall be so parboild, that he shall sinke no
 more i'th nose of the Common-wealth.

Bel. Be yet more kinde and mercifull, good
 Father.

Orl. Doeſt thou beg for him, thou precious mans
 meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod
 on thee, and doeſt thou ſawne on him like his Span-
 niell? has hee not pawnd thee to thy Petticoate, fold
 thee to thy ſmock, made yee leape at a cruſt, yet
 woodſt haue me ſaue him?

Bel. Oh yes, good ſir, women ſhall learne of me,
 To loue their husbands in greateſt miſery,
 Then ſhew him pittie, or you wracke my ſelfe.

Bal. Haue yee eaten Pigeons that y'are ſo kinde-
 hearted to your Mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wilde
 Beares, Ile haue yee both baited at one ſtake: but as
 for this Knaue, the Gallowes is thy due, and the Gal-
 lowes thou ſhalt haue, Ile haue iuſtice of the Duke,
 the Law ſhall haue thy life, what, doeſt thou hold him?
 let goe his hand: if thou doeſt not forſake him, a
 Fathers euerlaſting bleſſing fall vpon both your heads:
 away, goe, kiſſe out of my ſight, play thou the Whore
 no more, nor thou the Thiefe agen, my houſe ſhall be
 thine, my meate ſhall be thine, and ſo ſhall my wine,
 but my money ſhall bee mine, and yet when I die,
 (ſo thou doeſt not flie hie) take all,

Yet good *Matheo*, mend.

Thus for joy weepes *Orlando*, and doth end.

Duke. Then heare, *Matheo*: all your woes are
 ſtayed

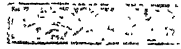
By your good Father-in-law: all your Ills
 Are cleare purged from you by his working pills.
 Come *Signior Candido*, theſe greene yong wits

(We see by Circumstance) this plot hath laid,
Still to prouoke thy patience, which they finde
A wall of Brasse, no Armour's like the minde ;
Thou hast taught the Citty patience, now our Court
Shall be thy Spheare, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth vnto the world shal sing,
A Patient man's a Patterne for a King. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



THE
WHORE OF
BABYLON.



As it was acted by the Princes
Seruants.

Vocat Censura Columbas

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



LONDON
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.
1607.

DRAMMATIS

personæ.

Titania the Fairie Queene : vnder whom is figured
our late Queene *Elizabeth*.

Fideli.
Florimell.
Parthenophil. } Councillors to *Titania*.
Elfron.

Castina.
Aura.
Philæma. } Ladies attendant.
Agathe.

Campeius a Scholler.

Paridel a Doctor.

Time. } *Plaine-dealing.*
Truth.

Th' Empreffe of *Babylon* : vnder whom is figured
Rome.

Kings 3.

Cardinals 4.

Ragazzoni.
Campeggio. } Agents for th' Empreffe.

Ropus a Doctor of Phyficke.

An *Albanois*.

Palmio, a Iefuite.

Milites.

Ministri.



Lectori.

THe Generall scope of this Drammaticall Poem, is to set forth (in Tropicall and shadowed collours) the Greatnes, Magnanimity, Constancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late Queene And (on the contrary part) the inueterate malice, Treasons, Machinations, Vnderminings, & continual bloody stratagems, of that Purple whore of Roome, to the taking away of our Princes liues, and vtter extirpation of their Kingdomes. Wherein if according to the dignity of the Subiect, I haue not giuen it Lustre, and (to use the Painters rhetorick) doe so faile in my Depthes & Heightnings, that it is not to the life, let this excuse me; that the Pyramides vpon whose top the glorious Raigne of our deceased Soueraigne was mounted, stands yet so high, and so sharply pointed into the clouds, that the Art of no pen is able to reach it. The streame of her Vertues is so immesurable, that the farther they are waded into, the farther is it to the bottom.

In sayling vpon which two contrary Seas, you may obserue, on how direct a line I haue steered my course: for of such a scantling are my words set downe, that neither the one party speakes too much, nor the other (in opposition) too little in their owne defence.

And whereas I may, (by some more curious in censure, then sound in iudgement) be Critically taxed, that I falsifie the account of time, and set not down Occurrents, according to their true succession, let such (that are so nice of stomach) know, that I write as a Poet, not as an Historian, and that these two doe not liue vnder one law. How true Fortunes dyall hath gone whose Players (like so many clocks, haue struck my lines, and told the world how I haue spent my houres) I am not certaine, because mine eare stood not within reach of their Larums. But of this my knowledge cannot faile, that in such Conforts, many of the Instruments are for the most part out of tune, And no maruaile; for let the Poet set the note of his Numbers, euen to Apolloes owne Lyre, the Player will haue his owne Crochets, and sing false notes, in despite of all the rules of Musick. It fares with these two, as it does with good stufte and a badde Tayler: It is not mard in the wearing, but in the cutting out. The labours therefore of Writers are as unhappie as the children of a bewtifull woman, being spoyld by ill nurfes, within a month after they come into the world. What a number of throwes doe we endure eare we be deliuered? and yet euen then (tho that heauenly issue of our braine be neuer so faire and so well lynd,) is it made lame by the bad handling of them to whome it is put to learne to goe: if this of mine bee made a cripple by such meanes, yet dispise him not for that deformity which stuck not vpon him at his birth; but fell vpon him by mis-fortune, and in recompence of such favour, you shall (if your Patience can suffer so long) heare now how himselfe can speake.

PROLOGVE.

THe Charmes of filence through this Square be
 throwne,
 That an vn-vfde Attention (like a Iewell)
 May hang at euery eare, for wee present
 Matter about the vulgar Argument :
 Yet drawne fo liuely, that the weakeft eye,
 (Through thofe thin vailes we hang betweene your
 fight,
 And this our peice) may reach the miftrey :
 What in it is moft graue, will moft delight.
 But as in *Lantskip*, Townes and Woods appeare
 Small a farre off, yet to the Optick fence,
 The minde fhewes them as great as thofe more neere ;
 So, winged *Time* that long agoe flew hence
 You muft fetch backe, with all thofe golden yeares
 He stole, and here imagine ftill hee ftands,
 Thrufing his filuer locke into your hands.
 There hold it but two howres, It fhall from Graues
 Raize vp the dead : vpon this narrow floore
 Swell vp an Ocean, (with an Armed Fleete,)
 And lay the Dragon at a Doues foft feete.
 Thefe Wonders fit and fee, fending as guides
 Your Iudgement, not your paffions : paffion flides,
 When Iudgement goes vpright : for tho the Mufe
 Thats thus inspir'de) a Nouell path does tread,
 Shee's free from foolifh boldnes, or bafe dread.
 Loe ; fcorne fhe fcornes and Enuies ranckling tooth,
 For this is all fhee does, fhe wakens *Truth*.

A Dumb shew.

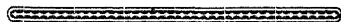
HE drawes a Curtaine, discovering Truth in sad habiliments; uncrownd: her haire dishevelled, & sleeping on a Rock: Time (her father) attired likewise in black, and at his properties (as Sithe, Howreglasse and Wings) of the same Cullor, using all meanes to waken Truth, but not being able to doe it, he sits by her and mourns. Then enter Friers, Bishops, Cardinals before the Hearse of a Queen, after it Councillors, Pensioners, & Ladies, al these last having scarfes before their eyes, the other singing in Latin. Truth suddenly awakens, & beholding this sight, shews (with her father) arguments of Ioy, and Exeunt, returning presently: Time being shifted into light Cullors, his properties likewise altered into siluer, and Truth Crowned, (being cloathed in a robe spotted with Starres) meete the Hearse, and pulling the veiles from the Councillers eyes, they wounding a while, and seeming astonished at her brightness, at length embrace Truth and Time, & depart with them: leauing the rest going on.

This being done, Enter Titania (the Fairie Queene) attended with those Councillors, and other persons fitting her estate: Time and Truth meete her, presenting a Booke to her, which (kissing it) she receiues, and shewing it to those about her, they drawe out their swordes, (embracing Truth,) vowing to defend her and that booke: Truth then and Time are sent in, and returne presently, driuing before them those Cardinals, Friers, &c. (that came in before) with Images, Croziar stauies &c. They gon, certaine graue learned men, that had beene banished, are brought in, and presented to Titania, who shewes to them the booke, which they receiue with great signes of gladnesse, and Exeunt Omnes.



THE WHORE

of Babylon.



Empresse of Babylon: her Canopie supported by 4. Cardinals: 2. persons in Pontificall roabes on either hand, the one bearing a sword, the other the keies: before her 3. Kings crowned, behinde her Friers, &c.

Emp.



Hat we, in pompe, in peace, in
god like splendor,
With adoration of all dazeled
eies,

Should breath thus long, and grow so full of daies,
Be fruitfull as the Vine, in sonnes and daughters,
(All Emperors, Kings, and Queenes) that (like to
Cedars

Vprising from the breast of *Lybanus*,
Or Oliues nurst vp by *Ierusalem*)
Heightened our glories, whilst we held vp them:
That this vast Globe Terrestrial should be cantled,
And almost three parts ours, and that the nations,
Who suspiration draw out of this aire,

With vniuerfall *Aues*, showtes, and cries,
 Should vs acknowledge to be head fupreame
 To this great body (for a world of yeares :)
 Yet now, when we had made our Crowne compleat,
 And clos'd it strongly with a triple arch,
 And had inrich'd it with those pretious jewels
 Few Princes euer fee (white haire) euen now
 Our greatneffe hangs in ballance, and the stampe
 Of our true Soueraignty, clipt, and abas'd.

1. *King.* By whom dread Empreffe ?

Emp. Aske thefe holy Fathers :

Aske thofe our out-cast fonnes : a throne vfurped
 Our chaire is counted, all our titles stolne.

2. *King.* What blasphemy dare fpeake fo ?

Emp. All our roabes,

Our veftments, (reuerend, yet pontificall :)
 This fword, thefe keyes, (that open kingdoms hearts
 To let in fweet obedience) All, but borrowed.

3. *King.* What foule aboue the earth . . . :

Emp. Our royall fignet,

With which, we, (in a mothers holy loue)
 Haue fign'd fo many pardons, is now counterfeit :
 From our mouth flow riuers of blasphemy
 And lies ; our Babylonian Sinagogues
 Are counted Stewes, where Fornications
 And all vncleanneffe Sodomitically,
 (Whofe leproffy touch'd vs neuer) are now daily acted :
 Our Image, which (like *Romane Cæfar's*) ftamp'd
 In gold, through the whole earth did currant paffe ;
 Is now blanch'd copper, or but gilded braffe.

3. *King.* Can yonder rooffe, thats naid fo faft with
 ftarres,

Couer a head fo impious, and not cracke ?
 That Sulphure boyling o're celeftiall fires,
 May drop in whizing flakes (with skalding vengeance)
 On fuch a horrid finne !

1. *King.* No mortall bofome
 Is fo vnfanctified.

2. *King.* Who i't bright Empreffe,

That feeds so vlcerous, and so ranke a Spleene ?

Emp. A woman.

Omn. Woman ! who ?

Emp. The Fairie Queene :

Fiue Summers haue scarce drawn their glimmering
nights

Through the Moons siluer bowe, since the crownd
heads

Of that adored beast, on which we ride,
Were strucke and wounded, but so heal'd againe,
The very scarres were hid. But now, a mortall,
An vnrecouerable blow is taken,
And it must bleed to death.

3. *King.* Heauen cannot suffer it.

Empr. Heauen suffers it, and sees it, and giues
ayme,

Whilst euen our Empires heart is cleft in funder :

That strumpet, that inchantresse, (who, in robes

White as is innocence, and with an eye

Able to tempt stearne murder to her bed)

Calles her selfe *Truth*, has stolne faire *Truths* attire,

Her crowne, her sweet songs, counterfets her voyce,

And by prestigious trickes in forcerie,

Has raiz'd a base impostor like *Truths* father :

This subtile Curtizan sets vp againe,

Whom we but late banisht, to liue in caues,

In rockes and defart mountaines.

2. *King.* Feare her not, shee's but a shadow.

Emp. O t'is a cunning Spider,
And in her nets so wraps the Fairie Queene,
That shee suckes euen her breast : Sh'as writ a booke,
Which shee calles holy Spels.

3. *King.* Weele breake those spels.

Empr. The poles of heauen must first in funder
breake,

For from the Fairie shores this Witch hath driuen

All such as are like these (our Sooth-Saiers)

And cal'd false *Seers* home, that of things past,

Sing wonders, and diuine of things to come :

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Through whose bewitching tongues runne golden
chaines,

To which ten thousand eares so fast are bound,
As spirits are by spells ; that all the Tones
Of harmony, that *Babylon* can found,
Are charmes to Adders, and no more regarded,
Than are by him that's deafe, the sicke mans groanes.
Shee, they, *Titania*, and her Fairie Lords,
Yea euen her vassalle elues, in publick scorne
Defame me, call me Whore of *Babylon*.

Omn. O vnheard of prophanation !

Empr. Giue out I am common : that for lust, and
hire

I prostitute this body : that to Kings
I quaffe full bowles of strong enchanting wines,
To make them dote on me.

Omn. Lets heare no more.

Empr. And that all Potentates that tread on earth,
With our abominations should be drunke,
And be by vs vndone.

Omn. Weele heare no more.

3. *King.* You haue thrust Furies whips into our
hands.

1. *King.* Say but the word, and weele turne home
your wrongs,

In torne and bloody collours.

2. *King.* All her bowers,
Shall like burnt offerings purge away (in fire)
Her lands pollution.

Omn. Let's to armes.

Empr. Stay : heare me :

Her kingdome weares a girdle wrought of waues,
Set thicke with pretious stones, that are so charm'd,
No rockes are of more force : her Fairies hearts,
Lie in enchanted towers (impregnable)
No engine scales them. Therefore goe you three,
Draw all your faces sweetly, let your browes
Be fleek'd, your cheekes in dimples, giue out smiles,
Your voyces string with siluer, wooe (like louers)

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Sweare you haue hils of pearle : shew her the world,
And say shee shall haue all, so shee will kneele
And doe vs reuerence : but if shee grow nice,
Dissemble, flatter, stoope to licke the dust
Shee goes vpon, and (like to serpents) creepe
Vpon your bellies, in humilitie ;
And beg shee would but with vs ioyn a league,
To wed her land to ours : our blessing, goe.

3. *King.* When mines are to be blowne vp, men
dig low.

All three. And so will wee.

Emp. Prosper : till this funne set
The beames that from vs shoot, seeme counterfet.

Exeunt.

Manent 4. Cardinals, and certaine Priests.

1. *Card.* This physicke cures not me.

2. *Card.* Nor me.

3. *Card.* Nor vs.

1. *Card.* It is not strong of poyson, to fetch vp
Thats bak't within : my gall is ouerflowne,
My blood growne ranke and fowle : An inflammation
Of rage, and madnes so burnes vp my liuer,
That euen my heart-strings cracke (as in a furnace)
And all my nerues into my eye-balles shrinke,
To shoot those bullets, and my braines at once
Against her foule that ha's halfe damnd vs : falls
Fetcht hie, and neare to heauen, light on no ground,
But in hels bottome, take their first rebound.

2. *Card.* Such are our falles : we once had moun-
taine-growth,
With Pines and Cedars.

3. *Card.* Now with none of both.

1. *Card.* I could be glad to loofe the diuine office
Of my creation, to be turn'd into
A dogge, so I might licke vp but her blood,
That thrusts vs from our vineyards.

Tres. So could all.

4. *Card.* Revenge were milke to vs.

2. *Card.* Manna.

1. *Card.* And it shall.

But how? wee will not (as the head supream
Ouer all nations, counfelleth) like the dust
The Faerie treads on, nor (like serpents) creepe
Vpon our bellies in humilitie:
This were (with Fencers) basely to giue ground,
When the first bowt may speed: or to found parly,
Whilst they within, get fwords to cut our throats:
No, weele at one blow strike the heart through.

Tes. How?

2. *Card.* By ponyards.

1. *Card.* No.

3. *Card.* Poyson.

1. *Card.* No.

4. *Card.* Treason.

1. *Card.* Neither.

2. *Card.* How (reuerend *Como*) then?

1. *Card.* Thus—let's consult . . . nay you
shal heare.

You know that all the springs in Fairie land
Ran once to one head: from that head, to vs:
The mountaine and the valley paid vs fruit;
The field her corne, the country felt no heat
But from our fires: Plenty still spread our boards,
And Charitie tooke away. We slept not forth
But with a god-like adoration
All knees bowed low vnto vs: why was this?
Why were our gardens *Eden*? why our bowers
Built like to those in *Paradise*? I shall tell you,
It was because the Law most mysticall,
Was not made common: therefore was not vile;
It was because in the great Prophets *Phanes*
And hallowed Temples, we were *Choristers*:
It was because (wise Pylots) we from rockes,
And gulfes infernall, safely set on shore
Mens foules at yonder hauen: or (beeing shipwrackt)
Strong lines forth cast we, suffering none to sinke
To that *Abisse*, which some hold bottomlesse.

But now our very graues
Cannot faue dead mens bones from fhame and
bruizes :

The monumentall marble Vrnes of bodies
(Laid to reft long agoe) vnreuerently
Are turned to troughes of water now for jades :
Vaft Charnel-houfes, where our fathers heads
Slept on the cold hard pillowes of the earth,
Are emptied now, and chang'd to drinking roomes,
Or vaults for bafer office.

2. *Card.* What's therefore to be done ?

1. *Card.* This muft be done :

This fhall be done : They hunted vs like wolues,
Out of their Fairie forrefts, whipt vs away
(As vagabonds) mockt vs, and laid our fall
Could not be dangerous, becaufe we bore
Our gods vpon our backes : now muft we whip them,
But wifelier.

Tres. How ?

1. *Card.* Thus : thofe that fill our roomes,
Hold Beacons in their eies (blazing with fire
Of a hot-feeming zeale) to watch our entrance,
And to arme all againft vs : thefe we muft quench :
They are counted wels of knowledge, poyfon thefe
wells :

They are the kingdoms muficke, they the Organs,
Vnto whose found her Anthems now are fung,
Set them but out of tune, alls out of fquare,
Pull downe the Church, and none can it repaire,
But *he* that builds it : this is the faggot band
That binds all faft : vndoo't, vndoe the land—

Card. omn. Moft certaine.

1. *Card.* You therefore (the beft confort of the
foule)

Shepheards (whose flocks are men, lambs, Angels,)
you

That hold the rooffe of yon Starre-chamber vp,
From dropping downe to grinde the world to duft,
You fhall to Fairie land.

Card. omnes. A joyfull voyage.

1. *Card.* Those that sing there the holy Hymnes,
as yet

Haue not their voyces cleere, the streame of ccre-
mony

Is scarcely fettled, trouble it more : bayte hookes

To take fome, fome to choake : cast out your net

At first, for all the frie : let vs spread sayles

To draw vnto our shores the Fairie whales.

That *Truth*, whose standard-bearer *Babylon*,

And all we are, is not cleane driuen from thence,

Whither we fend you : there shee liues, but liues

A widdow ; steps not forth, dares not be feene

During her moneth of mourning : here we write you

How, and with whom to finde her : what shee bids,

That doe : your hire's aboute.

Card. omnes. We know it well.

1. *Card.* And when you see those Fairy fishermen
Rowe in your streames, when they grow cold in
working,

And weary of their owne waters, that the sayles

(Which stiffly beare them vp) flag and hang low,

And that (like reedes, playing with a paire of winds,)

They promise facill pliance, then, then shake

The trees by the root, then'le make the branches blow,

And drop their mellowed fruits, euen at your feet,

Gather them they are our owne, then is the houre

To weane those sonnes of blacke *Apostasy*

From her (their stepdame) and to make them take,

A blessing from our reuerend mothers hands,

Be happie goe.

Card. Omn. Wee shall remember you,

In all our kneeling.

1. *Card.* Stay : ere you shift Ayre,

Sprinkle your selues all ore with sacred droppes,

Take *Periapts*, *Pentacles*, and potent Charmes

To coniure downe fowle fiends, that will be rayzed

To vex you, tempt you, and betray your blood,

About your necks hang hallowed *Amulets*,

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That may Conferue you from the plagues of Error
Which will strike at you.

Sacr. Omn. Wee obey most holy fathers.

1. *Car.* And heare you,
If clymbing vp to this haught enterprize
The foot slip, and (ith' fal) with death you meet . . .

Sacr. Omn. O glorious ladder!

1. *Car.* A Saints winding sheet,
Farewell : Mount all the engines of your wit
When darts are sent from all parts, some must hit.

Exeunt Sacr.

There is a fellow to whome, becaufe he dare
Not be a flauie to greatnes, nor is molded
Of Court dow (flattering) but (should it thunder)
To his father, doing ill, (would speake ill) our Empreffe,
Hath giuen this name. (Plaine dealing) : this plaine
dealing

Haue I shipd hence, and is long since arriued
Vpon the fairy strand : from him I expect,
Intelligence of all Occurrences,
He for the names sake, shall perhaps be welcome,
Into that Harlots Company (whom the fairyes
Thinke honest, and sweare deeply, she is Truth.
That Strumpet by inticement heele bring ouer.

2. *Card.* It came to me in letters (two dayes since
That this plaine dealing serues the fairy Queene,
And will no more be seene in *Babilon*.

1. *Card.* How no more seene in *Babilon*, tis but
one lost,
If *Babilon* subscribe to our wife-dooime,
Shee shall lodge Double-Dealing in his roome. *Exeunt.*

Titania, Fidely, Florimell, Elfiron, Pentioners.

Tita. Wee thought the fates would haue clofde
vp our eyes,
That wee should nere haue seene this day-starre rise :
How many plots were laid to barre vs hence,
(Euen from our Cradle ?) but our Innocence
Your wifedome (fairy Peeres) and aboue all,

That Arme that cannot let a white soule fall,
 Hath held vs vp, and lifted vs thus hie,
 Euen when the Arrowes did most thickly flie :
 Of that bad woman (*Babilons* proud Queene,
 Who yet (we heare) fwels with Inuenomed Spleenie.

Fid. Whose poyson, shall (like Arrowes shot vp-
 right)

When forth it burfts, to her owne downfall light.

Tita. Truth be my witnes (whome we haue im-
 ployde,

To purge our Aire that has with plagues destroyed
 Great numbers, shutting them in darkfome shades)
 I feeke no fall of hirs, my Spirit wades,
 In Clearer streames ; her bloud I would not shed,
 To gaine that triple wreath that binds her head,
 Tho mine shee would let forth, I know not why,
 Only through rancke lust after Souereigntie.

Flor. Enough it is for me, if with a hand,
 (Vnfained and vnambitious) fairy Land
 I Crowne with Oliue-branches : all those wounds,
 Whose goary mouthes but lately flained our Rounds,
 Bleed yet in me : for when great (*a*) *Elfiline* (*a*) *Hen.* 7.
 (Our grandfire) fild this throne, your bowers did
 shine

With fire-red steele, and not with Fairies eies,
 You heard no musicke then, but shriekes and cries,
 Then armed Vrchins, and stearne household Elues,
 Their fatall pointed fwords turnd on themselues.
 But when the royall *Elfiline* sat crowned,
 These ciuill woes in their own depth lay drowned.
 He to immortall shades beeing gone,
 (Fames minion) great King (*b*) *Oberon* (*b*) *Hcn.* 8.
Titaniaes royall father, liuely fprings,
 Whose Court was like a campe of none but Kings.
 From this great conquering Monarchs glorious
 stemme,

Three (in direct line) wore his Diadem :

(*c*) A King first, then a paire of (*d*) Queenes, of
 whom, (*c*) *Edw.* 6.

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Shee that was held a downe-caft, by Fates doome,
(*d*) *Q. Mar. & Q. Eliz.*
Sits now aboue their hopes : her maiden hand,
Shall with a filken thred guide Fairie land.

Omn. And may shee guide it,

Fid. Euen till flooping time

Cut for her (downe) long yeeres that shee may climbe
(With ease) the highest hill old age goes o're,
Or till her Fairie subiects (that adore
Her birth-day as their beeing) shall complaine,
They are weary of a peacefull, golden raigne.

1. *King.* Which, that they neuer shall, your stately
towers

Shall keepe their ancient beauty : and your bowers
(Which late like prophan'd Temples empty stood,
The tops defac'd by fire, the floores by blood,)
Shall be fill'd full of *Choristers* to sing
Sweet heauenly songs, like birds before the Spring :
The flowers we fet, and the fruits by vs fowne,
Shall cheere as well the franger as our owne.
We may to strange shores once our felues be driuen,
For who can tell vnder what point of heauen
His graue shall open ? neither shall our oakes,
Trophies of reuerend Age, fall by our stroaks,
Nor shall the brier, or hawthorne (growing vnder)
Feare them, but flie to them, to get from thunder,
And to be safe from forraine wild-fire balles,
Weele build about our waters wooden walles.

Omn. On which weele spend for you our latest
liues.

Titan. Fairies I thank you all, Stay who comes
here ?

Enter Parthen.

Flor. *Parthenophil*, a Fairie Peere.

Titan. *Parthenophil*.

Parth. Bright Empreffe, Queene of maides
To vs your Lords, amidst your Fairie shades :
Three Princes (so themfelues they stile) are come,

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From whence, they'l vs not learne, and doe intreat
Faire, and a free acceffe.

Titan. What is their bufinesse?

Parth. The splendor of your glories, which a farre
Shines (as they say, and iustly say) as brightly
As here at hand, hither them drawes, protesting
All faith and seruice to you, and requesting
That they the tribute of their loues may pay,
At your most sacred feet.

Titan. Allow them entrance.

Parth. They in a Fairie maske, the argument
Of this their dutie, gladly would present.

Titan. As best them please.

*The Hault-boyes founding, Titania in dumbe shew
sends her Lords to fetch them in, who enter bare
headed the three Kings queintly attired like
Masquers following them, who doing
honour to her, intreat to dance with
her maides, and doe so: This
done they discover.*

Titan. Your painted cheeks beeing off, your owne
discouers,

You are no Fairies.

All three. No: but wounded louers.

Titan. How! louers! what! would you deflower
my bed,

And strike off a poore maiden-head?

We know you not: what are you? and from whence?

3. *King.* The (a) land of whome the funne so
enamored is, (a) *Spaine*

He lends them his complexion, gives me birth,

The Indian and his gold are both my slaues,

Vpon my sword (as on the Axell tree)

A world of kingdomes mooue: and yet I write

Non sufficit: that lustie sonne of *Ioue*

That twelue times shewed himselfe more then a man,

Reard vp two pillars for me, on whose Capitalls

I stand (*Coloffus*-like) striding ore seas,
And with my head knock at the rooffe of Heauen :
Hence come I, this I am, (O most diuine)
All that I am is yours, be you but mine.

2. *King.* The country (*a*) at whose breast, hun-
dreds of kings (*a*) *France*
Haue royally bin fed, is nurce to me :
The god of grapes is mine, whose bounteous hand
In cluſters deales his gifts to euery land :
My Empire beares for greatnes, pollicy,
State, skill in Arts and Armes, ſole ſoueraigntie
Of this Globe vniuerſall. All her Princes
Are warriours borne : whose battels to be told,
Would make the hearers ſouldiers : 'tis a land
Of breath ſo ſweet, and of aſpect ſo faire,
That to behold her, and to conquer her,
(In amorous combats,) great king *Oberon*,
Your awefull father, oft has thither come,
Like to a bridegrome, or a Reueller,
And gone agen in goodly triumphs home.
From hence I ſpring, (faireſt and moſt diuine)
All that this is, is yours, be you but mine.

3. *King.* Be you but mine, and doubly will I
treble
Their glories, and their greatneſſe : like to thunder
My voyce farre off, ſhakes kingdomes ; whilſt mine
owne
Stands on Seauen (*b*) hills, whose towers, and pin-
nacles,
And reuerend Monuments, hold in them ſuch worth,
And are ſo ſacred, Emperours and Kings
(Like barefoote pilgrims) at her feet doe fall,
Bowing to her tribble crowne imperiall.
The language which ſhee ſpeakes, goes through the
world,
To proue that all the world ſhould ſtoope to her,
And (ſaue your ſelfe) they doe ; you thinke you leaue
A rich inheritance, if to your ſonnes,
Our fluent tongue you leaue, (nor need they more)

Who speake and spend it well, cannot be poore :
 On many nations necks, a foot to fet,
 If it be glorious, then may you be great.

1. *King.* We are all pleasd, so please you be the
 bride,

Of three, we care not which two be deni'd.

2. *King.* For we are brethren, and those sacred
 breasts

From whence we draw our nourishment, would runne
Nectar to you (sweete as the food of life :)
 Our aged mother twentie times an hower,
 Would breath her wholesome kiffes on your cheekes,
 And from her own cup you should drinke that wine
 Which none but Princes tast, to make you looke
 With cheerefull countenance.

3. *King.* You haue a (*a*) sonne, (*a*) *The Irish.*
 Rebellious, wild, ingratefull, poore, and yet
Apollo from's owne head cuts golden lockes,
 To haue them grow on his : his harp is his,
 The darts he shoots are his : the winged messenger
 That runnes on all the errands of the gods,
 Teaches him swiftnes ; hee'l outstrip the windes :
 This child of yours is (by adoption)
 Our mothers now, her blessing he receiues ;
 And tho (as men did in the golden Age)
 He liue ith' open fields, hiding his head
 In dampish caues, and woods, (sometimes for feare),
 Yet doe we succour him. This your lost sheep,
 We home agen will bring, to your owne fold,
 Humbly to graze vpon your Faerie plaines,
 Provided, that you sow them with such feed,
 On which your whole land wholesomely may feed.

Titan. We know you now : O what a deale of
 paines

Would you (as others of this wing haue taken)
 To be in Faerie land calld Soucraignes ?
 Thanks for it : rashly nothing must we doe :
 When kingdoms marrie, heaven it selfe stands by
 To giue the bride : Princes in tying such bands,

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Should vse a thoufand heads, ten thoufand hands :
For that one Acte giues like an enginous wheele
Motion to all, fets all the State a going,
And windes it vp to height, or hurles it down,
The leaft blaft turnes the fcale, where lies a crowne :
Weele therefore take aduice. If thefe thinke fit
We fhould be yours, you ours, we figne to it :
Your counfell Fairie Lords : *Fideli* fpeake.

Fid. Would you (my royal miftris) haue thofe
chriſtal
Faire, double-leaued doores, where light comes forth
To cheere the world, neuer to open more ?
Would you haue all your flumbers turn'd to dreams,
Frightfull and broken ? would you fee your Lords
(In ſtead of fitting at your Councell boards)
Locking their graue, white, reuerend heads in ſteele ?
If fo, you cannot for all Fairie land
Find men to fit you better.

Titan. *Florimell,*

Breathes there in you *Fidelies* ſpirit ?

Flor. No Lady.

3. *King.* No nor in any breſt that's ſound : true
Conncellor,

Already you ſpeake muſicke : you are ſtrung
With golden chords ; Angels guide on your tongue.

Flor. Theſe potent, politicke, and twin-borne
States,

Would to their mitred fortunes tie our fates :
Our Fairie groues are greene, our temples ſtand
Like goodly watch-towers, waſting paſſengers
From rockes, t'arriue them in the Holy land :
Peace (here) eats fruits, which her own hand hath ſown,
Your lambes with lyons play : about your throne,
The Palme, the Lawrell, and the abundant Vine
Grow vp, and with your roſes doe entwine.
But if theſe gripe your Scepter once,

Titan. What then ?

Flor. Vultures are not more rauenuous than theſe
men,

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Confusion, tyranie, vproares will shake all,
 Tygres, & wolues, and beares, will fil your seat,
 In nothing (but in miserie) youle be great :
 Those black and poisonous waters that bore down
 In their rough torrent, Fairie townes and towers,
 And drownd our fields in *Marianas* daies,
 Will (in a mercileffe inundation)
 Couer all againe : red Seas will flow again :
 The Deuill will roare againe : if thefe you loue,
 Be (as the Serpent) wife then, tho a Douc.

2. *King.* This hee that speakes in musicke ?

Titan. Are you all,
 Of this opinion Lordes ?

Omn. All, all.

All 3. Lets hence.

3. *King.* When close plots faile, vse open violence.

Titani. Stay : Princes are free-borne, & haue free
 wils,

This are to vs, as vallics are to hills,
 We may, be counceld by them, not controld :
 Our wordes our Law.

Elfyr. Bright Souereigne.

Titan. V'are too bold.

3. *King.* I knew the fort would yeeld.

1. *King.* Attend.

2. *King.* Shee's ours.

Titan. You would Combine a League, which thefe
 would breake.

1. *King.* A League !

2. *King.* Holy.

3. *King.* Honorable.

Titan. Nay heare me speake,

You court me for my loue, you I imbrace
 As maides doe Suiters, with a smiling face
 as you doe me : receiue our answere then :—
I cannot loue you :—what ! fuch hardy men
 And flie for one repulse ? I meane as yet ;
 As yet I'm not at leifure : But I sweare
 Euen by my birth-day, by the crowne I weare,

By those sweet waters, which into vs powre
Health, that no sicknes taints, by that blest flower
Vpon whose rofeal stalke our peace does grow,
I sweare I will my loue on you bestow,
When one day comes, which now to you Ile name.

1. *King.* The time ! O bleffed time !

2. *King.* Balme to our sorrow.

3. *King.* Name that most happie houre.

Tita. May be to morrow :

Marke els and iudge whether it may or no :
When Lambes of ours, are kild by wolues of yours,
Yet no bloud suckt : when Heauen two Suns endures :
When Soules that rest in vnder-groundes,
Heare Anthems sung, and prayse the foundes :
When drops of water are so spilt,
That they can wash out murders guilt :
When Surgeons long since dead and gone,
Can cure our woundes, being cald vpon :
When from yon towers I heare one cry,
You may kill Princes lawfully :
When a Court has no Parasite,
When truth speakes false, and falshood right :
When Conscience goes in cloth of gold,
When Offices are giuen, not sold :
When merchants wiues hate costly clothes,
When ther's no lies in tradsmens oathes :
When Farmers by deere yeeres do leeze,
And Lawyers sweare to take no fees :
(And that I hope will neuer, neuer bee)
But then (and not till then) I sweare,
Shall your bewitching Charmes sleepe in mine eare.
Away.

Exeunt Fairies : Manent 3. Kings.

1. *King.* Derided to our faces !

2. *King.* Baffuld !

3. *King.* Made fooles !

1. *King.* This must not be.

Omni. It shall not be.

3. *King.* Reuenge :

Flie to our Empres bosome, there sucke treason,
Sedition, Herezies confederacies,
The violation of al sacred leagues.
The combination of all leagues vniuft,
The dispenfation for sacramentall oathes,
And when ye are swolne with theis, returne againe,
And let their poyson raine downe here in showres :
Whole heards of bulls loaden with hallowed curses,
With Interdictions, excommunications,
And with vnbinding Subiects fealties,
And with large pattents to kill Kings and Queens
Driue roaring hither, that vpon their hornes
This Empire may be toft.

2. *King.* Shee shall bee torne,
Euen ioynt from ioynt : to have her baited wel,
(If we cannot) wee will vn-kennell hell :

1. *King.* Will not you home with vs ?

3. *King.* No : here Ile lurke,
And in a Doue-like shape rauen vpon Doves :
Ile suck allegiance from the common brest,
Poyson the Courtier with ambitious drugs,
Throw bane into the cups where learning drinkes,
Ile be a Saint, a Furie, Angell, Deuill,
Or'e Seas, on this fide Seas ; Deuils forreners,
With Deuils within hel freedome, Deuils in Vaults.
And with Church Deuill, be it your foules health,
To drinke downe Babylonian Stratagems.
And to forge three-forkt thunderbolts at home,
Whilst I melt Sulphure here : If the sweet bane
I lay bee swallowed, oh ! a Kingdome burfts,
But if the poysoned hooke be spied, then leuy
Eightie eight Legions, and take open armes,
The *Guidon* shall be mine, Ile beare the Standard.

Omn. Twi'll bee a glorious warre.

1. *King.* Farewell.

3. *King.* Bee gon,
Who cleaues a Realmes head, needs more swordes
then one.

Exeunt.

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Fideli, Florimell, Parthenophill, Elfron.

Flory. These euill Spirits are vext, & tho they
vanisht

Like hideous dreames, yet haue they left behind them,
Throbs, and heart akings, in the generall boosome,
As omynous bodings. Fairy Lackeyes.—

4. *Footmen.* Here.

Flory. Flie Sirra throug the Ayre and neuer rest
(On paine to be into an vrchin turnd)
Till thou hast fixt vpon the highest gates,
Of our great't Cities. The's a warning peece.

Away. *Exit.*

Fidel. Theis to the Spirits that our waters keepe,
Charge them that none rowft there, but those whose
nets,

Are cast out of our Fairy gundolets.

Away. *Exit. 2.*

Elfy. Theis to the keepers of those royall woods
Where Lyons, Panthers, and the kingly heardes
Feede in one company; that if wild Boares,
Mad Buls, or rauing Beares, breake in for prey,
Hoping to make our groues their wildernes,
Ours may like fouldiers bid them bataille. Flie.

Exit. 3.

Parth. These to the Shepheards on our Fairie
downs

To warne them not to sleepe, but with sweet Layes
And Iolly pipings driue into fat pastures
Their goodly flocks: Wolues are abroad say, Fly.

Exit. 4.

Titania and her maids standing alofe.

Fidel. Place Providence, (becaufe she has quick
eye:

And is the best at kenning) in our Nauy,
Courage shall wait on her.

Flor. No: thees most fit
To goe with vs.

Omni. Let her in Counsell sit.

Fid. Tis said: and leaft they breake into our
walkes

And kil our fairie deare, or change themfelues
Into the shape of Fawnes, being indeed Foxes,
Range all the forrest danger to preuent,
Forefight beats stormes backe, when most Imminent.

Omni. Away then. *Exeunt.*

Manent Titania, and her maides.

Titani. Wife Pilots? firmeft pillars? how it agrees,
When Princes heads sleepe on their counfels knees:
Deepe rooted is a ftate, and growes vp hie,
When Prouidence, Zeale, and Integritie
Husband it well: Theis fathers twill be said
(One day) make me a grandame of a maid.
Meane time my farewell to fuch gaudy lures
As here, were thrown vp t' haue me quite ore-thrown,
I charge you maids, entertaine no defires,
So irreligious and vnfanctified:
Oh they ha snakes flecky tongues, but hearts more
rugged

Then is the Rufian Beare: our Fairie bowres
Would turne to Arabian defarts, if fuch flowers,
(Mortall as killing Hemlocke) here should grow,
Which to preuent, Ile haue you vow.

Aur. We vowe
By the white balles in bright *Titaniaes* eies
We their inchantments fkorne.

Titan. It does fuffice:
To bind it fure, Strew all your meades with charmes,
Which if they doe no good, fhall doe no harme.

Aur. Here comes your new fworne feruant.

Enter Plain dealing.

Titan. Now Sirra, where haue you bin?

Plain. Where haue I bin? I haue bin in the
braueft prifon ——

Titan. What prifon ? a braue prifon ? Can there be a braue prifon ?

Plain. All your fine men liue and die there, it's the Knights ward, and therefore muft needs be braue : fome call it an Ordinarie, but I fay tis a prifon, for moft of our gallants that are ferued euery day with woodcockes there, lie there in a manner vpon Execution : they dare not peepe out of doores for feare of Serieants.

Titan. What are thofe Serieants ?

Plain. Doe not you know (miftrefse) what Serieants are ? a number of your courtiers are deare in their acquaintance : why they are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body elfe can deliuer them.

Titan. Are there fuch places in our kingdome, as Ordinaries, what is the true fafhion of them, whats their order ?

Plain. They are out of all true fafhion : they keep no order.

Titan. Where about in Fairie land ftand they ?

Plain. In your great cittie : and here's the picture of your Ordinarie.

Titan. When Mafter Painter pleafe we fhall haue it : come Sir.

Plain. Your gallants drink here right worfhipfully, eat moft impudently, dice moft fwearingly, fweare moft damnably, quarrell moft defperatly, and put vp moft cowardly. Suppofe I were a young countrey gentleman, and that I were to come in (like an affe) among 'em, new caft into the bonds of fattin.

Titan. What then ?

Plain. Mary then doe all the gylt rapiers turne their Tobacco faces in the roome vpon me, and they puffe, they gape on a frefh man like fo many stale Oyfters at a full tyde : then is there no falt to throw vpon them, and to make them leaue gaping, but this ; to caft off his cloake, hauing good cloathes vnderneath, fingle out fome in the roome worfe accoufled

then himfelfe, with him to walke boldly vp and downe flutting, laugh alowd at any thing, talke alowde of nothing, fo they make a noife, it is no matter.

Titan. You are growne firra an obferuer fince you came out of *Babylon*.

Plain. Troth miftrefle, I left villains and knaues there, & find knaues and fooles here : for your Ordinary is your Ifle of Gulles, your fhip of fooles, your hofpitall of incurable madmen : it is the field where your captaine and braue man is cal'd to the laft reckoning, and is ouerthrown horfe and foot : it is the onely fchoole to make an honeft man a knaue : for Intelligencers may heare enough there, to fet twenty a begging of lands : it is the strangeft Cheffe-board in the world.

Titan. Why ?

Plain. Becaufe in fome games at Cheffe, knights are better then pawnes, but here a good pawne is better then a knight.

Titan. Affoord our fhores fuch wonders ?

Plain. Wonders ? why this one little Cocke-pit, (for none come into it, but thofe that haue furs) is able to fheue all the follies of your kingdome, in a few Apes of the kingdome.

Titan. Haue we not in our Land Phyfitions To purge thefe red impoftumes ?

Plain. Troth yes miftrefle ; but I am *Plaine dealing*, and muft fpeake truth, thou haft many Phyfitions, fome of them found men, but a number of them more ficke at heart, then a whole parifh full of Patients : let them cure themfelves firft, & then they may better know how to heale others : then haue you other fellows that take vpon them to be Surgeons, and by letting out the corruption of a State, and they let it out Ile be fworne ; for fome of them in places as big as this, and before a thoufand people, rip vp the bowels of vice in fuch a beaftly manner, that (like women at an Execution, that can endure to fee men quartred alieu) the beholders learne more villany then

they knew before : others likewise there be of this confort last named, that are like Beadles bribed, they whip, but draw no blood, and of these I haue made a Rime.

Titan. Let's heare it.

Plain. Those that doe jerke these times, are but like fleas,

They bite the skinne, but leap from the diseafe.

Titan. Ile haue you Sir (because you haue an eye so sharply pointed) to looke through and through that our great Citie, and like death, to spare the liues of none, whose conscience you find sickly and going.

Plain. If I giue you the copie of the Cities countenance, Ile not flatter theface, as painters do ; but shew al the wrinckles of it.

Titan. Doe so, you shall no more to *Babylon*, But liue with vs, and be our Officer.

Plain. Haue I any kinred in your Court ? is there any one of my name an officer ? if there bee, part vs ; because it will not bee good, to haue two of the *Plain-dealings* in one office, they'l bee beggars if they doe.

Titan. No Sirra, wee'le prouide you shall not want Whilst vs you serue. Goe learne where *Truth* doth lie.

Plain. Nay, nay, I haue heard of her, she dwelles (they say) at the signe of the Holy Lambe.

Titan. Wee built her vp a lodging at our cost,
To haue her labour in our Vineyards :
For till thee came, no Vines could please our taste,
But of her fining. Set your hand to hers,
Liue with her in one house, fetch from our Court
Maintenance to serue you all : t'will be to her
A comfort to haue you stil by her fides,
Shee has such prettie and delightfull fongs,
That you will count your foreft labour light,
And time well spent only to heare her sing.
Away loofe no more minutes.

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Pl. Not a minute :
He fet more watches then a clockmaker. *Exit.*

Elfron. Paridel.

Titan. Whats yonder man that kneeles ?

Elf. Tis (a) *Paridel* (a) *Doctor Parry.*

Titan. Our doctor ?

Par. The most wretched in your land.
The most in foule deiected ; the most base,
And most vnseruiceable weede, vnles
You by your heauenly Influence change his vilenes
Into a vertuall habit fit for vie.

Tita. Oh : we remember it ; you are condemnd ?

Elf. To Death.

Pari. Deferuedly.

Tita. You had your hand
Not coulored with his blood.

Elf. No deereft Lady
Vpon my vowed Loyalty.

Pari. The law
Hath fastned on me only for attempt,
It was no actuall nor commenced violence
That brought death with it, but intent of ill.

Tita. We would not faue them, that delight to
kill,

For fo we wound our felues : blood wrongly spilt
Who pardons, hath a share in halfe the guilt.
You strooke, our lawes not hard, yet what the edge
Of Iustice could take from you, mercy giues you
(Your life.) You haue it signed, rize.

Pari. May yon Clouds
Muster themselues in Armies, to confound
Him that shall wish you dead, hurt, or vncrownd.

Parthenophill with Campeius.

Par. To run in debt thus basely for a life,
To spend which, had beene glory ! O most vile !
The good I reape from this superfluous grace,
Is but to make my felfe like *Cæsars* horse,

To kneele whilst he gets vp ; my backe must beare
Till the chine crack, yet still a seruile feare
Must lay more loades on me, and presse me downe.
When Princes giue life, they so bind men to 'em,
That trusting them with too much, they vndo 'em.
Who then but I, from steps so low would rise ?
Great fortunes (earnd thus) are great Slauieries :
Snatcht from the common hangmans hands for this ?
To haue my mind feele torture ! now I fee,
When good dayes come, (the Gods so feldome giue
them,)

That tho we haue them, yet we scarce beleeeue them.
Heart how art thou confinde ? and bard of roome,
Thart quicke enough, yet liuest within a tombe.

Tita. His name.

Parth. (a) *Campeius* : Deeply learnd.

(a) *Ed. Campion.*

Tit. We heare so :

But with it heare (from some whom we haue weied
For iudgement and experience) that he caries
A foule within him framde of a thousand wheeles,
Yet not one stedd.

Parthe. It may be the rumor

That thus spreades ouer him, flowes out of hate.

Tita. Belieue vs no : of his, and tothers fate,
The threedes are too vnlike, to haue that wouen.

Camp. To gaine her crowne Ile not kneele thus.

Tita. Besides

The haruest which he seekes is reapde already :
We haue bestowed it.

Parth. Here then dies our fute.

Tita. Now shall you trie with what impatience
That bay tree will endure a little fire,
My Lord, my Lord,

Such swelling spirites hid with humble lookes,
Are kingdoms poysons, hung on golden hookes.

Parth. I hope heele proue none such.

Tita. Such men oft proue
Valleyes that let in riuers to confound

The hills about them, tho themselves lie drounde,
 My Lord, I like not calme and cunning seas
 That to haue great ships taken or distrest,
 Suffer base gallyes to creepe ore their breast,
 Let course harts weare course skins : you know our
 wil.

Parth. Which (as a doome diuine) I shall fulfill.

Camp. Thrown downe, or raizd ?

Parth. All hopes (for this) are gone,
 Some planet stands in opposition.

Camp. Vmh : So. *Exeunt Parth. & Camp.*

Tita. Now Doctor *Paridell.*

Par. An humble suite,

I am growne bold finding so free a giuer,
 Where beggers once take almes, they looke for't euer.

Tita. You ha beene sworne our seruant long.

Parry. Tenne yeares.

Tita. And we should wrong you ; since you take
 vs giuing

To let you goe with life, that should want liuing,
 What is it we can grant you.

Parry. I ha beene by two great Fayries in your
 land,

(Opprest I dare not say) but so beaten downe,
 And suncke so low now with my last disgrace,
 That all my happy thoughts lie in the dust,
 Asham'd to looke vp yet : most humbly therefore
 Begge I your gracious leaue that I may vary,
 This natiue Aire for Forren.

Tita. Oh you would trauell,

You may, you haue our leaue : Challenge our hand.

Parry. Stormes are at Sea, when it is calme at
 land. *Exit.*

Fideli Florimell.

Fidel. The Sea-God hath vpon your maiden
 shoares,
 (On Dolphins backes that pittie men distrest)
 In safetie sett a people that implores

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The Soueraigne mercie flowing from your brest.

Tita. What people are they?

Fidel. Neighbours : tis the nation,

The Netherlands.

With whome our Faries enterchange commerce,
And by negotiation growne so like vs,
That halfe of them are Fayries : th' other halfe
Are hurtfull Spirits, that with fulphurous breath
Blast their corne feilds, deface their temples, cloth
Their townes in mourning, poyson hallowed founts,
And make their goodliest Citties stand (like tombes)
Full of dead bodies, or (like pallaces,
From whence the Lords are gone) all desolate.
They haue but 17. daughters young and faire,
Vowd to liue vestalls, and to know the touch
Of any forced or vnreuerend hand.
Yet Lust and Auarice (to get their dowers)
Lay barbarous seidge against their chastitie,
Threaten to rauish them, to make their bodies
The temples of polution, or their bedds,
Graues where their honors shall lie buried,
They pray to haue their virgins wait on you,
That you would be their mother, and their nurse,
Their Guardian and their Gouvernour ; when Princes
Haue their liues giuen 'em, fine and golden threds
Are drawne and spun (for them) by the good fates,
That they may lift vp others in low states.

Tit. Els let our selfe decline ; give them our pre-
fence :

In myfery all nations should be kin,
And lend a brothers hand, vther them in. *Exeunt.*
Stood here my foes (distrest) thus would I grieue them,
Not how they ha bin, but how I might relieue them.

Parthenophil.

Parth. Your good deeds (matchlesse Fayrie) like
the Sun,
(Rising but onely in this poynt of heauen,

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Spred through the world, So that a Prince (made
wretched,
By his vnhappy father, that lies slaine
By barbarous fwords, and in his goary wounds,
Drownes all the hopes of his posteritie)
Hether, is like an orphan come (from farre)
To get reliefe and remedie gainst thofe,
That would defeat him of his portion.

Tita. Pittie and we had talke before you came,
She hath not taken yet her hand from ours,
Nor shall thee part, vntill thofe higher powers
Behold that Prince : good workes are theirs, not ours ;
Goe : bid him trust his misery in our hands,
Great trees I fee do fall, when the shrub stands.

Exeunt.

*Fideli Florimell the states of the countries,
Parthenophil Elfyron, the Prince of
Portugal.*

To the States.

Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque Iuuabo.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. *Exeunt.*

The third King to the King of Portugall.

3. *King.* Stands my beard right? the gowne I
muft looke graue,
White haire like filuer cloudes a priuiledge haue,
Not to be fearch'd, or be fufpected fowle :
Make away thofe 2. turne coates. Sute me next
Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) flie
Your fayles fhape : be here immediatly. *Enter*
So : excellent : a fubtile mafque : alls fit,
This very cap makes my head fwell with wit.
Mongft fouldiers, I haue plaid the fouldier,
Bin mutinous, raild at the State, curfd peace :
They walke with croffe-armes, gaping for a day,
Haue vnder-thorde their eie-lids (like trap windows.)
To keep them open, and with yawning eares,
Lie lifting on flocke bolsters, till rebellion

Beat vp her drum : this lards me fat with laughter,
 Their fwords are drawn halfe way, & all thofe throats
 That are to bleed are mark'd : and all thofe doores,
 Where ciuill Maffacres, murders (di'd in graine)
 Spoile, riflings, and fweet rauifhments fhall enter,
 Haue tokens ftamp'd on them (to make 'em knowne)
 More dreadfull then the Bills that preach the plague.
 From them, with oyl'd hammes (lap'd in feruile blew)
 I ftole, and fil'd out wine of *Babylon*,
 To liue things (made of clods) poore countrey fots,
 And drunke they are : whole fhires with it do reele,
 Poyfons run fsmooth, becaufe men fweetnes feele.
 Now to my fchoole-men, Learnings fort is ftrong,
 But poorely man'd, and cannot hold out long
 When golden bullets batter. . . Yonders one . . .
 Y'are a poore fcholler ?

Campeius. Yes.

3. *King.* What read you ?

Camp. A booke.

3. *King.* So learned yet fo young ?

Camp. Yee may fee, fir.

3. *King.* You feede fome difcontent ?

Camp. Perhaps I ha caufe.

3. *King.* What troubles you ?

Camp. You trouble me : pray leaue me.

3. *Kin.* Put your felfe, and your grieve into my hands.

Camp. Say yee ?

3. *King.* Put your felfe & your grief into my hands.

Camp. Are you a Doctor ? your hands Sir, pray why ?

3. *King.* You know me not.

Camp. Do you know your felfe ? your bufines ?

Are you a fcholler ?

3. *King.* Iudge of that by thefe.

Camp. Oh Sir, I haue feene many heads vnder fuch wool.

That scarce had braines to line it : if y'are a
scholler,
Mee thinks you should know manners, by your leaue
Sir.

3. *King.* Pray leaue your name behind you.

Camp. Name, *Campeius*.

3. *King.* *Campeius* ! vmh : *Campeius* ? a lucky
plannet

strikes out this houre : *Campeius* ! *Babylon*,
His name hath in her tables : on his forehead,
Our Queene hath fet her marke : it is a mould
Fit to cast mischeife in : none sooner rent
A Church in two, then Schollers discontent.
I must not loofe this Martines nest,—once more
Y'are happely met.

Camp. This bur stil hang on mee !
And you Sir.

3. *King.* Tell me pray, did you neuer tast—I'me
bold—did you nee'r tast

Those cleere & redolent fountains that do norish,
In viue and fresh humiditie those plants
That grow on thother side (our opposites)
Those that to vs here, are th' Antipodes,
Cleane against vs in grounds—you feele me—fay
Ne're drunke you of that nectar.

Camp. Neuer.

3. *King.* Neuer !

I wish you had, I gather from your eyes,
What your diseafe is, I ha bin your selfe,
This was *Campeius* once (tho not so learn'd)
For I was bred (as you) in Fairy Land,
A Country ! well, but tis our country : and so,
Good to breed beggers : Shee flarues Arts : fatts fools,
Shee fets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe schooles.

Camp. So Sir.

3. *King.* No more but so Sir ? this discourse
Pallats not you.

Camp. Yes.

3. *King.* Nothing hath passed me
I hope, against my country, or the State,
That any you can take hold of.

Camp. If they could,
Tis but mine I, to your no.

3. *King.* Y'are to sowre :
Vnmellowed : you stand here in the shade,
Out of the warmth of those blest ripening beames, . .
Goe to . . . I grieve that such a blossome . . .

Camp. Sir,
I know you not : this thing which you haue raiz'd,
Affrights me : schollers of weake temper need
To feare (as they on Sunbankes lie to read)
Adders i'th highest graffe : these leaues but turn'd,
Like willow stickes hard rub'd may kindle fire,
Cities with sparkes as small haue oft beene burn'd.

3. *King.* Doe you take me for a hangman ?

Camp. I would be loath,
For any harsh tune that my tongue may warble,
To haue the instrument vnstrung.

3. *King.* You shall not :
Welfare vnto you.

Camp. And to you. A word Sir :
Bred in this country ?

3. *King.* Yes.

Camp. I am no bird
To breake mine own neaft downe : what flight foeuer
Your words make through this ayre (tho it be troubled)
Myne eare Sir, is no reaching Fowling piece
What passes through it, kills : you may proceed,
Perhaps you would wound that, I wish should bleed.
You haue th' advantage now,
I put the longest weapon into your hands.

3. *King.* It shall guard you :
You draw me by this line : let's priuate walke.

Camp. This path vnbruz'd ; goe on Sir.

3. *King.* Sir I loue you.
The Dragons that keep learnings golden tree,
As you now haue, I fought with, conquered them,

Got to the highest bough, eat of the fruit,
 And gathered of the feauen-fold leaues of Art,
 What I desir'd ; and yet for all the Moones
 That I haue seene waxe olde, and pine for anger,
 I had outwatched them : and for all the candles
 I waisted out on long, and frozen nights,
 To thaw them into day ; I fild my head
 With books, but scarce could fil my mouth with bread :
 I had the Muses smile, but moneyes frowne,
 And neuer could get out of such a gowne.

Camp. How did you change your starre ?

3. *King.* By changing Aire :
 The god of waues waht of my pouertie,
 I fought out a new funne beyond the seas,
 Whose beames begat me gold.

Camp. O me dullaffe !
 I am nail'd downe by wilfull beggerie,
 Yet feele not where it enters : like a horse
 My hooves are par'd to'th quicke (euen til they bleed)
 To make me runne from hence, yet this Tortois shell,
 (My countrey) lies so heauy on my backe,
 Preising my worth downe, that I slowly creepe
 Through base and slimie waies.

3. *King.* Countrey !

Camp. Shee hangs
 Her owne brats at her backe, to teach them begge,
 And in her lap sets strangers.

3. *King.* Yet your countrey.

Camp. I was not borne to this, not school'd to this,
 My parents spent not wealth on me to this,
 I will not stay here long.

3. *King.* Doe not.

Camp. Beeing hence,
 Ile write in gall and poyson gainst my nurce
 This Fairie land, for not rewarding merit :
 If euer I come backe Ile be a Calthrop
 To picke my countries feet, that tread on me.

3. *King.* O Yee's vnkind, hard-hearted !

Camp. In disputation

I dare for latine, hebrew, and the greeke,
Challenge an vniuersitie ; yet, (O euill hap !)
Three learned languages cannot set a nap
Vpon this thred-bare gowne : how is Arte curs'd ?
Shee ha's the sweetest lymbes, and goes the worst :
Like common Fidlers, drawing downe others meate
With lickorish tunes, whilst they on scraps do eate.

3. *King.* Shake then these seruile fetters off.

Camp. But how ?

3. *King.* Play the mules part, now thou hast fuckt
a dam

Drie and vnholosome, kicke her sides.

Camp. Her heart . . . her very heart . . .
Would it were dried to dust, to strew vpon
Th'inuened paper vpon which Ile write.

3. *King.* Know you the Court of *Babylon* ?

Camp. I haue read,
How great it is, how glorious, and would venter
A foule to get but thither.

3. *King.* Get then thither ;
You venture none, but saue a foule going thither :
The Queene of *Babylon* rides on a beast,
That carries vp seauen heads.

Camp. Rare.

3. *King.* Each head crown'd. *Enter his man like a*
Camp. O admirable ! *fayler with rich attires vnder*

3. *King.* Shee with her owne hand *his arme.*
Will fil thee wine out of a golden bowle.
There's Angels to conduct thee. Get to sea,
Steale o're, behold, here's one to waft thee hence,
Take leaue of none, tell none, th'art made, farewell.

Camp. Thus to meet heauen, who would not wade
through hell ?

Exeunt Campeius and Saylor, manet 3. King,
enter Saylor presently.

3. *King.* To flea off this hypocrisie, tis time,
Least worne too long, the Foxes skinne be known :

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In our dissembling now we must be braue,
 Make me a courtier : come ; Affes I see,
 In nothing but in trappings, different be
 From foote-cloth nags, on which gay fellows ride,
 Saue that such gallants gallop in more pride.
 Away. Stow vnder hatches the light fluffe :
 Tis to be worne in *Babylon*.—*Exit Saylor.* At this
 groue
 And much about this howre, a flauie well moulded,
 In profound, learned villany, gaue oath

Enter Coniurer.

To meet me : Art thou come ! Can thy blacke Arte
 This wonder bring to passe ?

Con. See, it is done.

3. *King.* *Titaniaes* picture right.

Con. This virgin waxe,
 Burie I will in slimie putred ground,
 Where it may peece-meale rot : As this consumes,
 So shall shee pine, and (after languor) die.
 These pinnes shall sticke like daggers to her heart,
 And eating through her breast, turne there to gripings
 Cramp-like Convulsions, shrinking vp her nerues,
 As into this they eate.

3. *King.* Thou art fam'd for euer,
 If these thy holy labours well succceed,
 Statues of molten braffe shall reare thy name,
 The *Babylonian* Empreffe shall thee honour.
 And (for this) each day shalt thou goe in chaines.
 Where wilt thou burie it ?

Coniur. On this dunghill.

3. *King.* Good :

And bind it down with most effectuall charmes,
 That whofoeuer with vnhalloved hands,
 Shall dare to take it hence, may raue and die.

Con. Leauie me.

3. *King.* Farewell and prosper : be blinde you
 skies,
 You looke on things vnlawfull with fore eies. *Exit.*

Dumbe shewe. The Hault-boyes found, and whilst hee is burying the picture, Truth and Time enter, Fideli, Parthenophil, Elfiron, and a Guard following aloofe. They discover the fellow, hee is taken, the picture found, hee kneeles for mercy, but they making signes of refusall, he snatcheth at some weapon to kill himfelfe, is prevented, and led away.

Trumpet. The Empres, Cardinals, &c.

Emp. Who sets those tunes to mocke vs? Stay them.

Omn. Peace.

1. King. Peace there.

1. Card. No more: your musicke must be dumbe.

Emp. When those Cælestiall bodies that doe moue,
Within the sacred Spheres of Princes bosomes
Goe out of order, tis as if yon Regiment,
Weare all in vp-roare: heauen should then be vext,
Me thinkes such indignation should resemble,
Dreadfull eclypses, that portend dire plagues
To nations, fall to Empires, death to Kings,
To Citties deuastation, to the world,
That vniuerfall hot calamitie
Of the last horror. But our royall bloud,
Beates in our veines like seas strugling for bounds,
Aetna burns in vs: bearded Comets shoote
Their vengeance through our eyes: our breath is
lightning,

Thunder our voyce; yet, as the idle Cannon,
Strikes at the Aires Invulnerable brest)
Our darts are phillip'd backe in mockery,
Wanting the poynts to wound.

1. King. Too neere the heart,
(Most royall Empreffe) these distempers fit,
So please you, weele againe assayle her bewtie
In varied shapes, and worke on futiler Charmes,

Again loues poyfoned arrowes weele let flie.

Emp. No : proud fpirits once denying, ftill deny.

1. *Car.* Then be yourfelfe, (a woman) change thofe ouertures

You made to her of an vnusuall peace,
To an vnufde defiance : giue your reuenge,
A full and fwelling faile, as from your greatnes
You tooke, in veyling to her : you haue beene
Too cold in punifhment, too foft in chydng,
And like a mother (caufe her yeares are greene)
Haue winck't at Errors, hoping time, or counsell,
Or her owne guilt (feing how fhe goes awry,)
Would ftreighten all—you find the contrarie.

Empe. What followes ?

1. *Card.* Sharp chaftizment, leaue the Mother
And be the ftepdame ; wanton her no more
On your Indulgent knee, figne no more pardons
To her Off-fallings and her flyings out,
But let it be a meritorious Act :
Make it a ladder for the foule to climbe,
Lift from the hindges all the gates of heauen ;
To make way for him that fhall kill her.

Omnes. Good.

1. *Card.* Giue him an office in yon Starr-chamber,
Or els a Saints place and Canonize him ;
So Sanctifie the arme that takes her life,
That fylly foules may go on pilgrimage,
Only to kiffe the Inftrument (that ftrikes)
As a moft reuerent relique.

Empe. Be it fo.

1. *King.* In that one word fhe expires.

Empe. Her fayrie Lordes
(That play the Pilots nowe, and fleere her kingdome
In fowleft weather) as white bearded corne
Bowes his proud head before th' imperiall windes,
Shall fo ly groueling (heere) when that day comes.

1. *Ki.* And that it fhall come fates themfelues
prepare.

Emp. True, but old Lyons hardly fall into the snare.

1. *King.* Is not the good and politique Satyran
(Our leagued brother, and your vassalle ſworne)
Euen now (this very minute) fucking cloſe
Their faireſt boſomes? if his traynes take well:
They haue ſtrange workings (down-wards) into hel.

Emp. That Satiran is this hand; his braines a
forge
Still working for vs, he's the trew ſet clocke
By which we goe, and of our houres doth keepe
The numbred ſtrokes, when we lye bound in ſleepe.

1. *Card.* Beſides ſuch voluntaries as will ſerue
Vnder your holy cullors and forſake
The Fairie ſtandard, all ſuch fugitiues
Whoſe heartes are Babylonized: all the Mutiners
All the damb'd Crew, that would for gold teare off
The deuills beard; All ſchollers that doe eate
The bread of ſorrow, want, and diſcontent,
Wife Satyran takes vp, preſſes, apparrels,
Their backes like Innocent Lambes, their mindes like
wolues,

Rubs or'e their tongues with poyſon, which they ſpet
Againſt their owne annointed; their owne Country,
Their very parent. And thus ſhippes 'em hither.
To make em yours.

Emp. To uſe.

1. *Card.* Only to imploy them
As Bees whilſt they haue ſtings, & bring thighs laden
With hony, hiue them, when they are droanes, de-
ſtroy them.

1. *King.* The earneſt which he giues you (adored
Empreſſe,)
Are three fit engines for vs.

Empr. Are they wrought?

2. *King.* They are: and waite in Court your
vtmoſt pleaſure,
Out of your Cup made wee them drunke with wines,
To found their hearts, which they with ſuch deuotion

Receiued downe, that euen whilst *Bacchus*, swom
 From lippe to lippe, in mid'fl of taking healths,
 They tooke their owne damnation, if their bloud
 (As those grapes) stream'd not forth, to effect your
 good.

Emp. Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must
 run

Vpon short lines of life : yet wil *Wee* vse them,
 Like instruments of musicke, play on them,
 A while for pleasure, and then hang them by,
 Who Princes can vpbrayd, tis good they die.
 For as in building sumptuous pallaces,
 We climb by base and slender scaffoldings,
 Till wee haue raized the Frame : and that being done,
 (To grace the worke) we take the Scaffolds downe,
 So must we these : we know they loue us not,
 But Swallow-like when their owne summers past,
 Here seeke for heat : or like flight Traualers,
 (Swolne with vaine-glory, or with lust to see,)
 They come to obserue fashions and not mee.

1. *King.* As Traualers vse them then, till they be
 gone,
 Looke Cheerefully ; backs turn'd, no more thought
 vpon.

Emp. What are they that fly hither (to our bosome)
 But such as hang the wing, such as want neasts ;
 Such as haue no found feathers : birds so poore,
 They scarce are worth the killing : with the Larke
 (The morning's fawlkner) so they may mount hie,
 Care not how base and low their rifings be ?
 What are they but leane hungry Crows that tyre
 Vpon the mangled quarters of a Realme ?
 And on the house-tops of Nobilitie
 (If there they can but sit) like fatall Rauens,
 Or Skrich-Owles croake their fals and hoarsely bode,
 Nothing but scaffolds and vnhalloved graues ?

1. *King.* Fitter for vs : yet fit they here like doues.

Emp. True : like corrupted Churchmen they are
 doues,

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That haue eate carrion : home weelee therefore fend
These busie-working Spiders to the wals
Of their owne countrey, when their venomous bags
(Which they shall stuffe with scandales, libels, treafons)
Are full and vpon burfing : let them there
Weaue in their politicke loomes nets to catch flies ;
To vs they are but Pothecary drugs,
Which we will take as Physicall pills, not food :
Vse them as lancets to let others bloud,
That haue foule bodies, care not whom you wound,
Nor what parts you cut off, to keepe this found.
Omn. Here come they.

Campeius, Parydell, and †Lupus. †Lopes

Emp. Welcome : rise, and rise vp high
In honours and our fauour : you haue thrust
Your armes into our cofers, haue you not ?

All 3. Yes sacred Empreffe.

Camp. And into our owne,
Haue rayned downe showers of goId.

Emp. You shall deferue it :
You see what Ocean can replenish you,
Be you but duteous tributarie streames :
But is your temper right ? are not the edges
Of your sharpe spirits rebated ? are you ours ?
Doe not your hearts sinke downe yet ? will you on ?

All 3. Stood death ith' way.

Lup. Stood hell.

Emp. Nobly resolu'de :
But listen to vs, and obserue our counsell :
Backe must we send you to the Fairie Land,
Danger goes with you ; here's your safetie : listen.
Chuse winds to fayle by ; if the wayward seas
Grow stormie, houer, keepe aloofe : if feares,
Shipwracks, and death lie tumbling on the waues,
And will not off, then on : be venturous,
Conquests hard got are sweet and glorious.
Being landed, if suspition cast on you
Her narrow eyes, turne your selues then to Moles,

Worke vnder ground, and vndermine your countrey,
 Tho you cast earth vp but a handfull high,
 To make her stumble: if that bloud-hound hunt you,
 (That long-ear'd Inquisition) take the thickets,
 Climbe vp to Hay-mowes, liue like birds, and eate
 The vndeflowred corne: in hollow trees
 Take such prouision as the Ant can make:
 Flie with the Batt vnder the eues of night,
 And shift your neasts: or like to Ancresses,
 Close vp your selues in artificiall wals:
 Or if you walke abroad, be wrapt in clouds,
 Haue change of haire, of cie-brows, halt with
 soldiers,

Be shauen and be old women, take all shapcs
 To escape taking: But if the ayre be cleere,
 Flie to the Court, and vnderneath the wings
 Of the Eagle, Faulcon, or some great bird houer,
 Oakes and large Beech-trees many beasts doe couer.
 He that first sings a Dirge tun'd to the death
 Of that my onely foe the Fairie Queene,
 Shal be my loue, and (clad in purple) ride
 Vpon that scarlet-coloured beast that beares
 Seuen Kingdomes on feuen heads.

Camp. If all the Spels

That wit, or eloquence, or arts can set:
 If all the sleights that bookemen vse in schooles
 Be powrefull in such happinesse, 'tis mine.

Rop. What phylicke can I dare onely to grow
 (But as I merit shall) vp in your eye.

Emp. Weele erect ladders for you strong and high,
 That you shall climbe to starrie dignitie.

Both. We take our leaue dread Empreffe. *Exeunt.*

Emp. Fare you well:

Our benediction goe along with you—
 Our malediction and your foules confusion
 Like shiuer'd towers fall on your luckelesse heads,
 And wedge you into earth low as the deepe
 Where are the damned, if our world you fire,
 Since desperately you'll ride and dare aspire.

1. *King.* But is this all? shall we thus bend our
finews

Onely to emptie quiuers, and to shoot
Whole sheafes of forked arrowes at the Sunne,
Yet neuer hit him?

2. *Car.* And the marke so faire!

Com. Nay, which is more, suppose that al these
torrents

Which from your sea of Greatneffe, you (for your part)
And al those stragling flouds which we haue driuen
With full and stiffe winds to the Fairie Stronds,
Should all breake in at once, and in a deluge
Of Innouation, rough rebellion, factions,
Of massacres, and pale destruction
Swallow the kingdome vp, and that the blood
Euen of *Titania's* heart should in deepe crimson
Dye all these waters: what of this? what share
Is yours? what land shall you recouer?

1. *King.* All.

Com. All!

1. *King.* I, all:

Betweene the Tranfuerfaries that doe run
Vpon this crosse staffe, a dull eye may find
In what degree we are, and of what height
Your selfe (our brightest *Ariadne*) is,
Being vnderneath that Tropicke: as those jewels
Of night and day are by alternate course
Worne in Heauens fore-head, so when Deaths Winter
comes,

And shortens all those beames of Maiestie,
Which in this oblique and Zodiacall Sphere
Moue with *Titania* now, shall loose their heat,
Where must the next Sun rise but here? from whence
Shall Fairie land get warmth? meerey from hence.
Let but the taper of her life burne out,
We haue such torches ready in her land
To catch fire from each other, that the flames
Shall make the frighted people thinke earth burnes,
And being dazled with our Copes of Starres,

We shall their temples hallow with such ease,
As 'twere in solemne gay procesion.

Com. Some lyne sea cards, that know not the seas
taft,

Nor scarce the colour : by your charmes I gather
You haue feene Fairie land—but in a Map :
Can tell how't stands : but if you giue't a fall,
You must get bigger bones : for let me whisper
This to your eare ; though you bait hookes with gold,
Ten thousand may be nibbling, when none bites,
And those you take for Angels, you'll find Sprites.
Say that *Titania* were now drawing short breath,
(As that's the Cone and Button that together
Claspes all our hopes) out of her affhes may
A second† Phoenix rise, of larger wing, †*K. Iames.*
Of stronger talent, of more dreadfull beake,
Who swooping through the ayre, may with his beating
So well commaund the winds, that all those trees
Where sit birds of our hatching (now fled thither)
Will tremble, & (through feare strucke dead) to earth,
Throw those that sit and sing there, or in flockes
Drive them from thence, yea and perhaps his talent
May be so bonie and so large of gripe,
That it may shake all Babilon.

Emp. All Babylon !

Com. Your pardon : but who'll swear this may not
be ?

Emp. How the preuention ?

Com. Thus ; to fell downe their Q. is but one
stroake ;

Our axe must cleaue the kingdome, that's the Oake.

Emp. The manner.

Com. Easie : whilest our thunderbolts
Are aniling abroad, call *Satyr* home,
He in his fadome metes vast *Argozies*,
Huge Galeaffes, and such wodden Castles,
As by enchantment of the waters moue :
To his, marry yours and ours ; and of them all
Create a braue *Armado*, such a Fleete,

That may breake *Neptunes* backe to carry it :
Such for varietie, number, puiffance,
As may fetch all the Fairie Land in turfes,
To make a greene for you to walke vpon
In Babilon.

1. *King.* Inuincible ! goe on.

Com. Now when the volley of thofe murdring shot
That are to play firft on *Titanias* breast,
And (yet) leane on their refts, goe off and kill her,
So that the very *Alucrado* giuen,
Sounds the leaft hope of conqueft ; then, then fhew
Your warlike Pageants dancing on the waues,
Yours is the Land, the Nation are your flauers.

Omn. Counfell from Heauen !

Emp. None this fhall ouer-whelme :
Braue voyage ! Rig out fhips, and fetch a Realme.

Exeunt.

Parydell and Palmio.

Pal. You ariue on a bleft fhore. The freight
you bring
Is good : it will be bought vp of vs all
With our deere blouds : be conftant, doe not warpe
In this your zeale to Babilon.

Paryd. Craue *Palmio*,
To you I haue vnladen euen my foule,
The wings from home that brought me had fick
feathers,
Some you haue puld off : my owne countrey graffe
Was to my feet sharpe needels (ftucke vpright)
I tread on downe-beds now.

Pal. But are your countreyemen
(I meane thofe that in thought with vs feaft richly)
Fed with the courfe bread of affliction ftill ?

Paryd. Still father *Palmio* ftill, and to relieue
them

I dare doe what I told you.

Pal. Noble valour !

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Pary. So that I might but read on yonder scrolls,
A warrant writ vnder the scale of Heauen,
To iustifie the Act.

Palm. You haue my hand,
And shall haue more. Y'are reconcil'de (Sonne ?)

Pary. Yes.

Pal. Who did confesse you ?

Pary. Father *Anniball*.

Pal. But did the *Nuntio Campeggio*
Present your letters, and your vowed seruice
At Babylon.

Pary. He did : I sued out warrant
For passage safely thither : and from graue *Como*
(One of the capitall Columnnes of the state)
This I receiued.

Palm. He sends you here good welcome :
'Tis strong ; why went you not ?

Pary. I like it not :
There wants a conuoy of some better words,
Which houely I expect : vpon a Sea
So dangerous, so full of rockes, so narrow,
(Albeit the venture holy and of honour)
I would not gladly sayle, without direction
Of noble Pilots, home I would not come
Safely, but like a glorious voyager.

Enter Ragazzoni.

Palm. Yea, you do well ; the *Nuntio Ragazzoni* !
Not know him ?

Pary. Certes no.

Palm. Come, you shall meete :
Monfignor, here's a Gentleman desires
To haue your armes about him.—

Rag. Willingly.

Palm. He vndertakes an action full of merit,
Sans promise or reward, to cure all those
Through Fairie land, that are diseas'd within,
And he will doo't, by letting one veine bloud.

Ragaz. Shootes he at highest ?

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Palm. Yes.

Rag. Draw home, and giue
Your arrowes compaffe, that vntill they fall
Full on the head, none see them : you do well ;
My hands are yours : good fpeede.—

Exit Ragazoni.

Campeggio.

Pal. *Campeggio ?*

Now fhall you heare fome newes.

Camp. I doe affure you,
The Miftris of vs all, hath on this paper
Breath'd you a blefsing : your deuotion
Is recommended highly, and to nourish
The flames new kindled in you, here's more fewell.

Pary. Licence to go and come, *in verbo imperatricis per omnes Iurisdictiones Babilonicas absq' impedimento.*

Good : would it had come fooner.

Camp. Why ?

Palm. 'Tis generall,
Exceeding abfolute and peremptorie.

Pary. It giues me my ful faile : but by deepe vows,
I am to trauell lower, yet if feafon
Beat me not backe, I will to Babylon,
What rubs foe're I meete in letters still,
He kiffe her facred hand.

Camp. You change not byas.

Pary. Oh good fir, yonder is the goale I run for !

Ragazoni at one dore, a Gentleman at another.

Rag. Lend me your fpeeches both.

Pal. Yonder comes one of your owne countrey.

Pary. Oh I know him Sir.

Pal. Walk in this colledge claiffe but fom few
minutes,

He fend or bring to you a Gentleman,
Next neighbour to your countrey : an Albanois——
The man I told you of. *Exeunt.*

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Pary. Thanks Sir.

Gent. Met happily, I look'd for you.

Pary. Deere countryman the parly we late held
About the land that bred vs, as how order
Was rob'd of ceremonie (the rich robe of order)
How Truth was freckled, spotted, nay made leaproous :
How Iustice—

Gent. Come, no more.

Pary. Euen now (as then)

You ward blowes off from her, that at all weapons
Strikes at your head : but I repent we drew not
That dialogue out to length, it was so sweet.

Gent. At houres more opportune we shal : but
countryman

I heard of late the musicke of my foule,
And you the instrument are made that sounds it :
Tis giuen me, that your selfe hath seal'd to heauen
A bond of your deuotion, to goe forth
As champion of vs all, in that good quarrell,
That hath cost many liues.

Pary. What need we vse

Circumgyrations, and such wheelings ? Sir,
Beleeue it, to recouer our sicke Nurse
Ide kill the noblest foster-child she keepes.

Gent. I know what bird you meane, & whom you
hate,

But let him stand to fall : no fir, the Deere
Which we all hope you'll strike, is euen the pride
And glory of the Forrest : So, or not.

Pary. My vowes are flowne vp, and it must be
done,

So this may be but settled.

Gent. Doe you stagger ?

Pary. All winds are not yet layd.

Gent. Haue you looked out

For skilfull coasters, that know all the sounds,
The flats, and quicke sands, and can safely land
you

Out of all touch of danger ?

Pary. I haue met many,
And like a confort they hold feuerall tunes

Gent. But make they musicke

Pary. Faith a little jarring ;
Sometimes a string or so : yet reuerend *Palmio*,
And *Anniball* a *Codreto* keepe the fireame
In which I swim : the *Nuntio Ragazzoni*
Plies me with wholefome phisicke ; so the *Nuntio*,
My honored Friend *Campeggio* makes it cleere,
That it is lawfull.

Gent. Where at sticke you then ?

Pary. At a small rocke, (a dispensation.)

Ragazzoni, Palmio, Campeggio, & the Albonoys.

Gent. You cannot want for hands to helpe you
forward :

In such a noble worke your friends are neere ;
Deere Countreiman, my sword, my state, and honor,
Are for your vse, goe on ; and let no heate
Thaw your strong resolution, I shall see you,
Before you take to Sea.

Pary. You shall.

Gent. My dewtie.

Pal. This is the worthy Gentleman, to whome
I wish your loue endear'de : we haue some conference.

Pary. Borne Sir in Fairy Land ?

Alba. No marry Sir—An *Albanois*.

Pary. Then for proximitie
Of Countries, let vs enterchange acquaintance,
I wish'd for your embracements, for your name
Is crown'd with titles of integritie,
Iudgement and Learning : let me vpon their *Bases*
Erect a pillar, by which *Babylon*,
And all we may be strengthned.

Alba. I pray be apert and plaine.

Pary. Then thus Sir ; by the way of Argument
I would a question put, to tast your censure,
Because I doe not foundly relish it.

Alba. Propone it Sir, Ile solve it as I can.

Pary. Suppose that in the field there were an
 Army,
 Commixt of halfe your kinsfolke, friends, and louers,
 The other halfe sworne foes, (all countrimen ;)
 And that the leader of them were your father,
 And that this leading father were so partiall,
 That to preferue that halfe which loues you not,
 Ye would loofe that which loues you : & that to take
 This Captaines life away, might bring this good,
 Of two sides to make one, and faue much bloud :
 Would not you doe it.

Alba. Vmh : ya're ful of Ambage :
 I anfwere as my ſpirits leade me, thus,
 I would not doe it.

Pary. Why Sir.

Alba. Becauſe I hold, *Quod non omninò Licet.*

Par. Come, Come, I know (without al comment-
 ing)
 This text you vnderſtand : wey the vtilitie,
 That goes with it : the health it giues to thouſands ;
 The ſap it ſpreads through branches which now
 wither :

The reſtauration—

Alba. Sir I ſee to' th bottome,
 Of this deepe well you diue in : I doe arme you,
 In this ſtrong fight, iuſt with the ſelfe ſame weapons
 Which I would weare to guard mee, and thoſe are
 My readings and beliefe ſettled by reading,
 And this I find—*Quod non ſunt faciendā mala, vt
 veniant bona.*

For good ; (how great foeuer) muſt be don,
 No ill how ſmall foeuer.

Pary. Tis no euill
 To barre out ſo great ill, with ſo great good.

Alba. All good muſt not be done, but onely that
 —*Quod benè & legitimè fieri poteſt* : For Sir I know,
 that *Deus magis amat aduerbia quam nomina. Quia
 in actionibus magis ei Placent Benè & legitimè quàm
 bonum. Ita vt nullum bonum Liceat facere, niſi bene*

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Et legitime fieri potest. Quod in hoc Casu fieri non potest.

Pary. Yet (with your fauour) feuerall learned men,
Are cleane from your opinion, and doe hold,
Quod licet.

Alba. Those learned men perhaps may hold it fit,
That to faue many, they to one mans danger
(Referring all to the depth inscrutable)
May allow of a particular ; on no warrant
That they can shew me written, but being stird,
With a humaine compassion to mens liues :
And lesse you reuelation haue diuine,
That bids you do, doe not ; Thus you haue mine.

Omn. What so hard at it.

Pary. We haue done : the time,
Does pull me from your sweet societie.

Pal. You will to *Babylon.*

Pary. I cannot tell ;
Whether I doe or no, you shall haue notice,
How this great worke goes forward : strengthen mee,
With all your comforts, and commend my seruice
To the most glorious throne : if I get or'e,
There lands blacke vengeance on the Fairy shore.

Omn. If prayers can doe it shall. *Exeunt.*

Plaine dealing and Truth.

Pla. But how shall I know, thou art the right
truth ?

Tru. Because I am not painted.

Pla. Nay if thou hast no better coulour then that,
ther's no trueth in thee, for Im'e fure your fairest
wenches are free of the painters.

Tru. Besides I am not gorgious in attire,
But simple, plaine and homely ; in mine eyes,
Doues fit, not Sparrowes : on my modest cheekes,
No witching smiles doe dwell : vpon my tongue
No vnchast language lies : my Skins not spotted
With foule diseafe, as is that common harlot,
That baseborne trueth, that liues in *Babylon.*

Pla. Why? is thee spotted?

Tru. All ouer, with strange vglines, all ouer,

Pla. Then she has got the pox, and lying at my host *Gryncums*, since I left her company: how foeuer it be thou and I will liue honest together in one houle, becaufe my court mistris will haue it so: I haue beene a Trauailer a great while, plaine dealing hath lept from country to country, till he had scarce a paire of foales to carrie him.

Tru. Why? in what Countries haue you beene?

Pla. In more then I had mind to stay in; I haue beene amongst the Turkes too, the Turkes made as much of poore plaine dealing, as those whom we call Christians.

Tru. What man is that great Turke? I neuer saw him:

Pla. Nor euer shalt: why the great Turke is a very little fellow; I haue seene a scuruy little bad paltry Christian, has beene taken for the greatest Turke there.

Tru. Where had you bin, when now you met with me.

Plain. Looking vp and downe for thy selfe: and yet I lie too, now I remember, I was in the citie: our mistresse would needes haue me goe thither, to see fashions: I could make an excellent Taylor for Ladies and gentlemen, and fooles, for I haue seene more fashions there, then a picture drawer makes skuruy faces, the first two yeares of his trade: its the maddest circle to coniure in, that euer raiz'd spirit.

Truth. Tell me good kinsman, what in the citie saw you?

Plain. What did I see? why Ile tell thee cozen; I sawe no more conscience in most of your rich men, then in Tauerne faggots: nor no more sobernes in poore men, then in Tauerne spiggots: I see that citizens fine wiues vndo their husbands (by their pride) within a yeare after they are married; and within halfe a yeare after they be widdowes, knights

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vndo them: they'le giue a 100. pound to be dubb ladies, and to ride in a coach, when they haue scarce another hundred pound left to keep the horfes. But cozen *Truth*, I met in one street a number of men in gowns, with papers in their hands, what are all thofe?

Truth. Oh! they are the fonnes of Iuftice; they are thofe

That beat the kingdom leuell, keep it fmooth
And without rubs: they are the poore mans captaine,
The rich mans fouldier, and cal'd Lawiers.

Plain. Lawiers? doeft know any of them?

Truth. A few.

Plain. I wondred what they were, I asked one of them if they were going to foot-ball, yes faid he, doe you not fee thofe countrey fellowes, we are againft them; and who do you thinke fhall winne, faid I, oh faid he, the gownes, the gownes.

Enter Time.

Time. Follow me *Truth*; *Plaine dealing* follow me.

Exit.

Plain. He charges like a Conftable; come, wee are his watch; follow me? Is our *Time* mad? O braue mad *Time*.

Exeunt.

Dumb shew. A caue fuddenly breakes open, and out of it comes Falfhood, (attir'd as *Truth* is) her face fotted, fhee fticks vp her banner on the top of the Caue; then with her foot in feuerall places strikes the earth, and vp rifeth *Campeius*; a Frier with a boxe: a gentleman with a drawn fword, another with rich gloues in a boxe, another with a bridle, *Time*, *Truth* with her banner, and *Plain-dealing* enter & stand aloofe beholding all.

Time. See there's the Caue, where that *Hyena* lurkes,

That counterfets thy voyce, & calles forth men
To their destruction.

Plain. How full of the small poxe thee is, what
ayles thee to stamp thus? is the whore mad? how
now? Yea do you rise before Doomes day; father
Time, what conduit-pipes are these, that breake out of
the earth thus?

Time. The conduit-heads of treason, which conuey
Conspiracies, scandals, and ciuill discord,
Massacres, poysonings, wrackes of faith and fealtie
Through Fairies hearts, to turne them into elues:
See *Truth*, see sonne, the snake slips off his skinne,
A scholler makes a ruffian.

Plain. Now must that ruffian cuffe the scholler, if
I were as he.

Time. And see, that shape which earst shew'd
reuerend,
And wore the outward badge of sanctitie,
Is cloath'd in garments of hypocrisie.

Plain. See, see, father, he has a iacke in a boxe:
whats that?

Time. A wild beast, a mad bull, a bull that roares,
To fright allegiance from true subiects bosoms;
That Bull must bellow, at the *Flamins* gate:
His gate, that tends the flockes of all those sheep,
That graze in the fast pasture of the land,
Beeing all inclos'd: that bull will on his backe
Beare all.

Plain. Whither? whither?

Time. To hell: tis said to heauen
That will but fit him, till with hoofe or horne,
He goare the annointed Fairie.

Plain. Such Bulls haue I seene sent out of *Babylon*,
to runne at people: I should once haue rid vpon one
of them, but he that beg'd my office, broke his necke
by the bargaine, and sau'd me a labour: whats he
with the sword, a master of the noble Science?

Truth. A noble villaine: see, he pulls down
heauen

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With imprecations, if that blade he sheath not,
In our sweet mistresse breast.

Plain. O rogue! what good cloathes hee weares,
and yet is a villaine?

Time. I, doe: clap hands vpon't, that poysoned
gloue,
Shall strike thee dead to death, with the strong sent
Of thy discovered treason.

Plain. Whats that horfe-courser with the bridle?

Time. A flaue, that since he dares not touch
her head,

Would worke vpon her hand: —— laugh and conspire;
The higher villaines climbe, they fall the higher.

Plain. Stay father, now the Armie comes forward:
shee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done;
what will shee beare the collours? thou hast collour
enough in thy face already, thou needst no more:
did ye euer see a more lowlie band? there's but two
rapiers in the whole regiment: now they muster, now
they double their files: marke how their hands juggle,
and lay about; this is the maine battell: O well florisht
Ancient! the day is their's; see, now they found
retrait: whither march they now? *Exeunt.*

Tim. To death; their falles, thus *Time* and *Truth*
proclaime,
They shall like leaues drop from the Tree of shame.
Lets follow them.

Plain. To the gallowes? not I; what doe we
know, but this freckled face queane, may be a
witch.

Time. Shee is so; shee's that damned forcereffe,
That keepes the enchanted towers of *Babylon*.
This is the *Truth*; that did bewitch thee once.

Plain. Is this speckled toade shee? Shee was
then in mine eye,
The goodliest woman that euer wore fore part of
Sattin:

To see what these female creatures are, when they
deale with 2. or 3. Nations; how quickly they were

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carbuncles & rich stones? now shee is more vgly then
a bawd.

Truth. Shee look'd so then; fairenes it selfe doth
cloth her
In mens eyes, till they see me, and then they loath
her.

Time. Loofe no more minutes, come, lets follow
them.

Plain. With hue and crie, now I know her: this
villanous drab is bawd, now I remember, to the Whore
of *Babylon*; and wee leue her, till shee be
carted: her face is full of those red pimples with
drinking *Aquauite*, the common drinke of all bawdes:
come. *Exeunt.*

*Titania, Elfiron, Florimel, a gentleman standing
aloofe, and Ropus.*

Titan. What comes this paper for?

Fid. Your hand.

Titan. The cause?

Fidel. The Moone that from your beames did
borrow light,

Hath from her siluer bow shot pitchy clouds
T'eclipse your brightnes: heauen tooke your part,
And her surpriz'd; A iurie of bright starres,
Haue her vnworthy found to shine agen:
Your Fairies therefore on their knees intreat,
Shee may be puld out from the firmament,
Where shee was plac'd to glitter.

Titan. Must we then,
Strike those whom we haue lou'd? albeit the children,
Whom we haue nourisht at our princely breast,
Set daggers to it, we could be content
To chide, not beat them, (might we vse our will,)
Our hand was made to saue, but not to kill.

Flor. You must not (cause hee's noble) spare his
blood.

Titan. We should not, for hee's noble that is
good.

Fid. The fall of one, like multitudes on yce,
Makes all the rest, (of footing) be more nyce :
But if by ventring on that glafsie floore
Too farre, he sinks, and yet rise with no more harme,
Ten thousand to like danger it doth arme :
All mercy in a Prince, makes vile the state,
All justice makes euen cowards desperate.

Titan. In neither of these seas, spread we our
sayles,
But are the impartiall beame between both scales ;
Yet if we needs must bow, we would incline
To that where mercy lies, that scale's diuine :
But so to faue were our owne breast to wound,
Nay (which is more) our peoples : for their good,
We must the Surgeon play, and let out blood.
Euery Peeres birth stickes a new starre in heauen,
But falling by *Luciferan* insolence,
With him a Constellation drops from thence.
Giue me his Axe - - - how soon the blow is giuen ?
writes

Witnesse : so little we in blood delight,
That doing this worke, we wish we could not write.
Let's walke my Lords. *Florimel ?*

Flor. Madame.

Titan. Stay :
Not one arm'd man amongst vs ? you might now
Be all old-beaten fouldiers : truth I thanke ye ;
If I were now a jewel worth the stealing,
Two theeues might bind you all.

Omn. With much adoe.

Tita. I marry I commend yon gentleman.
Pray Sir come neere, looke you, hee's well provided
For all rough wethers : Sir, you may be proud,
That you can giue armes better then these Lords,
I thanke you yet, that if a storme should fall,
We could make you our shelter. A good sword ?
This would goe through fitch ; had I heart to kill
I'de wish no better weapon ; but our dayes
Of quarreling are past ; Shall we put vp Sir,

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We ha put vp wrongs ere now, but this is right,
Nay we are not falling yet.

Flor. It did vs good
To see how your Maiestick prefence dawnted
The filly gentleman.

Tita. The fillie gentleman !

Fid. He knew not how to stand, nor what to
speak.

Tita. The filly gentleman ? know you him Lords ?
Where is hee ?

Flor. Gotten hence poore wretch with shame.

Tita. That wretch hath sworne to kill me with
that sword.

Omn. How ?

Fid. The traitor.

Flor. Locke the Court gates.

Omn. Guard her person. *Exeunt omnes.*

Tita. You guard it well. Alacke ! when louers
wooe,

An extreame ioy and feare, them so apall,
That ouer much loue, shewes no loue at all.
Zeale sometimes ouer-does her part—It's right—
When the frais done, Cowards crie whers the Flight.
Pentioners.

Florimell.

Flor. The wolfes in his own snare : O damned
flaue !

I had like to ha made his heart my ponyards graue.
How got you to this knowledge ?—blesfed heauen !

Tita. It came vnto me strangely : from a window,
Mine eyes tooke marke of him ; that he would shoot
Twas told me, and I tried if he durst doo't.
Is *Ropus* here, our Doctor ?

Rop. Gracious Lady.

Tita. You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,
It quickens our tast well ; fill vs of that
You last did minister : a draught, no more,
And give it fire, euen Doctor how thou wilt.

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Rop. I made a new extraction, you shall neuer
Relish the like.

Tyta. Why, shall that be my last?

Ro. Oh my deere Mistres!

Exit Ropus. Enter Parthenophil.

Tyta. Go, go, I dare fware thou lou'lt my very
heart.

Parth. This scaly Serpent
Is throwne (as he deserues) vpon the Sword
Of Iustice; and to make these tydings twinnes,
I bring this happy newes, *Campeius*,
(A Snake that in my bosome once I warm'd :)
The man for whome —.

Tyta. Oh, wee remember him.

Parth. This Owle, that did not loue your sacred
light,
Stole o're the Seas by darknes, and was held
In *Babylon* a bird of noble flight :
They tourn'd him to a Goshawke, fether'd him
Arm'd him with tallents, & then gaue him bels,
And hither charg'd him fly, he did : and foar'd
O're all your goodlyest woods, and thickest groues,
Inticing birdes that had the skill in song,
To learne harsh notes : and those that fail'd in voice,
He taught to pecke the tender blossomes off,
To spoyle the leauy trees, and with sharpe bills
To mangle all the Golden eares of corne.
But now hee's tan'e.

Tyta. Good sheapheards ought not care,
How many foxes fall into the Snare.

Enter Elfyron.

Elf. Your ciuill Doctor, Doctor *Paridell*
Casts Anchor on your shores againe, being freighted
With a good venture, which he saies, your selfe
Must onely haue the fight of. *Exit.*

Tyta. Bring him hither :
 Lord *Florimell*, pray call *Fideli* to vs.

Florimell, Fideli, Ropus.

Tyta. Sure 'tis too hot.

Fid. Oh roague !

Tyta. Set it to coole.

Fid. Hell and damnation, Diuels.

Flor. What's that ?

Fid. The damned'st treason ! Dog : you whorfen
 dog ;

O blefied mayd : let not the toad come neere her :

What's this ? If't be his brewing, touch it not——

For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill,

That's Druncke all day with brimstone : come fucke,
 Weezell,

Sucke your owne teat, you —— pray, Thou art
 preferu'd.

Tyta. From what ? From whome ?

Fid. Looke to that Glifter-pipe :

One crowne doe's ferue thy tourne, but heere's a
 theefe,

That must haue 50000. crownes to steale

Thy life : Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life,

Sirra thou *Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,*

Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Diuels,

Or names to fetch vp Diuels : thou knowest these
 Scar-crowes.

Rop. Oh mee ! O mercy, mercy ! I confesse.

Fid. Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then.

Tyta. Haue we for this
 Heap'd fauours on thee.

Shee reads the letter. Enter Gard.

Fid. Heape halters on him : call the Guard : out
 polecat :

He fmels, thy conscience stincks Doctor goe purge
 Thy foule, for 'tis diseas'd. Away with *Ropus*.

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Omn. Away with him : foh.

Rop. Here my tale but out.

Fid. Ther's too much out already.

Rop. Oh me accursed ! and most miserable.

Exit with Guard.

Tyta. Goodnes of vertue ! is my bloud so sweet,
That they would pay so deere for't.

Fid. To fucke Lambes,
What would not Wolues doe, he that this paper
writte,

Had neuer meaning we should finger it.

Tyta. Our mercy makes them cruell, hunt out these
Leopards :

Their own spots will betray them : they build caues
Euen in our parkes : to them, him, and the rest,
Let death be sent, but sent in such a shape,
As may not be too frightfull. Alacke ! what glorie
Is it to buffet wretches bound in giues ?
The debt is derely paid that's payd with liues
Oh ! leaue vs all.

Enter Elfron and Paridell.

Fid. More Doctors ! if this doe
Aswell as tother, best to hang him too. *Exeunt.*

Tytania, Paridell.

Tyta. *Florimell* ! Stay,
But giue vs liberty.

Pari. This is the blessed day for which (through
want

Of those bright rayes that sparkle from your eyes)
My frozen soule hath languish'd Goddesse compleate,
If you, a wretch so meane, will bid to speake,
I shall vnclasp a booke whose very first line,
(Being not well pointed) is my doome to death :
But if your sacred iudgement (on the Margine,)
Controwle all wresting comments, All your subiects

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Will fold me in their bosomes.

Tyta. Giue your minde.

Par. A Pilgrim haue I been on forren shores,
(Your gracious hand allow'd it) in my wandring,
With Monsters I encountred of straunge shape,
Some that suckt poyson vp, and spet it forth,
Vpon your land : some, that shot forked stinges,
At your most God-like person : all were Gyants,
Fighting against the heauen of your blest raigne :
With these (oh pardon me !) with these I held
A politticke league, the lines of all their treasons,
(Drawne from one damned circle) met in mee,
My heart became the Center, and the point
Was this — I dare not tell it.

Tyta. Speake ?

Par. To kill you.

Tyta. How durst you (being our subiect) wade
so far ?

Par. Your eare of mercy. I became a sponge
To drinke vp all their mischiefe, and lay drown'd
In their infected waters, (with much loathing,)
Onely that I before you might wring out
This their corruption, and my selfe make cleere.
And now (immortall maid) i'me not vnlike
A casket wherein papers stufte with danger,
Haue close beene lockt, but those tane out, the
chest

Serues to good vse, so may my loyall breft :
For from their flintie hearts what sparkes I got,
Were but to fire themselues.

Tyta. I praise your plotte,

You make vs now your debter, but a day
Will come, when we shal pay. My Lord, we want
your Arme.

Pary. Vmh ! I feare —

Tyta. Doctor, weele haue (Sir) other Dialogues.

Exeunt.

Pary. O shallow foole, thou hast thy selfe vndone,
Shees hardned and thou melted at one funne. *Exit.*

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Enter Como, and the three Kings.

Como. Our eyes haue lusted for you, and your
prefence

Comes as the light to day, flowers to the spring,
Or health to sicke men.

3. *King.* Thankes most reuerend Fathers.

1. *King.* Our bloud ranne all to water, yea our
foules

Stroue all (at once) t'expire, (when it was blowne
Hither from Faiery land, that all the darts
Which ours heere, and your arme deliuered there,
Fell either short, or lighted vpon yce)
Left you had lost bloud in the enterprize.

3. *King.* No, I weare stronger Armour : gamester-
like

I sawe the dogges brought forth ; and set them on,
Till the Diuell parted them ; but pluckt off none,
I kept aloofe out of the reach of pawes :
Better to fight with Lions then with lawes.

What drummes are these ?

2. *King.* Musicke of heauen.

Como. The dancers reuell in steele.

1. *King.* These march to fill our Fleete.

3. *King.* From whence wee march with prowd
victorious feete,

And walke on Fayeries hearts, their beaten waies
With their owne heades wee pause, whilst ours with
bayes,

And oake (the conquering fouldiers wreath) we
crowne :

These hookes, or none, must pull their Cities downe,
Inuasion is the fire : See, See, i'th Ayre
Angels hang beckoning vs to make more haste,
Vengeance deferd growes weake, and runs to waste.
Whats this ?

Enter a Herrald before one : sounds once, and staies.

Como. Ere we take ship, we must to Court.

Omn. Away.

3. *King.* In thunder : tis the fouldiers sport.

Exeunt.

The Herrald reads.

Herrald. It is the Imperiall pleasure, decree, peremptory edict, and dreadfull command (vpon paine of a curse to be denounced vpon him that is difobedient) from her who hath power giuen her to make the backes of stubborne Kings her foote-stooles, and Emperours her vassalles : the mother of Nations ; the triple-crowned head of the world ; the purple-rider of the glorious beast ; the most high, most supream, and most adored Empreffe of *Babilon* ; that no Captaine Generals of Armies, Generals of Squadrons, Admirals, Colonels, Captaines, or any other Officers of her magnificent, incomparable, formidable, and inuincible *Armada*, which is ordayned to swallow vp the kingdome of *Faery*, shall presume to set one foote on ship-bord, till her sacred hand hath blessed the enterprize by sealing them all on the forehead, and by bowing their knees before the Beast. Sound, goe on.

Exeunt.

Dumb shew : Empreffe on the Beast.

Emp. Feeles the base earth our weight ? ift common Aire

We suck in and respire ? doe feruile clowdes,
(Whose azure winges spread ouer graues and tombes)
Our glorious body circumvolue ? dare night
Cast her black-nets into dayes cristall streames,
To draw vp darknesse on our golden beames :
And vs t' eclipse, why is not *Babilon*
In a contorted chaire made all of starres,
Wound vp by wheelles as high, nay boue the thrones
Supernall, which with *Ioues* owne feate stand euen,
That we might ride heere as the Queene of heauen.
And with a spurne from our controwling foote,

That should like thunder shake th' etheriall floore,
Of life and heauen them both at once bereaue,
That thither vp dare clime without our leaue.

Com. You doe: you ride there now this is your
Sphere,

Earth is all one with heauen when you are heere.

3. *King.* Yet ther's a hell on earth or if not hell,
Diuels there are or worfe then Diuels, that roare
Onely at you.

Emp. At vs? what, dare they roare?

3. *King.* Your pardon, and ile tell it.

Emp. Tell: We feare

No spots, the orbe we shine in is so cleere.

3. *King.* Thus then: the Faiery Adders hiffe:
they call you

The superstitious Harlot: purple whore:

The whore that rides on the rose-coloured beast:

The great whore, that on many waters sitteth,

Which they call many Nations: whilst their Kings,

Are slaues to fate your lust, and that their bloud,

(When with them you haue done) ferues as a flood,

For you to drinke or swinme in.

Omn. O prophane!

Emp. Goe on: the searching small wounds is no
paine.

3. *King.* These cowards thus when your back's
turn'd (that strike)

Follow their blowe and sweare, that where you claime,

Supremacie monarchall ouer Kings,

Tis but your tiranous pride, and not your due.

Emp. But what your selues giue, what haue we
from you?

You say we are your mother, and if so,

Must not sonnes kneele? they pay but what they owe.

3. *King.* They say the robes of purple which you
weare,

Your scarlet veiles, and mantles are not giuen you

As types of honour and regality,

But dyed so deepe with bloud vpon them spilt,

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And that (all or'e) y'are with red murder guilt.
The drinke euen in that golden cup, they fweare
Is wine sopherficated, that does runne
Low on the lees of error, which in taste,
Is fweete and like the neate and holfome iuyce
Of the true grape, but tis ranke poyfon downe.

Omn. Haue we not all it tasted ?

Emp. Nay, vtter all.

Out of their lips you see flowes naught but gall.

3. *King.* What can my breath doe more, to blast
your cheekes,

And leaue them glowing as red gads of feele ?

My tongue's already bliftred founding this,

Yet must I whisper to your sacred eare :

That on your brow (they say) is writ a name

In letters mysticall, which they interpret

Confusion, by great *Babylon* they meane

The Citie of *Confusion*.

Emp. View our forehead ?

Where are we printed with such Characters ?

Point out these markes : Which of you all can lay

A finger on that Moale which markes our face ?

3. *King.* They say you can throw mists before our
eyes,

To make us thinke you faire.

Omn. Damnd blasphemies.

Com. You shall with rods of iron scourge these
treasons.

1. *King.* The Mace is in your hand, grinde them
to dust.

2. *King.* And let your blowes be found.

3. *King.* For they are iust.

Emp. Lets heare with what lowde throats our
thunder speakes,

Repeate our vengeance o're, which to beate Kings

Must now flie o're the seas with linnen winges.

Com. Our Galeons, Galeaffes, Zabraes, Gallies,
Ships, Pynaces, Pataches, huge Caruiles,
For number, rib and belly are so great,

That should they want a Sea neere Faery land
Of depth to beare them vp, they in their wombs
Might swim with a sea thither : here are breifes
Of your imperiall Armies.

Emp. Reade them lowde :

Thunder ner'e speakes, but the voice crackes a clowde.

Com. In the first Squadron twelue great Galeons :

Floate like twelue moouing Castles : Zabraes two,
Habilimented gloriously for warre,

With Soukliers, Seamen, shot, and ordinance :

This Squadron flout *Medyna* does command :

Who of the maine is Captaine Generall.

The second Squadron braue *Recalde* leades,

Being Admirall to foureteene Galleons.

Flores de Valdes guides the third, the fourth

Followes the filken streamers of the haughty

Pedro de Valdes that tryed Warriour.

Oquendo in the fift front cries a Charge.

Bretandona bringes vp the *Leuantines*

With his sixt Squadron : *Gomes de Medyna*

Wastes vp the seauenth like the God of warre,

The eighth obayes *Mendoza* : and the ninth

Fierce *Vgo de Moncada* : all these Squadrons,

For vessell, numbred are one hundred thirtie,

The sight of Souldiers, Marriners, and Slaues

Twentie nine thousand, eight hundred thirtie three.

Pieces of brasse for battery these,

Six hundred thirtie : adde to these Gallions

Twentie Caruiles, and Saluees ten : which make

The whole *Armada*, eightfcoure lustie saile.

Add to all these your Generals of Armies,

Your Captaines, Ensigne bearers, (which in role,

Are eightfcoure and eleauen) the Voluntaries, ~

With officers and seruants, then the Regiments

That are in pay : to these, all men of orders,

All ministers of iustice ; and to these

Supplies of forces that must second vs,

And last that host of starres which from the Moone

Will fall to guide vs on : these totall vp,

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You shall a hundred thousand swordes behold
Brandish't at once, whose ——— standes
Men will seeme borne with weapons in their handes.

Emp. Goe : cut the salt some with your mooned
keeles,

And let our Galeons feele euen child-birth panges,
Till their great bellies be deliuered
On the soft Faiery shoares : captiue their Queene,
That we may thus take off her crowne, whilst she
Kneeles to these glorious wonders, or be trampled
To death for her contempt : burne, batter, kill,
Blow vp, pull downe, ruine all, let not white haire,
Nor red cheekes blunt your wrath, snatch babes from
breasts,

And when they crie for milke, let them sucke bloud,
Turne all their fieldes to lakes of gellyed goare,
That Sea-men one day sayling by the land
May say, there Faiery kingdome once did stand.

Omn. They shall.

3. *King.* 'Tis done already.

Emp. To be sure

You all are ours, bow and adore the beast,
On whome we ride.

Omn. We fall beneath his feete.

Emp. Be blest, obedience is in sonnes most
sweete,

O strange, to you he stoopes as you before him,
Humility, he bowes whilst you adore him :
To kindle lustie fires in all your bloud,
A health to all, and as our cup goes rownd,
Draw neere, wee leaue you for our chosen flocke :
Who buildes on heartes confirmd, buildes on a rocke :
The seale of heauen ! who on their foreheads weare it,
We choose for counsaile : on their hands who beare it,
We marke for Action : Heere, a health to all.

Omn. Braue health ! to pledge it, see Kings pro-
strate fall. *Kneele.*

Emp. On.

All. On.

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3. *King.* Sing warre thy lowd and loftiest notes.
We winne ; our ships meete none but fisher-boates.

Exeunt.

Enter Paridell and his kinsman.

Pari. What if I shewe you a foundation,
Firme as earthes fixed Center ? a strong warrant,
To strike the head off, an Iniunction
That bids me doo't : A dispensation
For what I doe : A pardon sign'd, that giues
Indulgence plenarie, and full remission
(For any criminall breach of the highest Law)
After 'tis done : nay more, a voice as cleere
As that of Angels, which proclaimes the act,
Good, honourable, meritorious,
Lawfull, and pyous, what if I shew you this ?

Coz. Come, come, you cannot, then let riotous
heires
Beg pattents to kill fathers : graunt but this
Murder may be a faire *Monopoly*,
And Princes stab'd by Acts of parliament :
Who i't dare that thing meritorious call,
Which feindes themselues count diabolicall ?

Pari. Your coldnes makes me wonder : why
should you
Ronne vp to'th necke, from drowning to saue her,
That treads vpon your head, your throat, to sincke
you ?

Coz. Say you should wound me ; should I (in
reuenge)
Murder my selfe ? for what can be the clofe
But death, dishonour ; yea, damnation
To an act so base, nay so impossible.

Pari. Impossible ; the parting of the ayre,
Is not more easy : looke vpon the Court,
Through narrowe fights, and shees the fairest marke,
And soonest hit of any : like the Turke
Shee walkes not with a *Tanisarie-Guard*,
Nor (as the Russian with fowle big-boand slaues.

Strutting on each side with the slicing Axe,
 Like to a payre of hangmen : no, alas :
 Her Courts of *Guard* are Ladies, & (fometimes)
 Shee's in the garden with as small a trayne,
 As is the Sun in heauen : and our Acceffe,
 May then as easy be as that of Clyents,
 To Lawyers out of terme-time.

Coz. Grant all this :

Nay, say the blow were giuen : how would you scape ?

Pari. Oh fir, by water.—

Coz. I but—

Pari. Nay good cozen.—

Coz. You leape as short at safety, as at starres.

By water : why the gates will all be lockt,

Wayters you must haue none.

Pari. Heare me.

Coz. Heare me,

You must not haue a man, and if you kill

With powder, ayre betrayes you.

Pari. Powder ! no fir,

My dagge shall be my dagger : Good sweete Cozen,
 Marke but how smooth my pathes are : looke you fir.

Coz. I haue thought vpon a course.

Pari. Nay, nay, heare mine,

You are my marke, suppose you are my marke,

My leuell is thus lowe, but er'e I rise,

My hand's got vp this hie : the deere being strucke,

The heard that stand about so frighted are,

I shall haue leaue to scape, as does a pirate,

Who hauing made a shot through one more strong,

All in that ship runne to make good the breach,

Whilst th' other failes away. How like you this ?

Coz. As I like paper harnesse.

Pari. Ha, well, pause then :

This bow shall stand vnent, and not an arrow

Be shot at her vntill we take our ayme

In *S. Iagoes* parke ; a rare, rare Altar !

The fitt'st to sacrifice her bloud vpon :

It shall be there : in *S. Iagoes* parke :

Ha coz ! it shall be there : in the meane time,
We may keepe followers (nine or ten a peece)
Without fuspition : numbers may worke wonders ;
The storme being sudden too : for were the guard
A hundred strong about her, looke you fir,
All of vs well appoynted—Cafe of dags
To each man, fee you ? you shoote there, we heere,
Unlesse some spirits put the bullets by,
Ther's no escape for her : say the dags faile,
Then to our swordes.—Come, ther's no mettle in you.

Coz. No mettle in me ? would your warres were
honest,

I quickly would finde Armour: what's the goade
So sharpe, that makes you wildely thus to runne
Vpon your certaine ruine ?

Pari. Goad ? sharp ponyards,
Why should I spare her bloud ?

Coz. She gaue you yours.

Pari. To ha tan'e it had bin tyranny, her owne lips
Confest I strucke her lawes not hard : I ha spent
My youth, and meanes in feruing her : what reape I ?
Wounds (discontents) what giues she me ? good words,
(Sweet meates that rotte the eater :) why, last day
I did but begge of her the maisterhip
Of *Santa Cataryna*, twas denied me.

Coz. She keepes you to a better.

Pari. I tush, thats not all :
My bonds are yonder seald ; And she must fall.

Coz. Well coz, ile hence.

Pari. When shall I see you ?

Coz. Hah.

Soone : very foone : fooner than you expect,
Let me but breath, and what I meane to doe,
I shall resolute you.

Pari. Fare you well.

Coz. Adue.—

Exit.

Tytania, Elfyron, Parthenophil, Parydel, Florimell.

Flor. Newes ; thundring newes sweete Lady :
Enuy, Ambition,

Theft sacrilegious, and base treason, lay
 Their heads and handes together, at one pull
 To heave you from your throne : that mannish woman-
 Diuell,

That lustfull bloudie Queene of *Babylon*,
 Hath (as we gather ripe intelligence)
 Rigd an Armd fleete, which euen now beates the
 waues,

Boasting to make their wombes our Citics graues.

Tyta. Let it come on : our Generall leades about
 them,
 Earth-qaues may kingdomes mooue, but not remooue
 them.

Fideli.

Fid. He yonder, he that plays the fiend at sea,
 The little Captaine that's made all of fire,
 Sweares (Flemming-like) by twenty thousand Diuels,
 If our tongues walke thus, and our feete stand still,
 So many huge ships neere our coasts are come,
 An Oyfter-boate of ours will scarce finde roome.
 He sweares the windes haue got the failles with childe,
 With such big bellies, all the linnen's gone,
 To finde them linnen and in *Babylon*,
 That ther's not one ragge left.

Tyta. Why fwels this fleete?

Fid. Thus they giue out, that you sent forth a
 Drake,

Which from their riuers beate their water-fowle,
 Tore siluer feathers from their fairest Swannes,
 And pluckt the Halcions wings that roue at sea,
 And made their wilde-duckes vnder-water diue,
 So long, that some neuer came vp aliue.
 This Sea-pie *Babylon*, her bug-Beare calles,
 For when her bastards cry, let the nurse cry
 But this, *the Drake comes*, they hush presently,
 For him thei'le cudgell vs : will you ha the troth?
 That scarlet-whore is thirftie and no bloud,
 But yours, and ours (sweete maide) can doe her good.

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Tyta. That drake shal out againe : to counfel
Lords.

Fid. Come, come, short counfell : better get long
fwordes.

Flor. Good Lady dread not you, what ere befall.

Fid. Weel'e die first, yours is the last funeral :

Away, away, away.

Omn. Pofts, pofts, cal messengers, pofts with al
speed. *Exeunt.*

Tyta. How? feare !

Why should white bosomes feare a Tyrants Arme ?

Tyrants may kill vs, but not doe vs harme.

Are we your prifoners that you garde vs thus ?

Exeunt. Manet Paridell.

Stay, and you too, we are alone : when last
We entertaynd your speech (as we remember)
Close traines and dangerous you did discover
To fire which you were praid.

Pari. I was.

Tyta. And yeelded.

Albeit it were against our life.

Pari. Most true :—my reasons.—

Tyta. We forget them not : at that time
Here was but one, (true) but one counseller,
Who stood aloofe, heard nothing ; and though a bloud
Of courser veines then ours, would haue beene stir'd
Into a sea tempestuous to boyle vp,
And drowne the Pilate that durst faile so farre,
Yet of our princely grace (tho twas not fitte,
Nor stood with wisdom) did we silence it.
These heaped fauours, notwithstanding (Doctor)
Tis in our eare : the hammers lie not still,
But that new clubs of iron are forging now,
To bruise our bones, and that your selfe doe knowe,
The very Anuile where they worke.

Pari. I.

Tyta. Heare vs,
Because tis thought some of those worfer spirits,

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And most malignant that at midnight rise
To blast our Faery circles by the Moone,
Are your Familiars.

Pari. Madam.

Tyta. Sir anone.

Thee therefore I coniure (if not by faith,
Oathed allegiance, nor thy conscience,
Perhaps this ranckling vlcerateth them)
Yet by thy hopes of blisse, tell, and tell true,
Who i't must let vs bloud?

Pary. O vnhappy man;

That thou shouldst breathe this long: mirrour of
women,

I open now my brest euen to the heart,
My very foule pants on my lips: none, none,
I know of none.

Tyta. Well; none: rise and take heede,
They are no common droppes when Princes bleede.
What houre is this? does not my larum strike?
This watch goes false.

Pari. This watch goes true.

Tyta. All's naught,——

What houre is this?

Pari. Thy last houre, O heauens, furdur
The worke you haue begun: where art thou heart?

Tyta. Oh we fee't: Doctōr wind vp the wheele,
tis downe.

Pari. Tis downe.

Tita. How now? what strucke thee downe? thy
lookes are wilde:

Why was thine armed hand reard to his height?
What blacke worke art thou doing?

Pari. Of damnation vpon my selfe.

Tita. How?

Pari. Your wordes haue split my heart in thowfand
shiuers,

Heere, heere that stickes which I feare will not out.
Better to die than liue suspected. Had not your
bright eyes

Turnd backe vpon me, I had long ere this
Layen at your feete a bloudie sacrifice.

Tyta. Staind Altars please not vs : why doest thou
weepe ?

Thou mak'st my good thoughts of thee now declyne,
Who loues not his owne blood, will ne're spare mine,
Why doest thou weepe ?

Pari. When on your face I looke,
Me thinks I see those Vertues drawne aliue
Which did in *Elfilyne* the seauenth furuiue,
(Your fathers father, and your grandfather),
And then that you should take me for a serpent
Gnawing the branches of that glorious tree,
The grieve melts euen my foule, O pardon me.

Tita. Contract thy spirits together, be compos'd ;
Take a full man into thee, for beholde
All these blacke cloudes we cleere : looke vp, tis day,
The sunne shines on thee still : weel'e reade : away—

Pari. O matchlesse ; im'e all poyson, and yet she
Turnes all to goodnes by wife tempering me.

Goes off.

Tita. If thou prou'it copper—well ; this makes vs
strong
As towers of flint. All traytors are but waues,
That beate at rockes, their own blowes digge their
graues.

Paridell manet.

Pari. For not dooing am I damde : how are my
spirits
Halde, tortured, and growne wilde ? on leaues eter-
nall
Vowes haue I writ so deepe, so bound them vp,
So texted them in characters capitall,
I cannot race them but I blot my name
Out of the booke of fence : mine oath stands filde
On your court-roles. Then keepe it, vp to heauen
Thy ladder's but thus hie : courage, to kill
Ten men I should not freeze thus : yet her murder

Cannot be named bloud-shed, for her Faicrics
 Are all of faith, and fealty assloyed,
 The balme that her annoynted is washt off,
 Her crowne is now not hers ; vpon the paine
 Of a blacke curse, no more must I obey her.
 I climbe to heauen by this, climbe then and stay her.

Tyta. A tyrants strange, but iust end ! —*Reades.*
 Ran mad for sleepe, and died. Princes that plunge
 Their foules in ranke and godlesse appetites
 Must seeke no rest but in the armes of Sprites.

Pa. Nothing to read ? that (if my nerues should
 shrink

And make mine arme reuolt) I might haue colour
 To vsurp this walke of hers : whats this ? see, see
 An Angel thrusts this iron into my hand,
 My warrant signd from *Babylon* to kill her,
 Endorfed, the last will of *Paridell*. —*Reade.*

** Le concede sua Benedictione, plenaria indulgentia,
 E remissione di tutti li peccati—tutti li peccati—*

** The very wordes of Cardinal Como
 his letter sent to Parry.*

All, all my finnes are paid off, paying this,
 Tis done, tis done, All you blest powers I charme,
 Now, now, knit all your sinewes to this arme.

*As he offers to step to her, he staies sodainly, vpon the
 approach of Fidely, Florimel, Parthenophil, Elfiron, the
 Ladies, a Guard, and the Doctors Cozen.*

Omn. You ha proou'd your selfe a loyall gentle-
 man.

Fid. The hand of Angels guide vs : Shees not
 heere,
 The Queen's kild ; treason : Wenches, raise the
 Court.

Omn. Walke feuerall waies first.

Fid. Waies ; shees murdered : treason.

Tyt. Treason ; a sword. What traytor dare ? who ?
 where ?

Flo. A guard : the damned serpent, see, lurkes
 heere.

Fid. Sure heeres some nest they breed in : paw
him fast

This Woolfe, this Toade (marke, he swelles red with
poyson,)

This learned knaue is sworne to murder thee.

Pari. I defie any man that speakes it.

Fid. Hah :—

Defie this noble, honest gentleman,
Defie him, he shal spit it on thy face,
Thy beard scald Doctor.

Pari. And doest thou betray me? Saist thou so?

Coz. And will seale my speech with bloud.

Pari. My no against his yea ; My no is as good.

Fid. Better, his yeas goe naked, and your noes
Very well clokd : off, come, truth naked goes,
And heres his naked truth.— *Shewes his drawn dagger.*

Tyta. Againe.

Pari. Oh me :—

Now nothing but your mercy me can saue.

Tyta. It must not : Princes that would safely liue,
May grieue at traytors falles but not forgiue.
Let him be sommond to the barre of shame.

Pari. Tis welcome, a blacke life, ends in blacke
fame. *Exit.*

Omn. Away with him.

Earth. Now to the busines,
We haue one foote.

Fid. I, I, looke to the head.
The hangman cures those members.

Tita. What is done ?

Flor. This (sacred Lady :) we with either hand
Have raisde an Armie both by sea and land.
Your goodly ships beare the most royall freight,
That the world owes (true hearts :) their wombes are ful,
Of noble spirits, each man in his face
Shewes a Kings daunting looke, the souldiers stand
So thickly on the decke, so brauely plum'd,
(The Silken streamers wauing or'e their heades)
That (seeing them) you would iudge twere *Pentecost*,
And that the iollie youngsters of your townes,

Had flockt together in gay multitudes,
 For May-games, and for summer merriments,
 They looke so cheerely ; In such little roome
 So many Fairies neuer dwelt at once,
 Neuer so many men were borne so foone,
 The drum that gaue the call, could not be heard
 For iustling armours : ere the call was done,
 It was so ringd about with groues of pikes,
 That when they brake on both sides to giue way,
 The beating of the drum was thunders noife,
 Whilst coates of steele clast so on coates of steele,
 Helmets on helmets that they stricke out fire,
 Which shewd like lightning, or those flames that flie
 From the huge Cyclops-hammer, when they sweate
 To forge *Ioues* thunder : And in such a heate
 With quicknes rush they armed forth, capitaines sware,
 Harneffe was sure the cloathes they daily wore.
 Men faster came to fight then to a feast.

Fid. Nay, women sued to vs they might be prest.

Parth. Old grandams that on crutches beare vp
 age,

Full nimble buckled Armours on their sonnes,
 And when twas on, she clapt him on his backe,
 And spake thus, runne my boye, fight till th'art dead,
 Thy blood can neuer be more brauely shed.

Tita. How are the numbers you haue leui'd ?

Fid. What your sea-forces are, this brieft doth
 speak.

Elf. We haue rais'd double walls to fence your
 land.

The one the bodie of a standing Camp,
 Whose tents by this are pitcht in *Beria*,
 On the shores point, to barre the foe from footing.

Tita. Ouer that Camp at *Beria** we create

* *Tilbury.*

You *Florimell* Lieutenant Generall ;

Elf. The other is to garde your royall perfon.

Tita. Whose charge is yours : the sea *Fideli*, yours.

Elf. The standing camp of horsemen and of foote,

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These numbers fill. Launces 253. Horsemen 769.
Footemen 22000. The mouing Army, which attends
on you,

Is thus made vp : of horsmen & of foote, Launcers 481.
Light horfe-men 1421. Footemen 34050.

Tita. We do not raise our hopes on points of
speares.

A handfull is an host, in a good fight,
Lambes may beate Lions in a warre not right.
The Generall of all armies be our leader,
Be full of courage Lordes as y'are in yeares.
For this be sure wee le not out-lieue our peeres.

Fid. Wee le al lieue, but will first haue them bi'th
eares.

Tyta. Goe on, your conduct be the prosperous
hand,

Make you the sea good, wee le not loofe the land.
Your Queene will to the field, it shall be said,
Once fouldiers to their Captaine had a Maide.

Exeunt.

*Truth and Plaine-dealing leading fouldiers with drum
and colours, Time meeting them.*

Time. You sweate well in this haruest.

Plai. Nay, when we come to binde vp the whore
of *Babilons* Punckes and Pynaces in sheaues, wee le
sweate worfe.

Time. Haue you bestowed the other bandes?

Tru. I haue.

Time. Incorporate this to you then : tis the man-
date

Of your Liefetenant Generall. You fight
In your great Faeries quarrell, and Truthes right,
Stand therefore too't.

Volu. I will haue no woundes on my shoulders,
I scorn to run,

Or to cry out of warlike kybes in the heele.

Time. Goe (thou most God-like maide) & buckle on

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The breast-plates fetcht from thine owne Armoury,
 Let every souldier weare one, on each leader
 Bestowe a guiding-staffe, and a strong shield
 That may as faithfull be to his good sword
 As thou art to his heart : head all the speares
 With gold of Angell-prooffe. Sit like a dove
 Upon the Horsmans helme, and on his face
 Fan with thy siluer winges sweete victorie,
 Goe, beate thy drum, that men may know thy march,
 Spread thine owne colours (*Truth*) so let them shine,
 Souldiers may sweare thei'le follow none but thine.
 Away.

Tru. I flie, swift as the winged windes. *Exit.*

Plai. To day is workiday with me for all I haue
 my best clothes on, what doe you set me to ?

Time. Goe thou and sweepe th' abuses from the
 camp.

Plai. Conscience has left no broomes big enough
 to doe that cleane.

Time. Then purge the tents of all infectious aires.

Plai. Yonder's one infection new broke out, if it
 be not stopt from running, will choake vs all.

Time. Name it, ile minister the remedie.

Plai. Time may do it, this tis : A Broker and his
 wife that dropt out of the Hangmans budget but last
 day, are now eating into the Camp, and are victualers
 to it ; their very Cannes haue hoopes of gold lace
 now, that bangd Captaines Ierkins all o're but yester-
 day : 15. Liefetenants haue eaten vp their buffe Ier-
 kins with cheefe and mustard : Nay this villaine of
 fourescore ith hundred has set vp three Armourers
 shops with harnesse caps, and pewter coates, that are
 linde cleane out with Ale : the Rogue lies euery night
 vpon as many fethers which grew in souldiers hats, as
 will vndooe foure hundred Schoolemasters to hire
 them for their boyes to goe a feasting.

Time. Breede such disorders mongst the souldiers ?

Plai. They swarme like lyce : nay his wife tickles
 it too, for three Muskateeres came but to drinke

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Tabacco in her cabbın, and she fired their flasks and tuch-boxes.

Time. Goe ridde the Camp of these, and al like these.

Plai. If any fouldier fwere ile casheere him too.

Time. You will scarce leaue two in the Army then.

Plai. What shall I doe with those Pyoners yonder?

Ti. You know the ground, lead them to cast vp trenches. Away.

Plai. They are by this time leading one another, for when I left them, I left them all casting, ile now goe see what it comes to. *Exit.*

Time. Ile flie hence to the fleete of *Babylon*.
And from their tacklings and their maine-mast tops,
Time shal shoote vengeance through his bow of Steele,
Wedge-like to split their Nauie to the keele.
Ile cut their Princes downe as blades of grasfe,
As this glasse, so the Babilonian power,
The higher shall runne out to fill the lower. *Exii.*

The Sea fight.

3. *Ki.* The sulphurous *Etna* belcheth on our ships,
Cut Cables, or the whole fleete drownes in fire.

1. *King.* Holla.

2. *King.* Of *Babilon*.

1. *Ki.* What Hulkes ar these, that are on fire?

3. *Ki.* The Diuels : the sea's on fire, the Diuel sure takes Tabacco.

1. *King.* Wher's *Medyna*?

2. *King.* Clofe vnder hatches, dares not shew his head.

3. *King.* Damnation on such liuerd Generals.
Wher's braue *Recalde*?

2. *King.* Who?

3. *King.* Our Admiral :

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The Admirall of our Nauy, wife *Recalde*.

2. *King*. Our flowte and braue *Recalde* keepes his bed.

3. *King*. All poxes fire him out ; *Pedro de Valdes* Hauing about him 50. Canons throates, Stretch wide to barke is boarded, taken.

2. *King*. Taken ?

3. *King*. Without resistance : *Pyementelly* funken, *Oquendo* burnt, *Monçada* drown'd or slaine.

1. *King*. The ship of all our medicaments is lost.

3. *King*. Dogges eate our medicaments, such are our woundes

We more shall Sextons neede than Surgeons.

2. *King*. What course is best ?

3. *King*. The best to get the day,
Is to hoife sayles vp, and away.

Omn. Away, away, hoife failes vp and away.

3. *King*. A world of men and wealth lost in one day. *Exeunt.*

Florimell followed by Captaines, Marriners and Gunners with Linstockes.

Flor. Shoot, shoot, they anfwer ; braue : more
Linstocks : shoot :

This stratagem dropt downe from heauen in fire.

Om. Board, board, hoyfe more failes vp, they flie,
shoot, Shoot. *Exeunt.*

Titania in the Camp.

Tita. We neuer held a royal Court till now :
(Warriours) would it not seeme most glorious,
To haue Embassadors to greete vs thus ?
Our chaire of state, a drum : for sumptuous robes
Ruffling about vs, heads cas'd vp in globes
Of bright reflecting steele : for reuellers
(Treading soft measures) marching souldiers.
Trust me, I like the martiall life life so well,

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I could change Courts to campos, in fieldes to dwell.
Tis a braue life : Me thinkes it best becomes
A Prince to march thus, betweene guns and
drummes.

My fellow fouldiers I dare sweare you'll fight,
To the last man, your Captaine being in fight.
Volu. To the last least mans little finger.

They shote. A peale goes off.

Fid. What flames through all our blood your
breath inspires.

Tita. For that we come not : no breft heere wants
fires.

Twas kindled in their cradles, strength, courage,
zeale,

Meete in each bosome like a three-fold flood,
We come with yours to venture our owne blood.
For you and we are fellowes ; thus appeares it,
The fouldier keeps the crowne on, the prince weares it.
Of all men you we hold the most most deere,
But for a fouldier I had not beene heere.

Fid. Doe not their gunnes offend you ?

Tita. How ? we are tried,
Wh' im'e borne a fouldier by the fathers side.
The Cannon (thunders Zany) playes to vs,
Soft musikes tunes, and more mellodious :
And me more rarely like, becaufe all these,
That now can speake the language of sterne warre,
Could not speake fwords, or guns, nay scarce could go,
Nay were not borne, but like to new sowne graine
Lay hid i'th mold, when we went to be crown'd,
Tho' now th'are tall corne fields, couering the
ground.

Plaine Dealing.

Plai. Roome, roome, newes, newes, the youngest

newes that euer was brought forth amonst men at Armes : a woman (sweete mistress) is brought to bed of a man childe it'h Camp : a boy that lookes as if he would shoote off already : the bed they haue swaddled him in, is the peece of an old torne Ancient : his blankets are two souldiers Mandilions : his cradle is the hollow backe-peece of a ruslie Armour : his head lies in a Murren thats quilted to keepe him warme, the first thing that euer he laid hold on, was a truncheon, on which a Captaine leand to looke vpon him, hee'le bee a warriour I warrant. A Can of beere is fet to his mouth already, yet I doubt hee'le prooue but a victualer to the Camp : A notable fat double-chind bulchin.

Tyta. A child borne in our Camp ! goe giue him fame,

Let him be *Beria* cald, by the Campes name.

Plai. Thats his name then : *Beria* ; in fleede of a Midwife, a Captaine shall beare him to the Fount, and if there be any women to followe it, they shal either traile pikes, or shoote in Caliuers ; who would sweate thus to get goffips for an other mans child ? but fathers themselues are guld so sometimes, farewell mistress.

Exit.

Time, Florimell, Captaines, Souldiers.

Tita. With roses vs you crowne, your selfe with palme.

Flor. Had we al woundes, your words are foueraigne balme.

Tyta. Are those clowds sperft that stroue to dimme our light ?

Flor. And driuen into the gloomie caues of night.

Gyta. Our handes be heau'd vp for it.

Time. Theres good cause,
We're bownd to doe so by the higher lawes.

Those roaring Whales came with deuouring wombes
To swallow vp your kingdomes : foolish heires ;
When halfe of them scarce knew where it did stand,
Vnder what *Zenith*, did they share your land.
At dice they plaid for *Faeries* ; at each cast
A Knight at least was lost : what doe you set ?
This Knight cries one (and names him) no, a Lord
Or none, tis done, he throwes and sweepes the
bord,

His hatte is full of Lords vp to the brimme,
The sea threw next at all, won all and him,
Would you these Gamesters see now ?

Fid. See now ? where ?

They'll scarce see vs, the last fight cost so deere.

Ti. Bid you me do it, tis done, Time takes such
pride,

To waite on you, heele lackie by your side.
Those daies of their Arriual, battaile, flight,
And ignominious shipwrackes (like lost Arrowes)
Are out of reach : of them the world receaues
But what Times booke shewes turning back the
leaues.

But if you'll see this *Concubine* of Kinges,
In her maiesticke madnes with her sonnes,
That houre is now but numbring out in sand,
These minutes are not yet run through Times hand.
For you and for your Faeries sweete delight
Time shall doe this.

Zyta. Twil be a glorious fight.

Time. Vnseene you shall both see and heare these
wonders.

On the Greene Mount of *Trueth* : let the Armie
moue,

And meete you in the vale of *Oberon*,
Your captiues are sent thither : quicke as thought
You shall flie hence vpon my actiue winges,
Time at one instant sees all Courts of Kings.

Exeunt.

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*Time descending : Enter the Empreffe, three Kings,
and foure Cardinals.*

Emp. Hence : fting me not : y'are Scorpions to
my brest,

Diseafes to my bloud : he dies that fpeakes.

3. *King.* Y'are madde.

Ambo. Y'are madde.

4. *Card.* ô falles not heauen !

Emp. Be filent :

Be damned for your fpeech : as y'are for A&T,

You are all blacke and clofe confpirators

In our difgrace.

3. *King.* You lie :

4. *Card.* O horrible !

3. *King.* You Raue yet know not why.

Emp. Thou faift all's loft.

3. *King.* Drownd, burnt, fplit vpon rockes, caft
ouer bord,

Throaties cut by Kernes, whose haire like elfe-lockes
hang.

2. *King.* One of thofe flamrock-eaters at one
breakefast,

Slit fourefcore wezand-pipes of ours.

1. *King.* Of yours.

Oquendo burnt, *Piementelli* Slaine,

Pedro de Valdes tane.

1. *Card.* Could dwarfes beate Gyants ?

3. *King.* In one day fell 500. Galleons 15.

Drownd at the fame time ; or which was worfer
taken,

The fame day made 1000. prifoners.

Yet not a cherry ftone of theirs was funke.

Not a man flaine nor tane, nor drownd.

Emp. O damnd !

3. *King.* Two with two fpit-frog Rapiers tooke a
Galleon.

Com. O pittie her.

3. *K.* Let her tafte al.

Emp. Fall thunder,
And wedge me into earth, fissue as I am :
So I may be but deafe, turne me into
A speckled Adder : O you Mountaines fall,
And couer me, that of me, memory
May neuer more be found.

4. *Card.* O holy mother !

Emp. Earth, lie sucke all thy venome to my
brest,
It cannot hurt me so as doe my sonnes,
My disobedient, desperate, damned sonnes,
My heauy curse shall strike you.

Com. Oh kneele downe !

Kneele downe and begge a pardon, least her curse.—
1. *King.* I thats the blocke, wee must kneele, or
doe worfe.

Com. Lift vp your sacred head : your children
come,
Vpon their knees to take a mothers doome.

Emp. O *Syrian Panthers* ! you spend breath most
sweete,
But you are spotted or'e, from head to feete,
This neck ile yoke,—this throate a staires ile make,
By which ile climbe—like stubble thou shalt burne,
In my hot vengeance.

2. *King.* Vengeance I defie.

I shall fall from thee, since thou makst my brest
Thy scorne, true Kings such basenes will detest.
Electors will I call, and they shall make thee,
But seruant of mine Empire : they shall thrust
A ring into thy nostrils.

Emp. Come let me kisse thy cheeke : I did but
iest.

Tyta. Marke : those that most adore her, most are
flau'd,
She neuer does grow base, but when shees brau'd :

3. *King.* You seeme still angry.

Emp. No, yes : leade the way,

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Neuer was day to me thus *Tragicall*,
Great *Babylon* thus lowe did neuer fall.

Tita. Thankes *Time* for this; lanch forth to
Oberons vayle

We are neere shore : your hands to strike our faile.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

VVEST-VVARD

H O E.

*As it hath beene diuers times Acted
by the Children of Paules.*

Written by Tho: Decker, and
Iohn Webster.



Printed at London, and to be sold by Iohn Hodgets
dwelling in Paules Churchyard.

x 6 o 7.



VVEST-VVARD HOE

SCÆNE LONDON.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Taylour.

B*irdlime.* Stay Taylour, This is the Housfe, pray thee looke the gowne be not ruffled: as for the Iewels and Pretious Stones, I know where to finde them ready presently. Shee that must weare this gowne if she wil receiue it, is Maister *Iustinianos* wife (the *Italian* Marchant) my good old Lord and Maister, that hath beene a Tylter this twenty yeere, hath sent it. Mum Taylor, you are a kinde of Bawd. Taylor, if this Gentlewomans Husband should chaunce to bee in the way now, you shall tell him that I keepe a Hot-house in Gunpowder Ally (neere crouched Fryers) and that I haue brought home his wiues foule Linnen, and to colour my knauery the better, I haue heere three or foure kindes of complexion, which I will make shewe of to sell vnto her: the young Gentlewoman hath a good Citty wit, I can tell you, shee hath red in the Italian Courtyer, that it is a speciall ornament to gentlewomen to haue skill in painting.

Taylour. Is my Lord acquainted with her?

Bird. O, I.

Taylor. Faith Mistris *Birdlime* I doe not com-

mend my Lordes choyce so well : now me thinkes he were better to set vp a Dairy, and to keepe halfe a score of lusty wholesome honest Countrey Wenches.

Bird. Honest Countrey Wenches, in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple vertue ?

Tay. Or to loue some Lady, there were equality and coherence.

Bir. Taylor, you talk like an affe, I tel thee ther is equality inough betweene a Lady and a Citty dame, if their haire be but of a colour : name you any one thing that your cittizens wife coms short of to your Lady. They haue as pure Linnen, as choyce painting, loue greene Geefe in spring, Mallard and Teale in the fall, and Woodcocke in winter. Your Cittizens wife learnes nothing but fopperies of your Ladie, but your Lady or Iustice-a-peace Madam, carries high wit from the Citty, namely, to receiue all and pay all : to awe their Husbands, to check their Husbands, to controule their husbands ; nay, they haue the tricke ont to be sick for a new gowne, or a Carcanet, or a Diamond, or so : and I wis this is better wit, then to learne how to weare a Scotch Farthingale : nay more.

Enter Prentise.

Heere comes one of the seruants : you remember Taylor that I am deafe : obserue that.

Taylor. I thou art in that like one of our young Gullies, that will not vnderstand any wrong is done him, becaufe hee dares not answer it.

Bird. By your leaue Batcheller : is the gentlewoman your Mistris stirring ?

Prent. Yes she is moouing.

Bird. What sayes he ?

Taylor. Shee is vp.

Bird. Wheres the Gentleman your Maister, pray you ?

Per. Wher many women desire to haue their husbands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thicke of hearing.

Prent. Why abroad? you smell of the Bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her heres an olde Gentlewoman would speake with her.

Prent. So.

Tay. What, will you be deafe to the gentlewoman when shee comes to?

Berd. O no, shees acquainted well inough with my knauery.

Enter the Marchants Wife.

She comes.

How do you sweet Ladie?

Ma. Wife. Lady.

Bird. By Gods me I hope to call you Lady eare you dye, what mistris do you sleepe well on nights.

M. Wife. Sleepe, I as quietly as a Clyent hauing great buinesse with Lawyers.

Bir. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good Lord and maister hath sent you a veluet gowne heare: doe you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantastick trimming, I would God you would say it by my troth. I dreamt last night, you lookt so prettily, so sweetly, me thought so like the wisest Lady of them al, in a veluet gowne.

M. Wife. Whats the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty stuffe, I know not the name of your forepart, but tis of a haire colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, beeing so well brought vp, hauing so great a portion to my marriage, to match so vnluckily? Why my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparell, well, I shall vndergoe a strange report in leauing my husband.

Bird. Tush, if you respect your credit, neuer thinke of that, for beauty couets rich apparell, choyce dyet, excellent Physicke. No German Clock nor Mathematicall Ingen whatsoeuer, requires so much reparation as a womans face: and what meanes hath your Husband to allow sweet Doctor Glister-pipe, his pension. I haue heard that you haue threecore

Smocks, that cost three poundes a Smocke, will these smockes euer hold out with your husband? no, your linnen and your apparell must turne ouer a new lease I can tell you.

Tay. O admirable Bawd? O excellent *Birdlime*?

Bird. I haue heard he loued you before you were married intyrelly, what of that? I haue euer found it most true in myne owne experyence, that they which are most violent dotards before their marryage are most voluntary Cuckoldes after. Many are honest, either because they haue not means, or because they haue not opportunity to be dishonest, and this Italian your Husbands Countryman, holdes it impossible any of their Ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the vttermoſt vse of their beauty, will you be a foole then?

M. Wife. Thou do'st perswade me to Ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peeuiſh, how long will you holde out thinke you, not so long as *Oftend*.

Enter Iuſtiniano the Marchant.

Paſſion 'of me, your husband? Remember that I am deafe, and that I come to sell you complexion: truly Miſtris I will deale very reaſonably with you.

Iuſt. What are you? Say ye?

Bird. I forſooth.

Iuſt. What my most happy wife?

Ma. Wife. Why your Iealiouſie?

Iuſt. Iealiouſie: in faith I do not feare to looſe that I haue loſt already: What are you?

Bird. Pleaſe your good worſhip I am a poor Gentlewoman, that caſt away my ſelfe vppon an vn-thrifty Captaine, that liues now in Ireland, I am faine to picke out a poore liuing with ſelling complexion, to keepe the frailty (as they ſay) honeſt.

Iuſti. Whats he? complexion to? you are a bawd.

Bird. I thanke your good worſhip for it.

Iuſt. Do not I know theſe tricks,

That which thou makest a colour for thy sinne,
Hath beene thy first vndoing? painting, painting.

Bird. I haue of all forts forsooth? Heere is the burned powder of a Hogs Iaw-bone, to be laide with the Oyle of white Poppy, an excellent *Fucus* to kill Morpew, weede out Freckles, and a most excellent ground-worke for painting; Heere is *Ginimony* likewise burnt, and puluerized, to be mingled with the iuyce of Lymmons, sublimite Mercury, and two spoonefuls of the flowers of Brimstone, a most excellent receite to cure the flushing in the face.

Iust. Doe you heare, if you haue any businesse to dispatch with that deafe goodnesse there, pray you take leaue: opportunity, that which most of you long for (though you neuer bee with Child) opportunity? Ile finde some idle businesse in the mean time, I wil, I will in truth, you shall not neede feare me, or you may speake French, most of your kinds can vnderstand French: god buy you.

Being certaine thou art false: sleepe, sleepe my braine,
For doubt was onely that, which fed my paine.

Exit Iust.

Ma. Wife. You see what a hel I liue in, I am resolu'd to leaue him.

Bird. O the most fortunat Gentlewoman, that will be so wife, and so, so prouident, the *Caroche* shall come.

M. Wife. At what houre?

Bird. Iust when women & vintners are a cuniuring at midnight. O the entertainment my Lord will make you, sweet Wines, lusty dyet, perfumed linnen, soft beds, O most fortunat Gentlewoman.

Enter Iustliniano.

Iust. Haue you done? haue you dispatch? tis well, and in troth what was the motion?

M. Wife. Motion, what motion?

Iust. Motion, why like the motion in law, that staies for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing. Come lets not haue Aprill in your eyes I pray you,

it shewes a wanton month followes your weeping? Loue a woman for her teares? Let a man loue Oifters for their water, for women though they shoulde weepe licour enough to serue a Dyer, or a Brewer, yet they may bee as stale as Wenches, that trauaile euery second tyde betweene Graues ende, and Billinggate.

Ma. Wife. This madnesse shewes very well.

Iust. Why looke you, I am wonderous merry, can any man discern by my face, that I am a Cuckold? I haue known many suspected for men of this misfortune; when they haue walkt thorow the streetes, weare their hats ore their eye-browes, like pollitick penthouses, which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam. His cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had lost his beard in Aprill, and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as tis rare to meete a Cuckold) hee duckes at the penthouses, like an Antient that dares not flourish at the oath taking of the *Pretor*, for feare of the signe-posts? Wife, wife, do I any of these? Come what newes from his Lordship? has not his Lordships vertue once gone against the haire, and coueted corners.

M. Wife. Sir, by my soule I will be plaine with you.

Iust. Except the forehead deere wife, except the forehead.

Ma. Wife. The Gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my loue, and hath receiued from me most chaste denials.

Iust. I, I, prouoking resistance, tis as if you come to buy wares in the City, bid money fort, your Mercer, or Goldsmith sayes, truly I cannot take it, lets his customer passe his stall; next, nay perhaps two, or three, but if he finde he is not prone to returne of himselfe, he calls him backe, and backe, and takes his money: so you my deere wife, (O the pollicy of women, and Tradsmen: theile bite at any thing.)

M. Wife. What would you haue me do ? all your plate and most part of your Iewels are at pawne, besides I heare you haue made ouer all your estate to men in the Towne heer ? What would you haue me do ? would you haue mee turne common finner, or sell my apparell to my waistcoat and become a Landresse ?

Iust. No Landresse deere wife, though your credit would goe farre with Gentlemen for taking vp of Linnen : no Landresse ?

M. Wife. Come, come, I will speake as my misfortune prompts me, Iealioufie hath vndone many a Cittizen, it hath vndone you, and me. You married me from the seruice of an honorable Lady, and you knew what matches I mought haue had, what woulde you haue me to do ? I would I had neuer seene your eies, your eies.

Iust. Very good, very good.

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your conforting your selfe with Noble men, your building a summer house hath vndone vs, hath vndoone vs ? What would you haue me doe ?

Iusti. Any thing : I haue sold my House, and the wares int : I am going for Stoad next tide, what will you do now wife ?

Ma. Wife. Haue you indeed ?

Iust. I by this light als one, I haue done as some Cittizens at thirty, and most heires at three and twenty, made all away, why doe you not aske me now what you shall do ?

Ma. Wife. I haue no counsell in your voiage, neither shall you haue any in mine.

Iust. To his Lordship : wil you not wife ?

Ma. Wife. Euen whether my misfortune leades me.

Iusti. Goe, no longer will I make my care thy prison.

M. Wife. O my fate ; well sir, you shall answere for this sinne which you force mee to ; fare you well, let not

the world condemne me, if I seeke for mine owne maintenance.

Iust. So, so.

M. Wife. Do not send me any letters; do not seeke any reconciliation. By this light Ile receiue none, if you will send mee my apparell so, if not choose, I hope we shall neare meet more. *Exit Ma. Wife.*

Iusti. So farewell the acquaintance of all the mad Deuils that haunt Iealioufie, why should a man bee such an affe to play the antick for his wiues appetite? Imagine that I, or any other great man haue on a velvet Night-cap, and put case that this night-cap be to little for my eares or forehead, can any man tell mee where my Night-cap wringes me, except I be such an affe to proclaime it? Well, I do play the foole with my misfortune very handsomly. I am glad that I am certaine of my wiues dishonesty: for a secret strumpet, is like mines prepar'd to ruine goodly buildings. Farewel my care, I haue told my wife I am going for Stoad: thats not my course, for I resolute to take some shape vpon me, and to liue disguised heere in the City; they say for one Cuckolde to knowe that his friend is in the like head-ake, and to giue him counsell, is as if there were two partners, the one to bee arrested, the other to baile him: my estate is made ouer to my friends, that doe verily beleeeue, I meane to leaue England. Haue amongst you City dames? You that are indeede the fittest, and most proper persons for a Comedy, nor let the world lay any imputation vpon my disguise, for Court, City, and Countrey, are meerely as maskes one to the other, enui'd of some, laught at of others, and so to my comicall businesse. *Exit Iustiniano.*

Enter Maister Tenterhooke, his Wife, Maister Monopoly, a Scriuener and a Casheire.

Ten. Moll.

Moll. What would hart?

Tenter. Wheres my *Casheire*, are the fummess right?
Are the bonds seald?

Seruant. Yea sir.

Tent. Will you haue the bags seald?

Mono. O no sir, I must disburs instantly: we that be Courtyers haue more places to fend mony to, then the diuell hath to fend his spirits: theres a great deale of light gold.

Tent. O sir, twill away in play, and you will stay till to morrow you shall haue it all in new foure-raignes.

Mony. No, in-troth tis no matter, twill away in play, let me see the bond? let me see when this mony is to bee paid? the tenth of August. The first day that I must tender this mony, is the first of Dog-daies.

Scriue. I feare twill be hot staying for you in London then.

Tnt. Scriuener, take home the bond with you. Will you stay to dinner sir? Haue you any Partridge Moll?

Moll. No in-troth hart, but an excellent pickeld Goose, a new seruice: pray you stay.

Mono. Sooth I cannot: by this light I am so infinitely, so vnboundably beholding to you?

Tent. Well *Signior*, Ile leaue you; My cloake there?

Moll. When will you come home hart?

Tent. Introth felse I know not, a friend of yours and mine hath broke.

Moll. Who sir?

Tent. Maister *Iustiniano* the *Italian*.

Moll. Broke sir.

Tent. Yea footh, I was offred forty yesterday vpon the Exchange, to assure a hundred.

Moll. By my troth I am forry,

Tent. And his wife is gone to the party.

Mol. Gone to the party? O wicked creature?

Tent. Farewell good maister *Monopoly*, I pre-thee visit mee often. *Exit Tenter.*

Mono. Little Moll, fend away the fellow?

Moll. Phill. Phillip.

Servant. Heere forfooth.

Moll. Go into Bucklers-bury and fetch me two ounces of preferued *Melounes*, looke there be no Tobacco taken in the shoppe when he weighes it.

Ser. I forfooth.

Mono. What doe you eate preferued Melounes for Moll?

Moll. In troth for the shaking of the hart, I haue heere sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earth-quake (as it were.)

Mono. Doe you heare, let your man carry home my mony to the ordinary, and lay it in my Chamber, but let him not tell my host that it is mony: I owe him but forty pound, and the Rogue is hasty, he will follow me when he thinks I haue mony, and pry into me as Crowes perch vpon Carion, and when he hath found it out, prey vpon me as Heraldes do vpon Funerals.

Mol. Come, come, you owe much mony in Towne: when you haue forfeited your bond, I shall neare see you more?

Mono. You are a Monky, Ile pay him for's day: Ile see you to morrow to.

Moll. By my troth I loue you very honestly, you were neuer the gentleman offred any vnciuility to me, which is strange methinks in one that comes from beyond Seas, would I had giuen a Thousand pound I could not loue thee so.

Mono. Do you heare, you shall faine some scuruy dysfeafe or other, and go to the Bath next spring.

Enter Mistris Honifuckle, and Mistris Wafer.

Ile meete you there.

Hony. By your leaue sweet mistris Tenterhooke.

Mol. O, how dost partner?

Mono. Gentlewomen I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips, should set me going: good mistress *Honifuckle*, good mistress *Wafer*, good mistress *Tenterhooke*, I will pray for you, that neither riualshippe in loues, purenesse of painting, or riding out of town, not acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beautyes do fall out, and raile one vpon another.

Wafer. Raile sir, we do not vse to raile.

Mono. Why mistress, railing is your mother tongue as well as lying.

Hony. But, do you thinke we can fall out?

Mono. In troth beauties (as one spake seriously) that there was no inheritance in the amity of Princes, so thinke I of Women, too often interviewes amongst women, as amongst Princes, breeds enuy oft to others fortune, there is only in the amity of women an estate for will, and every puny knowes that is no certaine inheritance.

Wafer. You are merry sir.

Mono. So may I leaue you most fortunat gentlewoman. *Exit.*

Moll. Loue shoots heare.

Waf. *Tenterhooke*, what Gentleman is that gon out, is he a man?

Hony. O God and an excellent Trumpetter, He came lately from the vniuersity, and loues City dames only for their victuals, he hath an excellent trick 'to keepe Lobsters and Crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a deuise to prolong the dayes of shel-fish, for which I do suspect he hath beene Clarke to some Noblemans kitchen. I haue heard he neuer loues any Wenche, tell shew bee as stale as Frenchmen eate their wilde foule, I shall anger her.

Mol. How stale good Mistress nimble-wit?

Hony. Why as stale as a Country Ostes, an Exchange Sempster, or a Court Landresse.

Mol. He is your cousin, how your tongue runs?

Hony. Talke and make a noife, no matter to what purpofe, I haue learn'd that with going to puritan Lectures. I was yefterday at a banquet, wil you difcharge my ruffes of fome wafers, and how doth thy husband *Waf*er?

Waf. Faith very well.

Hony. He is iuft like a Torchbearer to Maskers, he wears good cloathes, and is rankt in good company, but he doth nothing : thou art faine to take al, and pay all.

Mol. The more happy ſhe, would I could make ſuch an aſſe of my husband to. I heare ſay he breeds thy childe in his teeth euerie yeare.

Waf. In faith he doth.

Hony. By my troth tis pittie but the foole ſhoulde haue the other two paines incident to the head.

Waf. What are they?

Hony. Why the head-ake and horne-ake.
I heard ſay that he would haue had thee nurſt thy Childe thy ſelfe to.

Waf. That he would truely.

Hony. Why theres the policy of husbands to keepe their Wiues in. I doe affure you if a VVoman of any markeable face in the Worlde giue her Childe fucke, looke how many wrinckles be in the Nipple of her breaſt, ſo many will bee in her forheade by that time twelue moneth : but firra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent ſecret : we two learne to write.

Mol. To write?

Hony. Yes beleeeue it, and wee haue the fineſt Schoole maſter, a kind of Precision, and yet an honeſt knaue to : by my troth if thou beeſt a good wench let him teach thee, thou mayſt ſend him of any arrant, and truſt him with any ſecret ; nay, to ſee how demurely he will beare himſelfe before our husbands, and how iocond when their backes are turn'd.

Mol. For Gods loue let me ſee him.

Waf. To morrow weele ſend him to thee : til then

sweet Tenterhook we leaue thee, wishing thou maist haue the fortune to change thy name often.

Mol. How? change my name?

Waf. I, for theeues and widdowes loue to shifft many names, and make sweet vse of it to.

Mol. O you are a wag indeed. Good *Waser* remember my school master. Farewel good *Honyfuckle*.

Hony. Farewel *Tenterhooke*.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus Scæna Prima.

Enter Boniface a prentice brushing his Maisters cloake and Cappe. finging.

Enter Master Honifuckle in his night-cap trussing himselfe.

Hony. *Boniface*, make an ende of my cloake and Cap.

Bon. I haue dispatch em Sir: both of them lye flat at your mercie.

Hony. Fore-god me thinkes my ioynts are nimble euery Morning since I came ouer then they were before. In France when I rise, I was so stiffe, and so starke, I would ha fworne my Legs had beene wodden pegs: a Constable new chosen kept not such a peripateticall gate: But now I'me as Lymber as an Antiant that has flourish in the raine, and as Actiue as a Norfolk tumbler.

Bon. You may see, what change of pasture is able to doe.

Hony. It makes fat Calues in *Rummy Marsh*, and leane knaues in *London*: therefore *Boniface* keepe your ground: Gods my pittie, my forehead has more cromptles, then the back part of a counsellors gowne, when another rides vppon his necke at the barre:

Boniface take my helmet: giue your mistress my night-cap. Are my Antlers swolne so big, that my biggen pinches my browes. So, request her to make my head-piece a little wyder.

Bon. How much wider fir.

Hony. I can allow her almost an ynch: go, tell her so, very neere an inch.

Bon. If she bee a right Cittizens wife, now her Husband has giuen her an inch, sheele take an ell, or a yard at least. *Exit.*

Enter Signior Iustिनiano the Merchant, like a wryting Mechanicall Pedant.

Hony. Maister *Parentthesis*! *Salue, Salue Domine.*

Iusti. *Salue tu quoq.: Iubeo te saluere plurimum.*

Hon. No more *Plurimums* if you loue me, lattin whole-meates are nowe minc'd, and serude in for English Gallimaufries: Let vs therefore cut out our vp-landish Neates tongues, and talke like regenerate *Brittains*.

Iust. Your worship is welcome to England: I powrd out Orifons for your arriuall.

Hony. Thanks good maister *Parentthesis*: and *Que nouelles*: what newes flutters abroad? doe lack-dawes dung the top of Paules Steeple still.

Iusti. The more is the pitty, if any dawes do come into the temple, as I feare they do.

Hony. They say *Charing-crosse* is falne downe, since I went to *Rochell*: but thats no such wonder, twas old, and flood awry (as most part of the world can tel.) And tho it lack vnder-propping, yet (like great fellowes at a wraftling) when their heeles are once flying vppe, no man will saue em; downe they fall, and there let them lye, tho they were bigger then the Guard: *Charing-crosse* was olde, and old thinges must shrinke aswell as new Northern cloth.

Iust. Your worship is in the right way verily : they must so, but a number of better things between Westminster bridge and temple barre both of a worshipfull, and honorable erection, are false to decay, and haue suffered putrification, since *Charing* fell, that were not of halfe so long standing as the poore wry-neckt Monument.

Hony. Whose within there ? One of you call vp your mistress ! tell her heeres her wryting Schoolemaster. I had not thought master *Parenthesis* you had bin such an early stirrer.

Iust. Sir, your vulgar and foure-peny-pen-men, that like your London Sempsters keepe open shop, and ell learning by retaile, may keepe their beds, and lie at their pleasure : But we that edifie in priuate, and traffick by whole sale, must be vp with the lark, because like Country Attornies, wee are to shuffle vp many matters in a for-enoone. Certes maister *Honifuckle*, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please al those that come vnder my fingers : for it is my duty and function, *Perdy*, to be feruent in my vocation.

Ho. Your hand : I am glad our City has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it : we lacke painfull and expert pen-men amongst vs. Maister *Parenthesis* you teach many of our Merchants sir, do you not ?

Iust. Both Wiues, Maides, and Daughters : and I thanke God, the very worst of them lye by very good mens sides : I picke out a poore liuing amongst em : and I am thankefull for it.

Ho. Trust me I am not sorry : how long haue you exercizd this quality ?

Iust. Come Michaell-tide next, this thirteene yeare.

Ho. And how does my wife profit vnder you sir ? hope you to do any good vpon her.

Iust. Maister *Honifuckle* I am in great hope shee shall fructify : I will do my best for my part : I can do no more then another man can.

Hony. Pray fir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing.

Iust. So far as my poore tallent can stretch, It shall not be hidden from her.

Hony. Does she hold her pen well yet ?

Iust. She leanes somewhat too hard vppon her pen yet fir, but praetise and animaduersion will breake her from that.

Hony. Then she grubs her pen.

Iust. Its but my paines to mend the neb agen.

Hony. And where abouts is shee now maister *Parenthesis* ? Shee was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.

Iust. Truly fir she tooke her letters very suddenly : and is now in her Minoms.

Hony. I would she were in her Crotchets too maister *Parenthesis* : ha-ha, I must talke merily fir.

Iust. Sir so long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility, tis not vnfit for your calling : I trust ere few daies bee at an end to haue her fal to her ioyning : for she has her letters *ad vnguem* : her A. her great B. and her great C. very right D. and E. dilicate : hir double F. of a good length, but that it straddels a little to wyde : at the G. very cunning.

Hony. Her H. is full like mine : a goodly big H.

Iust. But her double LL. is wel : her O. of a reasonable Size : at her p. and q. neither Marchantes Daughter, Aldermans Wife, young countrey Gentlewoman, nor Courtiers Mistris, can match her.

Hony. And how her v.

Iust. You fir, She fetches vp you best of al ; her fingle you she can fashion two or three waies : but her double you, is as I would wish it.

Ho. And faith who takes it faster ; my wife, or mistris *Tenterhook* ?

Iust. Oh ! Your wife, by ods : sheele take more in one hower, then I can fasten either vpon mistris *Ten-*

terhooke, or *mis*tris *Wafer*, or *Mis*tris *Flapdragon* (the *Brewers* wife) in three.

Enter Iudyth, Honyfuckle his wife.

Hony. Do not thy cheekes burne sweete chuckaby, for wee are talking of thee.

Iud. No goodneffe I warrant : you haue few Cittizens speake well of their wiues behind their backs : but to their faces theile cog worfe and be more suppliant, then Clyents that sue in *forma paper* : how does my maister ? troth I am a very trewant : haue you your *Ruler* about you maister ? for look you, I go cleane awry.

Iusti. A small fault : most of my schollers do so : looke you sir, do not you thinke your wife will mend : marke her dashes, & her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings ?

Hony. She knowes what I haue promist her if shee doe mende : nay by my fay *Iude*, this is well, if you would not flie out thus, but keepe your line.

Iud. I shal in time when my hand is in : haue you a new pen for mee Maister, for by my truly, my old one is stark naught, and wil cast no inck : whether are you going lamb ?

Hony. To the Custome-houfe : to the Change, to my VVare-houfe, to diuers places.

Iud. Good *Cole* tarry not past eleuen, for you turne my stomak then from my dinner.

Hony. I wil make more hast home, then a Stipendary Swizzer does after hees paid, fare you well Maister *Parentheses*.

Iud. I am so troubled with the rheume too : Moufe whats good fort ?

Hony. How often haue I tolde you, you must get a patch. I must hence. *Exit.*

Iud. I thinke when all's done, I must follow his counsell, and take a patch, I haue had one long ere this, but for diffiguring my face : yet I had noted that

a masticke patch vpon some womens Temples, hath bin the very rheuwme of beauty.

Iust. Is he departed? Is old *Nellor* marcht into Troy?

Iud. Yes you mad Greeke: the Gentlemans gone.

Iust. Why then clap vp copy-bookes: downe with pens, hang vp inckhornes, and now my sweete *Honifuckle*, see what golden-winged Bee from *Hybla*, flies humming, with *Crura thymo plena*, which he wil empty in the Hiue of your bosome.

Iud. From whom.

Iust. At the skirte of that sheete in blacke worke is wrought hys name, breake not vp the wildfoule, till anon, and then feed vpon him in priuate: theres other irons i'th fire: more fackes are comming to the Mill. O you sweet temptations of the fonnnes of *Adam*, I commende you, extol you, magnifie you: Were I a Poet by *Hipocrene* I sweare, (which was a certaine VVell where all the Muses watred) and by *Pernassus* eke I sweare, I would rime you to death with praises, for that you can bee content to lye with olde men all night for their mony, and walk to your gardens with yong men i'th day time for your pleasure: Oh you delicat damnations: you do but as I wud do: were I the proprest, sweetest, plumpest, Cherry-cheekt, Corral-lipt woman in a kingdome, I would not daunce after one mans pipe.

Iud. And why?

Iust. Especially after an old mans.

Iud. And why, pray!

Iust. Especially after an old Citizens.

Iud. Still, and why.

Iust. Marry becaufe the Suburbes, and those without the bars, haue more priuiledge then they within the freedome: what need one woman doate vpon one Man? Or one man be mad like *Orlando* for one woman.

Iud. Troth tis true, considering how much flesh is in euery Shambles.

Iust. Why should I long to eate of Bakers bread onely, when theres so much Sifting, and bolting, and grynding in euery corner of the Citty; men and women are borne, and come running into the world faster then Coaches doe into Cheap-side vppon *Symon* and *Iudes* day: and are eaten vp by Death faster, then Mutton and porridge in a terme time. Who would pin their hearts to any Sleeue: this world is like a Mynt, we are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out agen, hamerd, flampt, and made Currant, but presently we are changde: the new Mony (like a new Drab) is catcht at by Dutch, Spanish, Welch, French, Scotch, and English: but the old crackt King *Harry* groates are shoueld vp, feele bruizing, and battring, clipping, and melting, they smoake fort.

Iud. The worlds an Arrant naughty-pack I see, and is a very scuruy world.

Iust. Scuruy? worfe then the conscience of a Broome-man, that carryes out new ware, and brings home old shoes: a naughty-packe? Why theres no Minute, no thought of time passēs, but some villany or other is a brewing: why, euen now, now, at holding vp of this finger, and before the turning downe of this, some are murdring, some lying with their maides, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weying out bribes. In this Citty some wiues are cuckolding some Husbands. In yonder Village some farmers are now-now grynding the Iaw-bones of the poore: therefore sweete Scholler, fugged Mistris *Honi-suckle*, take Summer before you, and lay hold of it? why, euen now must you and I hatch an egge of iniquity.

Iud. Troth maister I thinke thou wilt proue a very knaue.

Iust. Its the fault of many that fight vnder this band.

Iud. I shall loue a Puritans face the worfe whilest I liue for that Coppy of thy countenance.

Iust. We are all wethercocks, and must follow the winde of the present : from the byas.

Iud. Change a bowle then.

Iust. I will so ; and now for a good cast : theres the Knight, fir *Goslin Glo-worme*.

Iud. Hees a Knight made out of waxe.

Iust. He tooke vp Silkes vppon his bond I confesse : nay more, hees a knight in print : but let his knight-hood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to intreate you, and Mistris *Waser*, and mistris *Tenter-hook*, being both my schollers, and your honest pew fellowes, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenesh-wine-houfe ith Stillyard. Captaine *Whirlepoole* will be there, young *Lynstock* the Alder-mans Son and Heire, there too, will you steale forth, & tast of a Dutch Bun, and a Keg of Sturgeon.

Iud. What excuse shall I coyne now ?

Iust. Few excuses : You must to the pawne to buy Lawne : to Saint Martins for Lace ; to the Garden : to the Glasse-houfe ; to your Gossips : to the Powlters : else take out an old ruffe, and go to your Sempsters : excuses ? Why, they are more ripe then medlers at Christmas.

Iud. Ile come. The hower.

Iust. Two : the way-through Paules : euery wench take a piller, there clap on your Maskes : your men will bee behind you, and before your prayers be halfe don, be before you, & man you out at feuerall doores. Youle be there ?

Iud. If I breath.

Exit.

Iust. Farewell. So : now I must goe set the tother Wenches the selfe same Coppy. A rare Scholemaister, for all kind of handes, I. Oh : What strange curses are powred downe with one blessing ? Do all tread on the heele ? Haue all the art to hood-winke wife men thus ? And (like those builders of *Babels* Tower) to speake vnknowne tongues. Of all (saue by their husbands) vnderstood :

Well, if (as Iuy bout the Elme does twine)
All wiues loue clipping, theres no fault in mine.
But if the world lay speechles, euen the dead
Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graues,
Women make men, or Fooles, or Beasts, or Slaues.

Exit.

Scæna 2. Enter Earle and Mistris Birdlime.

Earle. Her answer! talke in musick: Wil she come?

Bird. Oh my fides ake in my loines, in my bones?
I ha more need of a posset of facke, and lie in my bed
and sweate, than to talke in musick: no honest woman
would run hurrying vp & down thus and vndoe her
felfe for a man of honour, without reafon? I am so
lame, euery foot that I fet to the ground went to my
hart. I thought I had bin at Mum-chance my bones
ratled so with iaunting? had it not bin for a friend in
a corner.

Takes Aqua-vitæ.

I had kickt vp my heeles.

Earl. Minifter comfort to me, Wil she come.

Bird. All the Castles of comfort that I can put
you into is this, that the iealous wittal her husband,
came (like a mad Oxe) belowing in whilst I was ther.
Oh I ha lost my sweet breth with trotting.

Earl. Death to my hart? her husband? What
faith he?

Bird. The freeze-Ierkin Rascal out with his purse,
and cal'd me plaine Bawd to my face.

Earl. Affliction to me, then thou spak'st not
to her?

Bird. I spake to her, as Clients do to Lawiers
without money (to no purpose) but Ile speak with
him, and hamper him to, if euer he fall into my
clutches: Ile make the yellow-hammer her husband
knowe, (for all hees an Italian) that theres a difference
betweene a cogging Bawd and an honest motherly
gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetstones ly ouer

your stomacher? wil you haue some of my *Aqua*?
Why my Lord.

Earl. Thou hast kild me with thy words.

Bird. I see bashful louers, and young bullockes are knockt down at a blow: Come, come, drinke this draught of Cynamon water, and plucke vp your spirits: vp with em, vp with em. Do you hear, the whiting mop has nibbled.

Earl. Ha?

Bird. Oh? I thought I should fetch you: you can *Ha* at that: Ile make you Hem anon. As I'me a sinner I think you'll find the sweetest, sweetest bed-fellow of her. Oh! she lookes so fuggedly, so simpringly, so gingerly, so amarously, so amiably. Such a redde lippe, such a VVhite foreheade, such a blacke eie, such a full cheeke, and such a goodly little nose, nowe shees in that French gowne, Scotch fals, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you sent her, and is such an intycing shee-witch, carrying the charmes of your Iewels about her. Oh!

Earl. Did she recieue them? speake: Hores is golden keyes
T'vnlock thy lips. Did she vouchsafe to take them?

Bird. Did she vouchsafe to take them, thers a question: you shall find she did vouchsafe: The troath is my Lord, I gotte her to my house, there she put off her own cloths my Lord and put on yours my Lord, prouided her a Coach, Searcht the middle Ile in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelue-pences prest three knaues my L. hirde three Liueries in Long-lane, to man her: for al which so God mend me, I'me to paie this night before Sun-set.

Earl. This shovre shall fil them al:

Raine in their laps, what golden drops thou wilt.

Bird. Alas my Lord, I do but receiue it with one hand, to pay it away with another, I'me but your Bailly.

Earl. Where is she?

Bird. In the greene veluet Chamber; the poore

finneful creature pants like a pigeon vnder the hands of a Hawke, therefore vse her like a woman my Lord : vse her honestly my Lorde, for alas shees but a Nouice, and a verie greene thinge.

Earl. Farewell : Ile in vnto her.

Bird. Fie vpont, that were not for your honor : you know gentlewomen vse to come to Lords chambers, and not Lordes to the Gentlewomens : Ide not haue her thinke you are such a Rank-ryder : walke you heere : Ile becken, you shal see ile fetch her with a wet finger ?

Earl. Do so.

Bird. Hyft ? why sweet heart, mistris *Iustiniano*, why prettie foule tread softlie, and come into this roome : here be rushes, you neede not feare the creaking of your corke shooes.

Enter Mistris Iustiniano.

So, wel saide, theres his honour. I haue busines my Lord, very now the marks are set vp. Ile get me 12. score off, and giue Ayme. *Exit.*

Earl. Yare welcome : Sweet y'are welcome.

Blesse my hand
With the soft touch of yours : Can you be Cruell
To one so Prostrate to you ? Euen my Hart,
My Happines, and State lie at your feet :
My Hopes me flattered that the field was woon,
That you had yeilded, (tho you Conquer me)
And that all Marble scales that bard your eies
From throwing light on mine, were quite tane off,
By the Cunning Womans hand, that Workes for me,
Why therefore do you wound me now with frownes ?
Why do you flie me ? Do not exercife
The Art of woman on me ? I'me already
Your Captiue : Sweet ! Are these you hate, or feares.

Mist. Iust. I wonder lust can hang at such white haire.

Earl. You giue my loue ill names, It is not lust : Lawlesse desires wel tempred may seem Iust

A thousand mornings with the early Sunne,
 Mine eies haue from your windowes watcht to steale
 Brightnes from thofe. As oft vpon the daies
 That Consecrated to deuotion are,
 Within the Holy Temple haue I stood disguif'd,
 Waiting your prefence: and when your hands went
 Vp towards heauen to draw fome bleffing down,
 Mine (as if all my Nerues by yours did moue,)
 Beg'd in dum Signes fome pitty for my Loue,
 And thus being feasted onely with your fight,
 I went more pleafed then fickmen with fresh health,
 Rich men with Honour, Beggars do with wealth.

Mist. Iust. Part now fo pleaf'd, for now you more
 Inioy me.

Earl. O you do wifh me Phificke to deftroy me.

Mist. Iust. I haue already leapt beyond the bounds
 Of modefty, In piecing out my wings
 With borrowed feathers: but you fent a Sorceres
 So perfect in her trade, that did fo liuely
 Breath forth your paffionate Accents, and could
 drawe

A Louer languifhing fo piercingly,
 That her charmes wrought vppon me, and in pitty
 Of your fick hart which fhe did Counterfet,
 (Oh fhees a fubtle Beldam!) See I cloth'd
 My limbes (thus Player-like in Rich Attyses,
 Not fitting mine eftate, and am come forth,
 But why I know not?

Earl. Will you Loue me?

Mist. Iust. Yes,

If you can cleare me of a debt thats due
 But to one Man, Ile pay my hart to thee.

Earl. Whofe that?

Mist. Iust. My Husband.

Earl. Vmh.

Mist. Iust. The fums fo great
 I know a kingdome cannot answer it,
 And therefore I befeech you good my Lord,
 To take this gilding off, which is your owne,
 And henceforth ceafe to throw out golden hookes

To choake mine honor : tho my husbands poore,
Ile rather beg for him, then be your Whore.

Earl. Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you
suffer tears to do violence to so faire a Cheeke. That
face was nere made to looke pale with want. Dwell
heere and be the Soueraigne of my fortunes. Thus
shall you goe attir'd.

Mist. Iust. Till lust be tir'd. I must take leaue
my Lord.

Earl. Sweet Creature stay,
My Cofers shall be yours, my Seruants yours,
My selfe will be your seruant, and I sweare
By that which I houlde deare in you, your beauty
(And which Ile not prophane) you shall liue heere
As free from base wrong, as you are from blackenesse,
So you will deigne, but let mee inioy your sight,
Anfwere mee will you.

Mist. Iust. I will thinke vpont.

Earl. Vnlesse you shall perceiue, that al my thoughts,
And al my actions bee to you deuoted,
And that I very iustly earne your loue,
Let me not tast it.

Mist. Iust. I wil thinke vpon it.

Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
wil you accept their worth.

Mist. Iust. Ile thinke vpont.
Ide speake with the old woman.

Earl. She shall come,
Ioyes that are borne vnlookt for, are borne dumb.

Exit.

Mist. Iust. Pouerty, thou bane of Chastity,
Poison of beauty, Broker of Mayden-heads,
I see when Force, nor Wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must. Sheele nere be won, that defies golde.
But liues there such a creature : Oh tis rare.

Enter Birdlime.

To finde a woman chaff, thats poore and faire.

Bird. Now lamb ! has not his Honor dealt like an
honest Nobleman with you. I can tel you, you shal

not find him a Templer, nor one of these cogging Cattern pear-coloured-beards, that by their good wils would haue no pretty woman scape them.

Mistris Iust. Thou art a very bawd : thou art a Diuel

Cast in a reuerend shape ; thou stale damnation !
Why hast thou me intist from mine owne Paradice,
To steale fruit in a barren wildernes.

Bird. Bawde and diuel, and stale damnation !
Wil womens tongues (like Bakers legs) neuer go straight.

Mistris Iust. Had thy *Circean* Magick me transform

Into that sensuall shape for which thou Coniurist,
And that I were turn'd common Venturer,
I could not loue this old man.

Bird. This old man, vmh : this old man ? doe his hoarye haire sticke in your stomacke ? yet methinkes his siluer haire shoulde mooue you, they may serue to make you Bodkins : Does his age grieue you ? foole ? Is not old wine wholefommost, olde Pippines fothfommost, old wood burne brightest, old Linnen wash whitest, old fouldiors Sweet-hart are surest, and olde Louers foundest. I ha tried both.

Mistris Iust. So wil not I.

Bird. Youd haue some yong perfum'd beardles Gallants board you, that spits al his braines out ats tongues end, wud you not ?

Mistris Iust. No, none at al, not anie.

Bird. None at al ? what doe you make there then ? why are you a burden to the worlds conscience, and an eie-fore to wel giuen men, I dare pawne my gowne and all the beddes in my house, and al the gettings in Michaelmas terme next to a Tauerne token, that thou shalt neuer be an innocent.

Mistris Iust. Who are so ?

Bird. Fools ? why then you are so precize : your husbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers Arrow, be down the weather. Strike whilst the iron is

hot. A woman when there be roses in her cheekes, Cherries on her lippes, Ciuet in her breath, Iuory in her teeth, Lyllyes in her hand, and Lickorish in her heart, why shees like a play. If new very good company, very good company, but if stale, like old *Ieronimo*: goe by, go by. Therefore as I said before, strike. Besides: you must thinke that the commodity of beauty was not made to lye dead vpon any young womans hands: if your husband haue giuen vp his Cloake, let another take measure of you in his Ierkin: for as the Coblin, in the night time walks with his Lanthorne, the Merchant, and the Lawyer with his Link, and the Courtier with his Torch: So euery lip has his Lettice to himselfe: the Lob has his Lasse, the Collier his Dowdy, the Westerne-man his Pug, the Seruing-man his Punke, the student his Nun in white Fryers, the Puritan his Sister, and the Lord his Lady: which worshipfull vocation may fall vppon you, if youle but strike whilest the Iron is hot.

Miss. Iust. Witch: thus I breake thy Spels: Were I kept braue,

On a Kings coft, I am but a Kings slaue. *Exit.*

Bird. I see, that as Frenchmen loue to be bold, Flemings to be drunke, Welchmen to be cald *Brittons*, and Irishmen to be Costermongers, so, Cocknyes, (especially Shee-Cocknies) loue not *Aqua-vite* when tis good for them.

Enter Monopoly.

Mo. Saw you my vnclé?

Bird. I saw him euen now going the way of all flesh (thats to say) towards the Kitchin: heeres a letter to your worship from the party.

Mono. What party?

Bird. The *Tenterhook* your wanton.

Mono. From her? Fewh? pray thee stretch me no more vppon your *Tenterhook*: pox on her? Are there no Pottecaries ith Town to send her Phisick-bills to,

but me : Shees not troubled with the greene sickneffe still, Is she ?

Bird. The yellow Iaundis, as the Doctore tels me : troth shees as good a peat : she is falne away so, that shees nothing but bare skin and bone : for the Turtle so mournes for you.

Mono. In blacke ?

Bird. In black ? you shall find both black and blew if you look vnder her eyes.

Mo. Well : sing ouer her ditty when I'me in tune.

Bird. Nay, but will you fend her a Box of *Mithridatum* and Dragon water, I meane some restorative words. Good Maister *Monopoly*, you know how welcome yare to the City, and will you maister *Monopoly*, keepe out of the City ; I know you cannot, would you saw how the poore gentlewoman lies.

Mo. Why how lies she ?

Bird. Troth as the way lies ouer *Gads-hill*, very dangerous : you would pittie a womans case if you saw her : write to her some treatise of pacification.

Mon. Ile write to her to morrow.

Bird. To morrow : sheele not sleepe then but tumble, and if she might haue it to night, it would better please her.

Mo. Perhaps Ile doot to night, farewell.

Bi. If you doot to night, it would better please her then to morrow.

Mo. Gods so, doot heare, I'me to sup this night at the Lyon in Shoredich with certen gallants : canst thou not draw forth some delicate face, that I ha not seene, and bring it thither, wut thou ?

Bird. All the painters in London shal not fit for colour as I can ; but we shall haue some swagging ?

Mo. All as ciuill (by this light) as Lawyers.

Bird. But I tell you, shees not so common as Lawyers, that I meane to betray to your Table : for as I'me a Sinner, shees a Knights Cozen ; a Yorkshire gentlwoman, and only speakes a little broad, but of very good carriage.

Mono. Nay thats no matter, we can speake as broad as she? but wut bring her?

Bird. You shal call her Cozen, do you see : two men shall waite vpon her, and Ile come in by chance : but shall not the party bee there?

Mono. Which party?

Bird. The writer of that simple hand.

Mon. Not for as many Angels as there be letters in her Paper : Speake not of mee to her, nor our meeting if you loue mee : wut come?

Bird. Mum, Ile come.

Mono. Farewell.

Bird. Good Maister Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credite.

Mo. If I be, Ile build Chimnies with Tobacco but Ile smoake some : and be sure *Bird.* Ile sticke wooll vpon thy back.

Bird. Thankes fir, I know you wil, for all the kinred of the *Monopolies* are held to be great Fleecers.

Exeunt.

Enter fir Gozlin : Lynstocke, Whirlepoole, and the three Cittizens wiues maskt, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare.

Goz. So draw those Curtaines, and lets see the pictures vnder em.

Lyn. Welcome to the Stilliard faire Ladies.

All 3. Thankes good maister *Lynstocke.*

Whirl. *Hans* : fome wine *Hans.*

Enter Hans with cloth and Buns.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, you fall hebben it mester : Old vine, or new vine ?

Goz. Speake women.

Iud. New wine good fir *Gozlin* : wine in the muft, good Dutchman, for muft is best for vs women.

Hans. New vine? vell : two pots of new vine.

Exit Hans.

Iud. An honest Butterbox : for if it be old, theres none of it coms into my belly.

Mab. Why *Tenterhooke* pray thee lets dance friskin,
& be mery.

Lin. Thou art so troubled with *Monopolies*, they
so hang at thy heart stringes.

Cla. Pox a my hart then.

Enter Hans with Wine.

Iud. I and mine too, if any Courtier of them all
set vp his gallowes there : wench vse him as thou dost
thy pantables, fcorne to let him kisse thy heele, for he
feedes thee with nothing but Court holy bread, good
words, and cares not for thee : fir *Gozlin*, will you
taft a Dutch whatch you callum.

Mab. Heere maister *Lynstocke*, halfe mine is yours.
Bun, Bun, Bun, Bun.

Enter Parenthesis.

Par. Which roome ? where are they ? wo ho, ho,
ho, fo, ho, boies.

Goz. Sfoot whofe that ? lock our roome.

Par. Not till I am in : and then lock out the
diuell tho he come in the shape of a puritan.

All 3. Scholemaister, welcome ? welcome in troth ?

Par. Who would not bee scratcht with the bryers
and brambles to haue such burs sticking on his
breeches : Saue you gentlemen : O noble Knight.

Goz. More wine *Hans*.

Par. Am not I (gentlemen) a Ferret of the right
haire, that can make three Conies bolt at a clap into
your purfenets ? ha ? little do their 3. husbands dreame
what coppies I am setting their wiues now ? wert not
a rare Iest if they should come sneaking vppon vs like
a horrible noife of Fidlers.

Iud. Troth Ide not care : let em come : Ide tell
em, weede ha none of their dull Musicke.

Mab. Heere mistris *Tenterhooke*.

Clar. Thanks good mistris *Wafer*.

Par. Whose there ? Peepers : Intelligencers : Euef-droppers.

Omni. Vds foot, throw a pot ats head ?

Par. O Lord ? O Gentlemen, Knight, Ladies, that may bee, Cittizens wiues that are, shift for your selues, a paire of your husbands heads are knocking together with *Hans* his, and inquiring for you.

Omni. Keepe the doore lockt.

Iud. Oh I, do, do : and let fir *Gozlin* (becaufe he has bin in the low Countries) fwear gotz Sacrament, and driue e'm away with broken Dutch.

Pa. Heres a wench has fimple Sparkes in her : thees my pupile Gallants : Good-god ? I fee a man is not fure that his wife is in the Chamber, tho his owne fingers hang on the Padlocke : Trap-doores, falfe Drabs, and Spring-lockes, may cozen a Couy of Constables. How the silly Husbands might heere ha beene guld with Flemish mony : Come : drinke vp *Rhene*, *Thames* and *Mæander* dry, Theres Nobody.

Iud. Ah thou vngodly maister.

Par. I did but make a falfe fire, to try your vallor, becaufe you cryed let em come. By this glasse of womans wine, I would not ha seene their Spirits walke heere, to bee dubd deputy of a Ward, I, they would ha Chronicled me for a Foxe in a Lambes skin : But come : Is this merry Midfomer night agreed vpon ? when shal it be ? where shal it be ?

Lynst. Why faith to morrow at night.

While. Weele take a Coach and ride to *Ham*, or fo.

Tent. O fie vpont : a Coach ? I cannot abide to be iolted.

Mab. Yet most of your Cittizens wiues loue iolting ?

Goz. What fay you to Black-wall, or Lime-houfe ?

Iud. Euery roome there smels to much of Tar.

Lynst. Lets to mine host *Dogbolts* at Brainford then, there you are out of eyes, out of eares, priuate

roomes, sweet Lynnen, winking attendance, and what cheere you will?

Omni. Content, to *Brainford*?

Mab. I, I, lets go by water, for fir *Goslin* I haue heard you say you loue to go by water.

Iud. But wenches, with what pullies shall wee slide with some clenly excuse, out of our husbandes suspicion, being gone Westward for smelts all night.

Par. Thats the blocke now we all stumble at: Winde vp that string well, and all the comforts in tune.

Iud. Why then goodman scraper tis wound vp, I haue it. Sirra *Wafer*, thy childe at nurse, if you that are the men could provide some wise asse that could keepe his countenance.

Par. Nay if he be an Asse he will keepe his countenance.

Iud. I, but I meane, one that could set out his tale with audacity, and say that the child were sick, and neare stagger at it: That last should serue all our feete.

Whir. But where will that wise Asse be found now?

Par. I see I'me borne still to draw Dun out ath mire for you: that wise beast will I be. Ile bee that Asse that shall grone vnder the burden of that abhominable lye. Heauen pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punisht fort. Let me see: Ile breake out in some filthy shape like a Thraffer, or a Thatcher, or a Sow-gelder, or something: and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eates nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folkes doe) and then scholler *Wafer*, play you your part.

Mab. Feare not me, for a veny or two?

Par. Where will you meet ith morning?

Goz. At some Tauerne neare the water-side, thats priuate.

Par. The Grey-hound, the Greyhound in Black-fryers, an excellent *Randevous*.

Lin. Content the Greyhound by eight?

Par. And then you may whip forth two first, and two next, on a sudden, and take Boate at Bridewell Dock most priuately.

Omni. Beet so : a good place?

Par. Ile go make ready my rusticall properties : let me see scholler hie you home, for your child shall bee sicke within this halfe howre.

Exit.

Enter Birdlime.

Iud. Tis the vprightest dealing man? Gods my pittie, whose yonder?

Bird. I'me bold to prese my selfe vnder the Cul-lors of your company, hearing that Gentlewoman was in the roome : A word misstris?

Clar. How now, what saies he?

Goz. Zounds what she? a Bawd, bith Lord Ist not?

Mab. No indeed, fir *Gozlin* shees a very honest woman, and a Mid-wife.

Clar. At the Lyon in Shoredich? And would he not read it? nor write to me? Ile poyson his Supper?

Bird. But no words that I bewrayd him.

Clar. Gentlemen I must be gone. I cannot stay in faith : pardon me : Ile meete to morrow : come Nurse, cannot tarry by this element.

Goz. Mother, you : Grannam drinke ere you goe.

Bird. I am going to a womans labour, indeede fir, cannot stay.

Exeunt.

Amb. I hold my life the blacke-beard her husband whiffels for her.

Iud. A reckoning : Breake one, breake all.

Goz. Here *Hans*, draw not, Ile draw for all as Ime true knight.

Jud. Let him : amongst women this does stand for law,
the worthiest man (tho he be foole) must draw.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius Scæna Prima.

Enter maiſter Tenterhooke and his wife.

Tent. What booke is that ſweet hart ?

Miſt. Tent. Why the booke of bonds that are due to you.

Tent. Come, what doe you with it ? Why do you trouble your ſelfe to take care about my buſineſſe ?

Miſt. Tent. Why ſir, doth not that which concerns you, concerne me. You told me *Monopoly* had diſcharged his bond, I finde by the booke of accounts heere, that it is not cancelld. Eare I would ſuffer ſuch a cheating companion to laugh at me, Ide ſee him hanged I. Good ſweete hart as euer you loued me, as euer my bedde was pleaſing to you, arreſt the knaue, we were neuer beholding to him for a pin, but for eating vp our victuals. Good Mouſe enter an action againſt him.

Tent. In troth loue I may do the gentleman much diſcredit, and beſides it may be other actions may fall very heavy vpon him.

Miſt. Tent. Hang him, to ſee the diſhoneſty of the knaue.

Tent. O wife, good woods : A Courtier, A gentleman.

Miſt. Tent. Why may not a Gentleman be a knaue, that were ſtrange infaith : but as I was a ſaying, to ſee the diſhoneſty of him, that would neuer come ſince he receiued the mony to viſit vs you know. *Maiſter Tenterhook* he hath hung long vpon you. *Maiſter Tenterhook* as I am vertuous you ſhall arreſt him.

Tent. Why, I know not when he will come to Towne.

Mist. Te. Hees in town : this night he sups at the Lyon in Shoaredich, good husband enter your action, and make hast to the Lyon presently, theres an honest fellow (Sergeant Ambush) will doe it in a trice, he neuer salutes a man in Curtesie, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good hart let Seriant Ambush ly in waite for him.

Tent. Well at thy entreaty I will doe it. Giue me my Cloake there, buy a linck and meet me at the Counter in Woodfreete ; buse me Moll.

Mist. Tent. Why now you loue me. Ile goe to bed fweet hart.

Tent. Do not sleepe till I come Moll. *Exit Tent.*

Mist. Tent. No lamb, baa sheep, if a woman will be free in this intricate laborinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shal not be much troubled with him. By my sooth my Husband hath a hand as dry as his braines, and a breath as stronge as six common gardens. Wel my husband is gon to arrest Monopoly. I haue dealt with a Sargeant priuatly, to intreate him, pretending that he is my Aunts Son, by this meanes shal I see my young gallant that in this has plaid his part. When they owe mony in the Citty once, they deale with their Lawyers by atturny, follow the Court though the Court do them not the grace to allow them their dyet. O the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch.

Exit Mistris Tenterhook.

Enter maiſter Tenterhooke, Sergeant Ambush, and yeoman Clutch.

Ten. Come Sergeant Ambush, come yeoman Clutch, yons the Tauerne, the Gentleman will come out presently : thou art resolute.

Amb. Who I, I carry fire & sword that fight for me, hear, and heare. I know most of the knaues about London, and most of the Theeues to, I thanke God, and good intelligence.

Tent. I wonder thou dost not turne Broker then.

Amb. Pew; I haue bin a Broker already; for I was first a Puritan, then a Banquerout, then a Broker, then a Fencer, and then Sergeant, were not these Trades woulde make a man honest? peace the doore opes, wheele about yeoman Clutch.

Enter Whirlepoole, Linslocke, and Monopoly vnbraff.

Mono. And eare I come to sup in this Tauerne againe. Theres no more attendance then in a Iaile, and there had bin a Punk or two in the company then we should not haue bin rid of the drawers: now were I in an excellent humor to go to a valting house, I wold break downe all their Glasse-windowes, hew in peeces all their ioyne stooles, tear filke petticoates, ruffle their Periwiggies, and spoyle their Painting, O the Gods what I could do: I could vndergo fifteene bawds by this darknes, or if I could meete one of these Varlets that were Pannier-ally on their baks (Sergeants) I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way betweene this and Ludgate, then a condemned Cutpurse thinkes it between Newgate and Tyburne.

Lynst. You are for no action to night.

Whirl. No Ile to bed.

Mono. Am not I drunke now: *Implentur veteris pacchi, pinguisq. Tobacco.*

Whirl. Faith we are all heated.

Mono. Captain *Whirlepoole* when wilt come to Court and dine with me?

Whirl. One of these daies Franke, but Ile get mee two Gaunlets for feare I lose my fingers in the dihes, their bee excellent shauers I heare in the most of your vnder offices? I protest I haue often come thether, sat downe, drawne my knife, and eare I could fay grace all the meate hath bin gone. I haue risen, and departed thence as hungry, as euer came Coun-

trey Atturney from Westminster? Good night honest Franke, doe not fwagger with the watch Franke.

Exeunt.

Tenter. So now they are gone you may take him.

Amb. Sir I arrest you?

Mono. Arrest me, at whose fuite you varlets?

Clouch. At maister *Tenterhookes*.

Mono. Why you varlets dare you arrest one of the Court.

Amb. Come will you be quiet fir?

Mo. Pray thee good yeoman call the gentlemen backe againe. Theres a Gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, becaus I dare not carry it ouer the fields, Ile discharge it presently.

Amb. Thats a trick fir, you would procure a reskue.

Mono. Catchpole do you see, I will haue the haire of your head and beard shaued off for this, and eare I catch you at *Graves Inne* by this light law.

Amb. Come will you march.

Mono. Are you Sergeants Christians? Sirra thou lookest like a good pittyfull rascall, and thou art a tall man to it seemes, thou hast backt many a man in thy time I warrant.

Amb. I haue had many a man by the backe fir.

Mono. Wel faide in-troth, I loue your quality, las tis needfull euery man should come by his own: but as God mend me gentlemen I haue not one crofse about me, onely you two. Might not you let a Gentlemen pafse out of your handes, and say you saw him not? Is there not such a kinde of mercy in you now and then my Maisters, as I liue, if you come to my lodging to morrowe morning, Ile giue you fife brace of Angelles? good yeoman perfwade your graduat heere: I know some of you to be honest faithfull Drunkards, respect a poore Gentleman in my case.

Tent. Come, it wil not serue your turne, Officers looke to him, vpon your perrill.

Mono. Do you heare fir, you see I am in the hands of a couple of Rauens here, as you are a Gentleman lend me forty shillings, let me not liue if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and neuer plead Conscience.

Tent. Not a penny, not a penny : God night fir.

Exit Tent.

Mono. Well, a man ought not to sweare by anie thing in the hands of Sergeants but by filuer, and because my pocket is no lawful Iustice to Minister any such oath vnto me, I will patiently incounter the Counter. Which is the dearest warde in Prison Sergeant ! the knights ward ?

Amb. No fir, the Maisters side.

Mono. Well the knight is about the maister though his Table be worse furnished : Ile go thither.

Amb. Come fir, I must vse you kindly the Gentlemans Wife that hath arrested you.

Mono. I what of her.

Amb. She saies you are her Antes sonne.

Mono. I, am ?

Amb. She takes on so pittifully for your Arresting, twas much against herwil (good Gentlewoman) that this affliction lighted vpon you.

Mono. She hath reason, if she respect her poore kindred.

Amb. You shall not go to prison.

Mono. Honest Sergeant, Conscionable Officer, did I forget my self euen now, a vice that stickes to me alwaies when I am drunke to abuse my best friends : where didst buy this buffe ? Let me not liue but Ile giue thee a good suite of durance. Wilt thou take my bond Sergeant ? Wheres a Scriuener, a Scriuener good Yeoman ? you shal haue my sword and hangers to paie him.

Amb. Not so Sir : but you shall be prisoner in my house : I do not thinke but that your Coffin will visit you there i'th morning, and take order for you.

Mono. Well said ; wast not a most treacherous part

to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk, when he hath not his wits about him to remember which of his friends is in the Subfedy: Come did I abuse you, I recant, you are as necessary in a city as Tumblers in Norfolke, Sumners in Lancashire, or Rake-hels in an Armie.

Exeunt.

Enter Parenthesis like a Colliar, and a Boy.

Iust. Buy any small Coale, buy any small Coale.

Boy. Collier, Collier?

Iust. What saist boy.

Boy. Ware the Pillory.

Iust. O boy the pillory assures many a man that he is no cuckold, for how impossible weare it a man should thrust his head through so small a Loope-hole if his foreheade were brauncht boy?

Boy. Collier: how came the goofe to be put vpon you, ha?

Iust. Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at Winchester in Henry the Thirds daies, and many French Women comming out of the Isle of *Wight* thither (as it hath alwaies beene seene) though the Isle of *Wight* could not of long time neither in dure Foxes nor Lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful Cockatrice, there were many Punkes in the Towne (as you know our Tearme is their Tearme) your Farmers that would spend but three pence on his ordinarie, would lauish halfe a Crowne on his Leachery: and many men (Calues as they were) would ride in a Farmers foule bootes before breakefast, the commonst sinner had more fluttering about her, then a fresh punke hath when she comes to a Towne of Garrison, or to a vniuersity. Captains, Schollers, Seruingman, Iurors, Clarks, Townesmen, and the Blackeguarde vsed all to one Ordinarye, and most of them were cald to a pittifull reckoning, for before two returnes of Michaelmas, Surgeons were full of busi-

nes, the care of most secrecie grew as common as Lice in Ireland, or as scabbes in France. One of my Tribe a Collier carried in his Cart 40. maim'd fouldiors to *Salisbury*, looking as pittifully as Dutchmen first made drunke, then carried to bee-heading. Euery one that mette him cried, ware the Goofe Collier, and from that day to this, thers a record to be seene at Croiden, howe that pittifull wastage which in deede was vertue in the Collier, that all that time would carry no Coales, laid this Imputation on all the posterity.

Boy. You are ful of tricks Colliar.

Iust. Boy where dwels maister *Wafer*?

Boy. Why heare! what wouldst? I am one of his Inuinals?

Iust. Hath he not a child at nurse at *Morclacke*?

Boy. Yes, dost thou dwel there?

Iust. That I do, the Child is wonderous sicke: I was wild to acquaint thy maister and Mistris with it.

Boy. Ile vp and tel them presently.

Iust. So, if al should faile, I could turne Coilier. O the villany of this age, how full of secrecie and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) haue I euer found most women. I haue sat a whole afternoone many times by my wife, and lookt vpon her eies, and felt if her pulse haue beat, when I haue nam'd a suspected loue, yet all this while haue not drawne from her the least scruple of confession. I haue laine awake a thousand nights, thinking she wold haue reuealed somewhat in her dreames, and when she has begunne to speake any thing in her sleepe, I haue iog'd her, and cried I sweete heart. But when wil your loue come. or what did hee say to thee ouer the stall? Or what did he do to thee in the Garden-chamber? Or when wil he fend to thee any letters, or when wilt thou fend to him any mony, what an idle coxcombe iealousie wil make a man.

Enter Wafer and his wife.

Well, this is my comfort that heere comes a creature of the same head-peece.

Mist. Waf. O my sweet Child, wheres the Collier?

Iust. Here forfooth.

Mist. Waf. Run into Bucklers burry for two ounces of Draggon water, some Sperma cæty and Treakle. What is it sicke of Coliar? a burning Feauer?

Iust. Faith mistris I do not know the infirmity of of it: wil you buy any smal Coale, say you?

Waf. Prethee go in and empty them, come be not so impatient.

Mist. Waf. I, I, I, if you had groand fort as I haue done you wold haue bin more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: Ile away presently?

Waf. You wil not go to night, I am sure.

Mist. Waf. As I liue but I wil.

Waf. Faith sweet hart I haue great busines to night, stay til to morrow and Ile goe with you.

Mist. Waf. No fir I wil not hinder your busines. I see how little you respect the fruits of your owne bodie. I shal find some bodye to beare me company.

Waf. Wel, I wil deferre my busines for once, and go with thee.

Mist. Waf. By this light but you shal not, you shal not hit me i'th teeth that I was your hindrance, wil you to Bucklers burry fir?

Waf. Come you are a foole leaue your weeping.

Exit. Waf.

Mist. Waf. You shal not go with me as I liue.

Iust. Puple.

Mist. Waf. Excellent maister.

Iust. Admirable Mistris, howe happie be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with Iealous husbands; why your Italians in general are so Sun-burnt with these Dog-daies, that your great Lady there thinkes her husband loues her not if hee bee not Iealous:

what confirms the liberty of our women more in England, then the Italian Prouerbe, which saies if there were a bridge ouer the narrow Seas, all the women in Italy would shew their husbands a Million of light paire of heeles, and flie ouer into England.

Mist. Waf. The time of our meeting? Come?

Iust. Seauen.

Mist. Waf. The place.

Iust. In Blacke Friers, there take Water, keepe a loofe from the shore, on with your Masks, vp with your fails, and *West-ward Hoe.*

Mist. Waf. So.

Exit Mistris Waffer.

Iust. O the quick apprehension of women, the'ile groape out a mans meaning presently, wel, it rests now that I discouer my selfe in my true shape to these Gentlewomens husbands: for though I haue plaid the foole a little to beguile the memory of mine owne misfortune, I woulde not play the knaue, though I be taken for a Banquerout, but indeed as in other things, so in that, the worlde is much deceiued in me, for I haue yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I haue receiued here a letter from my wife, directed to *Stode*, wherein shee most repentantly intreateth my return, with protestation to gyue me assured tryall of her honesty. I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but I will put it to the test, there is a great strife betweene beautie, & Chastity, and that which pleaseth many is neuer free from temptation: as for Iealousie, it makes many Cuckoldes, many fooles, and many banquerouts: It may haue abused me and not my wifes honesty: Ile try it: but first to my secure and doting Companion.

Exit.

Enter Monopoly and Mistris Tenterhooke.

Mono. I beseech you Mistris *Tenterhooke*, Before God Ile be sicke if you will not be merry.

Mist. Tent. You are a sweet Beagle.

Mono. Come, because I kept from Towne a little,

let mee not liue if I did not heare the sicknes was in Towne very hot : In troth thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses like to threds of gold.

Mist. Tent. Lye, and ashes, suffer much in the city for that comparifon.

Mono. Heres an honest Gentleman wil be here by & by, was borne at Foolham ; his name is *Gosling Gloo-worme*.

Mist. Tent. I know him, what is he ?

Mono. He is a Knight : what aild your husband to be so hasty to arrest me.

Mist. Tent. Shal I speak truly ? shal I speak not like a woman.

Mono. Why not like a woman.

Mist. Tent. Because womens tongues are like to clacks, if they go too fast they neuer goe true, t'was I that got my husband to arrest thee, I haue.

Mono. I am beholding to you.

Mist. Tent. For sooth I coulde not come to the speech of you I thinke you may be spoken with all now.

Mono. I thanke you, I hope youll baile me Cofin ?

Mist. Tent. And yet why should I speak with you, I protest I loue my husband.

Mono. Tush let not any young woman loue a man in yeares to well.

Mist. Tent. Why ?

Mono. Because hcele dye before he can require it.

Mono. I haue acquainted *Waser* and *Honyfuckle* with it, and they allow my wit for't extreamly.

Enter Ambush.

O honest Sergeant.

Amb. Welcome good mistris *Tenterhooke*.

Mist. Tent. Sergeant I must needs haue my Cofin go a little Way out of Town with me, and to secure thee, here are two Diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keepe them til I returne him.

Amb. Well tis good securitie.

Mist. Tent. Do not come in my husbandes fight in the meane time.

Enter Whirle, Glo-worme, Gosling, Linstocke, Mistris Honnyfuckle, and Mistris Waf.

Amb. Welcom Gallants.

Whirl. How now *Monopoly* Arrested?

Mono. O my little *Honyfuckle* art come to visit a Prifoner?

Mist. Hony. Yes faith as Gentlemen visit Marchants, to fare wel, or as Poets young quaint Revelers, to laugh at them. Sirrha if I were some foolish Iustice, if I woulde not beg thy wit neuer trust me.

Mist. Tent. Why I pray you?

Mist. Hony. Because it hath bin conceald al this while, but come shal we to boat, we are furnisht for attendants as Ladies are, We have our fooles, and our Vfhers.

Sir Goz. I thanke you Madame, I shall meete your wit in the clofe one day.

Mist. Waf. Sirra, thou knowest my husband keeps a Kennell of hounds?

Mist. Hony. Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband loue venery?

Mist. Waf. Venery?

Whirl. I, hunting, and venery are words of one signification.

Mist. Waf. Your two husband, and hee haue made a match to go find a Hare about Busfly Causy.

Mist. Tent. Theile keepe an excellent house till we come home againe.

Mist. Ho. O excellent, a Spanish dinner, a Pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and Onions.

Lynst. O thou art a mad wench.

Mist. Tent. Sergeant carry this ell of Cambrick to mistris *Bird.* tel her but that it is a rough tide, and that she feares the water, she should haue gone with vs

Sir Goz. O thou hast an excellent wit.

Whirl. To Boat hay?

Mist. Hony. Sir *Gozlin*? I doe take it your legs are married.

Sir Goz. Why mistris?

Mist. Hony. They looke fo thin vpon it.

Sir Goz. Euer since I meafurd with your husband, I haue shrunk in the calfe.

Mist. Hony. And yet you haue a sweet tooth in in your head.

Sir Goz. O well dealt for the Calues head, you may talke what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter. But tis certain when lank thighes brought long stockings out of fashion, the Courtiers Legge, and his slender tilting staffe grew both of a bigneffe. Come for *Brainford*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Luce.

Bird. Good morrow mistris *Luce*: how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you haue to breakfast?

Luce. A poxe of the Knight that was here last night, he promist to haue sent me some wilde foule: hee was drunk Ile be stewed else.

Bird. Why do not you think he will send them?

Luce. Hang them: tis no more in fashion for them to keepe their promises, then tis for men to pay their debtes. He will lie faster then a Dog trots: what a filthy knocking was at doore last night: some puny Inn-a-court-men, Ile hold my contribution.

Bird. Yes in troth were they, ciuill gentlemen without beards, but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking: took them a fide & said to them: Gentlemen this is not well, that you should come in this habit, Cloakes and Rapiers, Boots and Spurs, I protest to you, those that be your Ancientes

in the house would haue come to my house in their Caps and Gownes, ciuilly, and modestly. I promise you they might haue bin taken for Cittizens, but tha they talke more liker fooles. Who knocks there? vp into your Chamber. *Enter master Honisuckle.*

Who are you, some man of credit? that you come in muffled thus.

Honi. Whose aboute?

Bird. Let me see your face first. O maister *Honisuckle*, why the old party: the old party.

Honi. Pew I will not go vp to her: no body else?

Enter Christian.

Bird. As I liue will you giue me some Sacke? wheres *Opportunity*.

Honi. What dost call her?

Bird. Her name is *Christian*, but mistress *Luce* cannot abide that name, and so she calls her *Opportunity*.

Honi. Very good, good.

Bird. Ist a shilling, bring the rest in *Aqua vite*. Come shals go to Noddy.

Honi. I and thou wilt for halfe an hower.

Bird. Heere are the Cardes? deale, God send mee Duces and Aces with a Court Card, and I shall get by it.

Honi. That can make thee nothing.

Bird. Yes if I haue a coate Card turne vp.

Honi. I shew foure games?

Bird. By my troth I must shew all and little enough to, fixe games: play your single game, I shall double with you anone.

Pray you lend me some filuer to count my games? How now is it good Sack?

Enter Christian.

Chri. Theres a gentleman at doore would speake with you.

Ho. Gods fo, I will not be seene by any means.

Enter Tenterhook.

Bird. Into that closet then? What another muffer?

Ten. How dost thou mistress *Birdlime*?

Bird. Master *Tenterhooke* the party is aboute in the dining Chamber.

Tent. Aboue.

Bird. All alone?

Honi. Is he gone vp? who wast I pray thee?

Bird. By this sacke I will not tel you! fay that you were a contry Gentleman, or a Cittizen that hath a young wife, or an Inne of Chauncery Man, should I tell you? Pardon me; this Sac e tastes of Horfe flesh, I warrant you the leg of a dead horfe hangs in the But of Sacke to keepe it quicke?

Hony. I beseech thee good Mistress *Birdlime* tel me who it was.

Bird. O God fir we are sworne to secrecy as wel as Surgeons.

Come drinke to me, and lets to our game.

Tenterhooke and Luce aboue.

Tent. Who am I?

Luce. You, pray you vnblind me, Captaine *Whirl-pole*, no maister *Lynstock*: pray vnblind me you are not fir *Gozling Glo-worme*, for he weares no Ringes of his fingers! Maister *Freeze-leather*, O you are *George* the drawer at the Miter, pray you vnblinde mee, Captaine *Puckfoist*, Maister *Counterpaine* the Lawier, what the diuel meane you, beshrew your heart you haue a very dry hand, are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brainford, Mistress *Birdlyme*, maister *Honyfuckle*, Maister *Wafer*.

Tent. What the last of al your Clients.

Luce. O how dost thou good Cofin.

Tent. I you haue many Cofins.

Luce. Faith I can name many that I do not know, and fuppofe I did know them what then? I will fuffer one to keepe me in diet, another in apparrel; another in Phifick; another to pay my houfe rent. I am iuft of the Nature of *Alcumy*; I wil fuffer euery plodding foole to fpend monie vpon me, marrie none but fome worthie friend to inioy my more retir'd and vfe-full faithfulnes.

Tent. Your loue, your loue.

Luce. O I, tis the curfe that is laid vppon our qualitie, what wee gleane from others we lauish vpon fome trothleffe welac'd younger Brother, that Loues vs onely for maintainance.

Tent. Haft a good tearme *Luce*?

Luce. A pox on the Tearme, and now I thinke ont, faies a gentleman laft night let the pox be in the Towne feauen yeare, Weftminfter neuer breeds Cobwebs, & yet tis as catching as the plagu, though not al fo general, there be a thoufand bragging lackes in London, that wil proteft they can wrefte comfort from me when (I sweare) not one of them know wheather my palme be moifte or not: In troth I loue thee: You promift me feuen Elles of Cambrick. *Waf. knocks and enters.* Whofe that knocks?

Honi. What, more Sacks to the Myl, Ile to my old retirement.

Bird. How doth your good worfhip. Paffion of my hart, what fhift fhall I make. How hath your good wor. done, a long time?

Waf. Very well God amercy.

Bird. Your good worfhip. I thinke be riding out of towne.

Waf. Yes beleue me, I loue to be once a weeke a horfebacke, for methinks nothing fets a man out, better than a Horfe.

Bird. Tis certen, nothing fets a woman out better than a man.

Waf. What, is mift. *Luce* about?

Bird. Yes truly.

Waf. Not any company with her.

Bird. Company? Shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company (let me see how long it was since your Wor. was heere) you went to a Butchers feast at Cuckolds-hauen the next day after Saint Lukes day. Not this fortnight, in good truth.

Waf. Alasse, good foule.

Bird. And why was it? Go to, go to, I thinke you know better than I. The wench asketh euery day, when will M. *wafer* be heere; And if Knightes aske for her, shee cries out at flayre-hed, As you loue my life let em not come vp, Ile do my selfe vyolence if they enter: Haue not you promist hir somwhat?

Waf. Faith, I thinke she loues me.

Bird. Loues: Wel, wud you knew what I know, then you wud say somwhat. In good faith shees very poore, all her gowns are at pawne: she owes me fise pound for her dyet, besides 40. sh. I lent her to redeem two halfe silke Kirtles from the Brokers, And do you thinke she needed be in debt thus, if shee thought not of Some-body.

Waf. Good honest Wench.

Bird. Nay in troth, shees now entring into bond for 5. poundes more, the Scriuener is but new gon vp to take her bond.

Wafer. Come, let her not enter into bond, Ile lend her 5. pound, ile pay the rest of her debts, Call downe the Scriuener?

Bird. I pray you when he comes downe, stand muffed, and Ile tell him you are her brother.

Waf. If a man haue a good honest wench, that liues wholly to his vse, let him not see hir want.

Exit Bird. and enter aboue.

Bird. O mist. *Luce*, mist. *Luce*, you are the most vnfortunate gentlewoman that euer breathde: your young wild brother came newly out of the Countrey, he calles me Bawd, sweares I keepe a Bawdy house,

faies his fifter is turned whore, and that he wil kill, & flay any man that he finds in her company.

Tent. What conuayance wil you make with me mistress *Birdlime*.

Luce. O God let him not come vp, tis the fwaggringst wild-oats.

Bird. I haue pacified him fomewhat, for I told him, that you were a Scriuener come to take a band of her, now as you go foorth say she might haue had so much mony if she had pleafed, and say, she is an honest Gentlewoman and al wil be wel.

Tent. Inough, farewell good Luce.

Bird. Come change your voice, and muffle you.

Luce. What trick should this be, I haue neuer a brother, Ile hold my life some franker cuttomer is come, that shee slides him off so smoothly.

Enter Tenterhooke and Birdlime.

Tent. The Gentlewoman is an honest Gentlewoman as any is in London, and should haue had thrice as much money vpon her single bond for the good report I heare of her.

Waf. No fir hir friends can furnish her with mony.

Tent. By this light I should know that voice,

Waf. od'ffoote are you the Gentlewomans Brother ?

Waf. Are you turnd a Scriuener *Tenterhooke* ?

Bird. I am spoild.

Waf. Tricks of mistress Birdlyme by this light.

Enter Honyfuckle.

Hony. Hoick Couert, hoick couert, why Gentlemen, is this your hunting ?

Tent. A Confort, what make you here *Honyfuckle* ?

Hony. Nay what make you two heare, O excellent mistress *Bird*. thou hast more trickes in thee

then a Punke hath Vnckles, cofins, Brothers, Sons or Fathers : an infinit Company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worships merry, neuer beleeeue me, I wil drinke to your worship a glasse of Sack.

Enter Iustliniano.

Iust. God saue you.

Hony & Waf. Maister *Iustliniano* welcome from *Stoad.*

Iust. Why Gentlemen I neuer came there.

Tent. Neuer there ! where haue you bin then ?

Iust. Mary your daily gueft I thanke you.

Omn. Ours.

Iust. I yours.

I was the pedant that learnt your wiues to write, I was the Colliar that brought you newes your childe was ficke, but the truth is, for ought I knowe, the Child is in health, and your wiues are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Waf. By my troth good wenches, they little dreame where we are now.

Iust. You little dreame what gallants are with them.

Tent. Gallants with them ! Ide laugh at that.

Iust. Foure Gallants by this light, Mai. *Monopoly* is one of them.

Tent. *Monopoly* ? Ide laugh at that in faith.

Iust. Would you laugh at that ! why do ye laugh at it then, they are ther by this time, I cannot stay to giue you more particular intelligence : I haue receiued a letter from my wife heare, if you will cal me at *Putney*, Ile beare you company.

Tent. Od's foot what a Rogue is Sergeant *Ambush*, Ile vndo him by this light.

Iust. I met Sergeant *Ambush*, and wild him come to this houle to you presently, fo Gentlemen I leaue you ! Bawd I haue nothing to say to you now ; do not thinke to much in so dangerous a matter for in womens

matters tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating,
then before a battaile. *Exit Iusti.*

Waf. This fellowes pouerty hath made him an
arrant knaue.

Bird. Will your worship drinke any *Aquavita* ?

Tent. A pox on your *Aquavita*. *Monopoly*, that
my wife vrged me to arrest gon to *Brainford*. *Enter*

Ambush. Heres comes the varlet.

Amb. I am come fir to know your pleasure.

Ten. What hath *Monopoly* paid the mony yet ?

Amb. No fir, but he fent for mony.

Tent. You haue not caried him to the counter, he
is at your houle stil.

Amb. O Lord I fir as melancholike, &c.

Tent. You lie like an arrant varlet, by this candle
I laugh at the iest.

Bird. And yet hees ready to cry.

Tent. Hees gone with my wife to Brainford, and
there bee any Law in England Ile tickle ye for this.

Amb. Do your worst, for I haue good security & I
care not, besides it was his cofin your wiues pleasure
that he should goe along with her.

Tent. Hoy day, her cofin, wel fir, your security.

Amb. Why fir two Diamonds here.

Tent. O my hart : my wiues two Diamonds,
Wel, youle go along and iustifie this.

Enter Luce.

Amb. That I wil fir.

Luce. Who am I ?

Tent. What the Murrion care I who you are, hold
off your Fingers, or Ile cut them with this Diamond.

Luce. Ile fee em ifaith,

So, Ile keepe thefe Diamonds tell I haue my filke
gowne, and fix els of Cambricke.

Tent. By this light you shal not.

Luce. No, what do you think you haue Fops in
hand, sue me for them.

Waf. and Hony. As you respect your credit lets go.

Tent. Good Luce as you loue me let me haue them, it stands vpon my Credit, thou shalt haue any thing, take my purse.

Luce. I will not be croft in my humour fir.

Tent. You are a dam'd filthy punke, what an vnfortunate Rogue was I, that euer I came into this house.

Bird. Do not spurne any body in my house you were beft.

Tent. Well, well.

Bird. Excellent Luce, the getting of these two Diamondes maie chaunce to saue the Gentlewomens credit; thou heardst all.

Luce. O I, and by my troath pittye them, what a filthy Knaue was that betraied them.

Bird. One that put me into pittifull feare, master *Iustiniano* here hath laied lurking like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawne these gentlewomen to this misfortune: but Ile downe to Queene-hiue, and the Watermen which were wont to carrie you to Lambeth *Marsh*, shall carry mee thither: It may bee I may come before them; I thinke I shal pray more, what for feare of the water, and for my good succeffe then I did this tweluemonth.

Scæna 2 *Enter the Earle and three Seruingmen.*

Earl. Haue you perfum'd this Chamber?

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Ear. The banquet?

Omn. It stands ready.

Ear. Go, let musicke

Charme with her excellent voice an awfull scilence
Through al this building, that her sphæry foule
May (on the wings of Ayre) in thousand formes
Inuifibly flie, yet be inioy'd. Away.

1 Ser. Does my Lorde meane to Coniure that hee
drawes this strange Characters.

2 *Ser.* He does : but we shal see neither the Spirit
that rises, nor the Circle it rises in.

3 *Ser.* Twould make our haire stand vp an end if
wee shoulde, come fooles come, meddle not with his
matters, Lords may do any thing. *Exeunt.*

Ear. This night shal my desires be amply Crownd,
And al those powers, that tast of man in vs,
Shall now aspire that point of happines,
Beyond which, sensuall eies neuer looke, (sweet
pleasure !)

Delicious pleasure ? Earths Supreamest good,
The spring of blood, tho it dry vp our blood.
Rob me of that, (tho to be drunke with pleasure,
As ranke excessse euen in best things is bad ;
Turnes man into a beast) yet that being gone,
A horse and this (the goodliest shape) al one.
We feed : weare rich attires : and strue to cleaue
The flars with Marble Towers, fight batailles : Spend
Our blood to buy vs names : and in Iron hold
Will we eate roots, to imprison fugitiue gold :
But to do thus, what Spell can vs excite,
This the strong Magick of our appetite :
To feast which richly, life it selfe vndoos,
Whoo'd not die thus ? to see, and then to choos
Why euen those that starue in Voluntary wants,
And to aduance the mind, keepe the flesh poore,
The world Inioying them, they not the world,
Wud they do this, but that they are proud to sucke
A sweetnes from such fowrenes : let em so,
The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier freame. A woman ! Oh, the Spirit
And extract of Creation ! This, this night,
The Sun shal enuy. What cold checks our blood ?
Her bodie is the Chariot of my foule,
Her eies my bodies light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if possesse, I vndo her ;
Turne her into a diuel, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot steeme of lust.
Tis but a minutes pleasure : and the sinne

Scarce acted is repented. Shun it than :
 O he that can Abstaine, is more than man !
 Tush. Resolu't thou to do ill : be not precise
 Who writes of *Vertue* best, are slaues to vize, *Musick*
 The musicke founds allarum to my blood,
 Whats bad I follow, yet I fee whats good.

*Whilst the song is heard. The Earle drawes a Curten,
 and sets forth a Banquet : he then Exit, and Enters
 presently with Parenthesis attird like his wife
 maskt : leads him to the table, places him in a
 chaire, and in dumbe signes, Courts him, til the
 song be done.*

Ear. Fayre ! be not doubly maskt : with that and
 night,

Beautie (like gold) being v'd becomes more bright.

Par. Wil it please your Lordship to sit, I shal
 receiue smal pleasure if I see your Lordship stand.

Ear. Witch, hag, what art thou proud damnation ?

Par. A Marchants wife.

Ear. Fury who raizd thee vp, what com'st thou
 for ?

Par. For a banquet.

Ear. I am abus'd, deluded : Speake what art
 thou ?

Vds death speake, or ile kil thee : in that habit

I lookt to find an Angel, but thy face,

Shewes th'art a Diuel.

Par. My face is as God made it my Lord : I am
 no diuel vnlesse women be diuels, but men find em
 not so, for they daily hunte for them.

Ear. What art thou that dost cozen me thus ?

Par. A Marchants wife I say : *Iustinianos* wife. She,
 whome that long burding piece of yours, I meane that
 Wicked mother Birdlyme caught for your honor. Why
 my Lord, has your Lordshippe forgot how ye courted
 me last morning.

Ear. The diuel I did.

Par. Kist me last morning.

Ear. *Succubus*, not thee.

Par. Gaue me this Iewel last morning.

Ear. Not to thee *Harpy*.

Par. To me vpon mine honestie, I swore you would build me a lodging by the *Thames* side with a water-gate to it : or els take mee a lodging in Cole-harbor.

Ear. I swore so.

Par. Or keep me in a Laborinth as *Harry* kept *Rosamond* wher the *Minotaure* my husband should not enter.

Ear. I fware so, but *Gipsie* not to thee ?

Par. To me vpon my honour, hard was the siege, which you laid to the Chrystal wals of my chastity, but I held out you know : but because I cannot bee too stony harted, I yeelded my Lord, by this token my Lord (which token lies at my heart like lead) but by this token my Lord, that this night you should commit that sinne which we al know with me.

Ear. Thee ?

Par. Do I looke vgly, that you put thee vpon me : did I giue you my hand to horne my head, thats to fay my husband, and is it com to thee : is my face a filthyer face, now it is yours, then when it was his : or haue I two faces vnder one hooode. I confesse I haue laid mine eyes in brine, and that may chaunge the copy. But my Lord I know what I am.

Ear. A Sorceresse, thou shalt witch mine eares no more,

If thou canst pray, doot quickly for thou diest.

Par. I can praie but I will not die, thou liest : My Lord there drops your Ladie ; And now know, Thou vnseasonable Lecher, I am her husband Whom thou wouldst make whore, read : she speakes there thus,

Vnlesse I came to her, her hand should free
Her Chastitie from blemish, proud I was
Of her braue mind, I came, and seeing what slauerie
Pouertie, and the frailtie of her Sex

Had, and was like to make her Subiect to,
I begd that she would die, my suite was granted,
I poison'd her, thy lust there strikes her dead,
Hornes feard, plague worfe, than sticking on the
head.

Ear. Oh God thou hast vndone thy selfe and me,
None liue to match this peece, thou art to bloudie,
Yet for her sake, whom Ile embalme with teares,
This Act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy losse of such a Iewel, thou shalt share
My liuing with me, Come imbrace.

Par. My Lord.

Earl. Villaine, dambd mercilesse slaue, Ile torture
thee
To euery ynych of flesh : what ho : helpe whose
there ?

Enter Servingmen.

Come hither : heres a murderer, bind him. How now,
What noife is this.

Enter the 1. Seruingmen.

1 Ser. My Lord there are three Cittizens face mee
downe, that heres one maister *Paranthesis* a schoole-
maister with your Lordship and desire he may be
forthcomming to em.

Par. That borrowed name is mine. Shift for your
felues :

Away, shift for your felues ; fly, I am taken.

Ear. Why should they flye thou Skreech-owle.

Par. I wil tel thee,

Those three are partners with me in the murder,
We four commixt the poison, shift for your felues.

Ear. Stops mouth, and drag him backe : intreat em
enter.

Enter the three Cittizens.

O what a conflict feele I in my bloud,

I would I were lesse great to be more good :
 Y'are welcome, wherefore came you ! guard the
 dores :

When I behold that obieſt, al my fences
 Reuolt from reason, he that offers flight,
 Drops downe a Coarſe.

All 3. A Coarſe ?

1. *Ser.* I a coarſe, do you ſcorn to be worms meat
 more then ſhe ?

Par. See Gentlemen, the Italian that does ſcorne,
 Beneath the Moone, no baſenes like the horne,
 Has powr'd through all the veines of yon chaſt
 boſome,

Strong poiſon to preferue it from that plague,
 This fleſhly Lord : he doted on my wife,
 He would haue wrought on her and plaid on me.
 But to pare off theſe brims, I cut off her,
 And guld him with this lie, that you had hands
 Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
 That his ſtaind age and name might not be hid.
 My Aſt (tho vild) the world ſhall crowne as iuſt,
 I ſhall dye cleere, when he liues ſoyld with luſt :
 But come : riſe Moll. Awake ſweete Moll, th'aſt
 played

The woman rarely, counterſetted well.

1. *Ser.* Sure ſh'as nine liues.

Par. See, *Lucrece* is not ſlaine,
 Her eyes which luſt cald Suns, haue their firſt
 beames,

And all theſe frightments are but idle dreames :
 Yet (afore *Ioue*) ſhe had her knife prepard
 To let his bloud forth ere it ſhould run blacke ?
 Do not theſe open cuts now, coole your back ?
 Methinks they ſhould : when *Vice* ſees with broad
 eyes

Her vgly forme, ſhe does hirſelfe deſpiſe.

Ear. Mirror of dames, I looke vpon thee now,
 As men long blind, (hauing recovered fight)
 Amazd : ſcarce able are to endure the light :

Mine owne shame strikes me dumb : henceforth the
booke

Ile read shall be thy mind, and not thy looke.

Hony. I would either wee were at Braineфорд to
see our wiues, or our wiues heere to see this Pageant.

Ten. So would I, I stand vpon thornes.

Ear. The iewels which I gaue you : weare : your
fortunes,

Ile raise on golden Pillars : fare you well,

Lust in old age like burnt straw, does euen choake

The kindlers, and consumes, in stincking Smoake.

Exit.

Par. You may follow your Lord by the smoake,
Badgers.

i. Ser. If fortune had fauord him, wee might haue
followed you by the hornes.

Par. Fortune fauors fooles, your Lords a wise
Lord : So : how now ? ha ? This is that makes me
fat now, ist not Rats-bane to you Gentlemen, as pap
was to *Neffor*, but I know the inuisible sins of your
wiues hang at your eye-lides, and that makes you so
heauy headed.

Tent. If I do take em napping I know what
Ile do.

Honi. Ile nap some of them.

Tent. That villaine *Monopoly*, and that fir *Gozlin*
treads em all.

Wafer. Wud I might come to that treading.

Par. Ha ha, fownd I : come Moll : the booke of
the sledge of *Ostend*, writ by one that dropt in the ac-
tion, will neuer sell so well, as a report of the sledge
between this *Graue*, this wicked elder and thy selfe,
an impression of you two, wold away in a May-morn-
ing : was it euer heard that such tyings, were brought
away from a Lord by any wench but thee Moll, with-
out paying, vnlesse the wench connycatcht him ? go
thy waies : if all the great Turks Concubins were
but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell should neuer neede

keep so many geldings to ney ouer em : come shal this
Westerne voyage hold my harts ?

All 3. Yes, yes.

Par. Yes, yes : Sfoot you speake as if you had no
harts, & look as if you were going westward indeede :
to see how plaine dealing women can pull downe men :
Moll youle helpe vs to catch Smelts too ?

Mist. Iust. If you be pleas'd.

Par. Neuer better since I wore a Smock.

Honi. I fear our oares haue giuen vs the bag.

Wafer. Good, Ide laugh at that.

Par. If they haue, would wheres might giue them
the Bottle : come march whilst the women double
their files : Married men fee, theres comfort ; the
Moores vp : fore *Don Phœbus*, I doubt we shall haue
a Frost this night, her hornes are so sharp : doe you
not feele it bite.

Tent. I do, Ime sure.

Par. But weele sit vppon one anothers skirts ith
Boate, and lye clofe in straw, like the hoary Courtier.
Set on to Brainford now : where if you meeete fraile
wiues,

Nere fweare gainst hornes, in vaine dame Nature
striues. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus Scœna Prima.

*Enter Monopoly, Whirlepoole, Lynstock, and their
wiues, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare, their Hats off.*

Mono. Why Chamberlin ? will not these Fidlers
be drawn forth ? are they not in tune yet ? Or are the
Rogues a fraid ath Statute, and dare not trauell so far
without a passe-port ?

Whir. What Chamberlin ?

Lynst. Wheres mine host ? what Chamberlin.

Enter Chamberlin.

Cham. Anon sir, heere sir, at hand sir.

Mono. Wheres this noife? what a lowfie Townes this? Has Brainford no mufick int.

Cham. They are but rozing fir, and theile fcrape themfelues into your company prefently.

Mono. Plague a their Cats guts and their fcraping: doft not fee women here, and can we thinkft thou be without a noife then?

Cha. The troth is fir, one of the poore instruments caught a fore mifchance laft night: his moft bafe bridge fell downe, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whir. When they come, lets haue em with apox.

Cham. Well fir, you fhall fir.

Mo. Stay Chamberlin: wheres our knight fir *Gozlin*? wheres fir *Gozlin*.

Cham. Troth fir, my mafter, and fir *Gozlin* are guzling: they are dabling together fathom deepe: the Knight hath drunke fo much Helth to the Gentleman yonder, on his knees, that hee has almoft loft the vfe of his legs.

Iud. O for loue, let none of em enter our roome, fie.

Mab. I wud not haue em caft vp their accounts here, for more then they meane to be drunke this tweluemonth.

Cla. Good Chamberlin keepe them and their Helthes out of our company.

Cham. I warrant you, their Helthes fhall not hurt you. *Exit.*

Mo. I, well laid: they're none of our giuing: let em keep their owne quarter: Nay I told you the man would foake him if hee were ten Knights: if he were a Knight of Gold theyd fetch him ouer.

Cla. Out vpon him?

Whirl. Theres a Liefetennant and a Captaine amongst em too.

Mo. Nay, then looke to haue fome body lie on the earth fort: Its ordinary for your Liefetennant to be drunke with your Captaine, and your Capten to caft with your Knight.

Cla. Did you neuer hear how fir *Fabian Scarcrow* (euen such another) tooke me vp one night before my husband being in wine.

Mab. No indeede, how was it?

Cla. But I thinke I tooke him downe with a witnesse.

Iud. How? Good *Tenterhooke*.

Cla. Nay Ile haue all your eares take part of it.

Omn. Come, on then.

Cla. He vsd to frequent me and my Husband diuerse times; And at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and fayer, maister *Tenterhooke* saies he, I must trouble you to lend mee 200. pound about a commodity which I am to deale in, and what was that commodity but his knighthood.

Omn. So.

Cla. Why you shall Maister *Scarcrow* saies my good man: So within a little while after, Maister *Fabian* was created Knight.

Mono. Created a Knight! thats no good heraldry: you must say dubd.

Cla. And why not Created pray.

Omn. I wel done, put him downe ats owne weapon.

Cla. Not Created, why al things haue their being by creation.

Lynst. Yes by my faith ift.

Cla. But to returne to my tale.

Whirl. I mary: marke now.

Cla. When he had climb'd vp this costly ladder of preferment, he disburfes the mony backe agen very honorably: comes home, and was by my husbände invited to supper: There suppt with vs besides, another Gentleman incident to the Court, one that hadde betpoken me of my husband to help me into the banquetting house and see the reuelling: a young Gentleman, and that wagge (our schoolemaister) maister *Parenthefts*, for I remember he said grace, methinks I see him yet, how he turn'd vp the white a'th eie, when he

came to the last Gaspe, and that he was almost past Grace.

Mab. Nay he can doot.

Cla. All supper time, my New-minted knight, made Wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran downe his throat so fast, that before my Chamber-maid had taken halfe vp, he was not scarce able to stand.

Mono. A generall fault at Cittizens tables.

Cla. And I thinking to play vpon him, askt him, Sir *Fabian Scarcrow* quoth I, what pretty Gentlewoman wil you raise vp now to stal her your Lady? but he like a fowl-mouthd man, swore zounds Ile stal neuer a puncke in England. A Lady, theres two many already: O fie Sir *Fabian* (quoth I) will you cal her that shall bee your wife such an odious name! and then he fets out a throat & swore agen (like a stinking breathd knight as he was) that women were like horses.

Iud. and Mab. O filthy knaue.

Cla. Theyde break ouer any hedge to change their pasture, tho it were worse: Fie man fie, (saies the Gentlewoman.)

Mono. Very good.

Cla. And he bristling vp his beard to raile at her too, I cut hym ouer the thumbs thus: why sir *Fabian Scarcrow* did I incense my husband to lend you so much mony vpon your bare worde, and doe you back-bite my friends, and me to our faces! I thought you had more perseuerance; if you bore a Knightly and a degenerous mind you would scorne it: you had wont to be more deformable amongst women: Fie, that youle be so humorfome: here was Nobodie so egregious towards you sir *Fabian*! and thus in good fadnes, I gaue him the best wordes I coulede picke out to make him ashamd of his doings.

Whirl. And how tooke he this Correction.

Cla. Verie heauily: for he slept presentlie vpont: & in the morning was the forriest Knight, and I

warrant is so to this daie, that liues by bread in England.

Mono. To see what wine and women can do, the one makes a man not to haue a word to throw at a Dogge, the other makes a man to eat his owne words, tho they were neuer so filthy.

Whirl. I see these Fiddlers cannot build vp their bridge, that some Musicke may come ouer vs.

Lynst. No faith they are drunke too, what shals do therefore.

Mono. Sit vp at Cards al night ?

Mab. Thats Seruingmans fashion.

Whirl. Drinke burnt wine and Eggs then ?

Iud. Thats an exercife for your sub-burbe wenches.

Cla. No no, lets set vpon our posset and so march to bed, for I begin to wax light with hauing my Natural sleep puld out a mine cies.

Omni. Agreed : beet so, the sacke posset and to bed.

Mono. What Chamberlain ? I must take a pipe of Tobacco.

3. *Women.* Not here, not here, not here.

Mab. Ile rather loue a man that takes a purse, then him that takes Tobacco.

Cla. By my little finger Ile breake al your pipes, and burne the Case. and the box too, and you drawe out your stinking smoake afore me.

Mono. Prethee good mistress *Tenterhook*e, Ile ha done in a trice.

Mab. Do you long to haue me swoone ?

Mono. Ile vse but halfe a pipe introth.

Cla. Do you long to see me lie at your feet !

Mono. Smell toot : tis perfum'd.

Cla. Oh God ? Oh God ? you anger me : you stir my bloud : you moue me : you make me spoile a good face with frowning at you : this was euer your fashion, so to smoake my Husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye : hee was a moate

in it me thought a month after : pray spawle in another roome : fie, fie, fie.

Mo. Well, well, come, weele for once feed hir humor.

Iud. Get two roomes off at least if you loue vs.

Mab. Three, three, maister *Lynstocke* three.

Lin. Sfoote weele dance to Norwich, and take it there, if youle stay till we returne agen ? Heeres a stir, youle ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a smoaky nose.

Mo. Come lets fatisfie our appetite.

Whi. And that wil be hard for vs, but weele do our best.

Exeunt.

Cla. So ; are they departed ? What string may wee three thinke that these three gallants harp vpon, by bringing vs to this sinfull towne of Brainford ? ha ?

Iud. I know what string they would harpe vpon, if they could put vs into the right tune.

Mab. I know what one of em buz'd in mine eare, till like a Theefe in a Candlle, he made mine eares burne, but I swore to say nothing.

Cla. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night theile row westward in our husbands whirries, as wee hope to bee rowd to London to morrowe morning in a paire of oares. But wenches lets bee wife, and make Rookes of them that I warrant are now setting purfenets to cony-catch vs.

Both. Content.

Cla. They shall know that Cittizens wiues haue wit enough to out strip twenty such guls ; tho we are merry, lets not be mad : be as wanton as new married wiues, as fantaſticke and light headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart, as if we dwelt amongst em in Black Fryers.

Mab. Weele eate and drinke with em.

Clar. Oh yes : eate with em as hungerly as fouldiers : drinke as if we were Froes : talke as freely as Ieflors, but doe as little as misers. Who (like dry

Nurſes) haue great breafles but giue no milke. It were better we ſhould laugh at their popin-layes, then liue in feare of their prating tongues : tho we lye all night out of the Citty, they ſhall not find country wenches of vs : but ſince we haue brought em thus far into a fooles Paradice, leaue em int : the leſt ſhal be a ſtock to maintain vs and our pewfellowes in laughing at chriſtnings, cryings out, and vpfittings this 12. month : how ſay you wenches, haue I ſet the Saddle on the right horſe.

Boath. O twill be excellent.

Mab. But how ſhall we ſhift em off ?

Cla. Not as ill debtors do their Creditors (with good wordes) but as Lawyers do their Clyents when their ouerthrown, by ſome new knauifh trickes : and thus it ſhall bee : one of vs muſt diſſemble to be ſuddenly very ſick.

Iud. Ile be ſhe.

Clar. Nay, tho we can all diſſemble well, yet Ile be ſhe : for men are ſo iealous, or rather enuious of one anothers happineſſe (Eſpecially in this out of towne goſſipings) that he who ſhall miſſe his hen, if hee be a right Cocke indeede, will watch the other from treading.

Mab. Thatſ certaine, I know that by my ſelfe.

Cla. And like *Eſops* Dog, vnleſſe himſelfe might eate hay, wil lie in the manger and ſtarue : but heele hinder the horſe from eating any : beſides it will be as good as a Welch hooke for you to keepe out the other at the Staues end : for you may boldly ſtand vppon this point, that vnleſſe euery mans heeles may bee tript vp, you ſcorne to play at football.

Iud. Thatſ certaine : peace I heare them ſpitting after their Tobacco.

Cla. A chaire, a chaire, one of you keepe as great a coyle and calling, and as if you ran for a midwife : tho'ther holde my head : whylſt I cut my lace.

Mab. Paſſion of me? maiſter *Monopolty*, maiſter *Linflocke* and you be men, help to daw *miſtris Tenter-*

hooke : O quickly, quickly, shees sicke and taken with an Agony.

Enter as she cryes Monopolie, Whirlepoole, and Lynstocke.

Omni. Sick ? How ? how now ? whats the matter ?
Monop. Sweet *Clare* call vp thy spirits.

Clare. O maister *Monopoly*, my spirits will not come at my calling, I am terrible and Ill : Sure, sure, I'me struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very hart : Oh I feele my selfe worfe and worfe.

Mono. Some burnt Sack for her good wenches : or possit drink, poxe a this Rogue Chamberlin, one of you call him : how her pulses beate : a draught of Cynamon water now for her, were better than two Tankerdes out of the Thames : how now ? Ha.

Clare. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mono. I'me accurst to spend money in this Towne of iniquity : theres no good thing euer comes out of it : and it stands vppon such musty ground, by reason of the Riuer, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well int. Sfoot ? Sick now ? cast down now tis come to the push.

Clare. My mind misgiues me that als not found at London.

Whirle. Poxe on em that be not founde, what need that touch you ?

Clare. I feare youle neuer carry me thither.

Omni. Puh, puh, say not so.

Clare. Pray let my cloathes be vtterly vndone, and then lay mee in my bed.

Lynst. Walke vp and downe a little.

Clare. O maister *Lynstocke*, tis no walking will serue my turne : haue me to bed good sweete Miftris *Honifuckle*, I doubt that olde Hag *Gillian* of *Braineferd* has bewicht me.

Mono. Looke to her good wenches.

Mab. I so we will, and to you too : this was excellent.

Exeunt.

Whirl. This is strange.

Lynst. Villanous spiteful luck : no matter, th, other two hold byas.

Whirl. Peace, marke how hees nipt : nothing greeues mee so much as that poore *Pyramus* here muft haue a wall this night betweene him and his *Thisbe*.

Mono. No remedy trusty *Troylus* : and it greeues mee as much, that youle want your falſe *Cressida* to night, for heeres no fir *Pandarus* to vſher you into your Chamber.

Lynst. Ile ſomon a parlee to one of the Wenches, and ſee how all goes.

Mono. No whifpring with the common enmy by this Iron : he ſees the Diuell that ſees how all goes amongſt the women to night : Nay Sfoot ? If I ſtand piping till you dance, damne me.

Lyn. Why youle let me call to em but at the key-hole.

Mono. Puh, good maiſter *Lynſlocke*, Ile not ſtand by whiſt you giue Fire at your Key-holes ? Ile hold no Trencher till another feedes : no ſtirrup, till another gets vp : be no doore-keeper. I ha not beene ſo often at Court, but I know what the back-side of the Hangings are made of. Ile truſt none vnder a peece of Tapiftry, viz. a Couerlet.

Whirl. What will you ſay if the Wenches do this to gull us ?

Mono. No matter, Ile not be doubly guld, by them and by you : goe, will you take the leaſe of the next chamber and doe as I do.

Both. And whats that ?

Mono. Any villanie in your company, but nothing out on't will you fit vp, or lie by'te.

Whirl. Nay lie ſure, for lying is moſt in faſhion.

Mono. Troth then ; Ile haue you before mee.

Both. It ſhall be youres.

Mono. Yours ifaith : Ile play *Ianus* with two faces & looke a ſquinte both wayes for one night.

Lyn. Well Sir, you shall be our dore-keeper.

Mono. Since we must swim, lets leape into one flood,

Weele either be all naught, or els all good. *Exeunt.*

Enter a noyse of Fiddlers, following the Chamberlyn.

Cham. Come, come, come, follow mee, follow mee. I warrant you ha lost more by not falling into a found last night, than euer you got at one Iob since it pleas'd to make you a noife : I can tell you, gold is no money with 'hem : follow me and fum as you goe ; you shall put something into their eares, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies. Followe close and fum ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gozlin and Bird-lime puld along by him.

Goz. What kin art thou to Long-Meg of Westminster ? th'art like her.

Bird. Some-what a like Sir at a blush, nothing a kin Sir, sauing in height of minde, and that she was a goodly Woman.

Goz. Mary Anbree, do not you know me ? had not I a sight of this sweete Phisnomy at Renish-wine house ! ha last day ith Stilliard ha ! whither art bound Galley-foist ? whether art bound ? whence com'st thou female yeoman—a the gard ?

Bird. From London Sir.

Goz. Dost come to keepe the dore *Ascapart.*

Bird. My reparations hether is to speake with the Gentlewoman here that drunke with your worshippe at the Dutch-house of meeting.

Goz. Drunke with mee, you lie, not drunke with me : but 'faith what wou'dst with the Women ? they are a bed : art not a mid-wife ? one of hem told mee thou wert a night woman.

Musick within : the Fiddlers.

Bird. I ha brought some women a bed, in my time Sir.

Goz. I and some yong-men too, ha't not *Pandora*? howe now! where's this noyfe.

Bird. Ile commit your worship.

Goz. To the Stockes? art a Iustice? shalt not commit mee : dance first 'faith, why scrapers, appeare vnder the wenches Comicall window, byth' Lord! Vds Daggers? cannot finne be set a shore once in a raigne vpon your Country quarters, but it must haue fiding? what set of Villaines are you, you perpetuall Ragamuffins?

Fid. The Towne Confort Sir.

Goz. Confort with a pox? cannot the shaking of the sheets be danc'd without your Town piping? nay then let al hel rore.

Fid. I beseech you Sir, put vp yours, and wee'le put vp ours.

Goz. Play you louzie *Hungarians*: see, looke the Mai-pole is set vp, weele dance about it : keepe this circle *Maquerelle*.

Bird. I am no Mackrell, and ile keepe no Circles.

Goz. Play, life of *Pharao* play, the Bawde shall teach mee a Scotch ligge.

Bird. Bawd! I defie thee and thy ligges whatsoever thou art : were I in place where, Ide make thee proue thy wordes.

Goz. I wud proue 'hem Mother best be trust : why doe not I know you Granam? and that Suger-loafe? ha! doe I not *Magara*.

Bird. I am none of your Megges, do not nick-name me so : I will not be nickt.

Goz. You will not : you will not : how many of my name (of the *Glowwormes*) haue paid for your furr'd Gownes, thou Womans broker.

Bird. No Sir, I fcorne to bee beholding to any

Glo-worme that liues vppon Earth for my furre : I can keepe my felfe warme without Glowormes.

Goz. Canst fing Wood-pecker ? come fing and wake 'hem.

Bird. Wud you should well know it, I am no finging Woman.

Goz. Howle then ! sfoote fing, or howle, or Ile break your Elrich Egshell there.

Bird. My Egge hurts not you, what doe you meane to florish fo.

Goz. Sing Madge, Madge, fing Owlet.

Bird. How can I fing with fuch a fowre face—I am haunted with a caught and cannot fing.

Goz. One of your Instruments Mowntibankes, come, here clutch : clutch.

Bird. Alas, Sir, I'me an olde woman, and knowe not how to clutch an instrument.

Goz. Looke marke too and fro as I rub it : make a noyse : its no matter : any hunts vp, to waken vice.

Bird. I shall neuer rub it in tune.

Goz. Will you scrape ?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will sawe, & make a noyse.

Goz. Doe then : shatt into the parties, and part 'hem : that my leane *Lena*.

Bird. If I must needes play the Foole in my olde dayes, let mee haue the biggest instrument, because I can hold that best : I shall cough like a broken winded horse, if I gape once to fing once.

Goz. No matter cough out thy Lungs.

Bird. No Sir, tho Ime olde, and worme-eaten Ime not so rotten ————— *Coughes*.

A SONG.

Will your worship be ridde of me now.

Goz. Faine, as rich-mens heyres would bee of their gowtye dads : thats the hot-houfe, where your

parties are sweating : amble : goe, tell the Hee parties
I haue sent 'hem a Masse to their shippe.

Bird. Yes forsooth Ile do your errand. *Exit.*

Gos. Half musty still by thundring *Ioue* : with
what wedge of villanie might I cleaue out an howre
or two ? Fidlers, come : strike vp. march before mee,
the Chamberlaine shall put a Crowne for you into his
bill of *Items* : you shall sing bawdie songs vnder euery
window ith Townte : vp will the Clownes start, downe
come the Wenches, wee'le fet the Men a fighting the
Women a scolding, the Dogs a barking, you shall go
on fidling, and I follow dancing *Lantera* : curry your
instruments : play and away. *Exit.*

*Enter Tenter-hooke, Hony-suckle, Wafer, Parenthesis,
and his wife with Ambush and Chamberlayn.*

Hony. Sericant *Ambush*, as th'art an honest fellow,
fcowte in some backe roome, till the watch-word be
giuen for fallying forth.

Amb. Duns the Mouse. *Exit.*

Tent.—A little low-woman faist thou,—in a Veluet-
cappe-and one of 'him in a Beauer ? brother *Hony-
suckle*, and brother *Wafer*, hearke—they are they.

Waf. But art fure theyr husbands are a bed with
'hem ?

Cha. I thinke so Sir, I know not, I left 'hem to-
gether in one roome : and what diuision fell amongst
'hem, the fates can descouer not I.

Tent. Leaue vs good Chamberlaine, wee are some
of their friends : leaue vs good Chamberlaine : be
merry a little : leaue vs honest Chamberlaine—*Exit.*
Wee are abuzd, wee are bought and sold in *Brainford*
Market : neuer did the sicknesse of one belyed nurse-
child, sticke so cold to the heartes of three Fathers :
never were three innocent Cittizens so horribly, so
abominably wrung vnder the withers.

Both. What shall wee do ? how shall we helpe our
selues ?

Hony. How shall we pull this thorne out off our foote before it rancle?

Tent. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of vs stay here to watch; doe you see: to watch: haue an eye, haue an eare. I and my brother *Wafer*, and *Maist. Infortunio*, will set the towne in an infurrection, bring hither the Constable, and his Billmen, breake open vpon 'hem, take 'hem in their wickednesse, and put 'hem to their purgation.

Both. Agreed.

Par. Ha, ha, purgation.

Tent. Wee'le haue 'hem before some Countrey Iustice of *Coram* (for we scorne to be bound to the Peace) and this Iustice shall draw his Sword in our defence, if we finde 'hem to be Malefactors wee'le ticle 'hem.

Hony. Agreed: doe not say, but doo't come.

Par. Are you mad? do you know what you doe? whether will you runne?

All 3. To set the Towne an an vprore.

Par. An vprore! will you make the Townes-men think, that *Londoners* neuer come hither but vpon Saint *Thomas*'s night? Say you should rattle vp the Constable: thrash all the Countrey together, hedge in the house with Flayles, Pike-staues, and Pitch-forkes, take your wiues napping, these Westerne Smelts nibbling, and that like so many *Vulcans*, euery Smith should discouer his *Venus* dancing with *Mars*, in a net? wud this plaster cure the head-ake.

Tent. I, it wood.

All 3. Nay it shud.

Par. *Nego Nego*, no no, it shall bee prou'd vnto you, your heads would ake worfe: when women are proclaymed to bee light, they strue to be more light, for who dare disproue a Proclamation.

Tent. I but when light Wiues make heauy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and crie reuenge, come, and wee'le do so.

Mist. Iust. Pray stay, be not so heady at my intreaty.

Par. My wife intreats you, and I intreat you to haue mercy on your selues, though you haue none ouer the women. Ile tell you a tale : this last Christ-mas a Cittizen and his wife (as it might be one of you) were inuited to the Reuells one night at one of the Innes a Court : the husband (hauing businesse) trusts his wife thither to take vp a roome for him before : shee did so : but before shee went ; doubts a rising, what blockes her husband would stumble at, to hinder his entrance. It was consulted vpon, by what token, by what trick, by what banner, or brooch he should bee knowne to bee hee when hee wrapt at the Gate:

All 3. Very good.

Par. The croud he was told would be greater, their clamors greater, and able to droune the throats of a shoule of fishwiues : he himselte therefore deuises an excellent watch-word, and the signe at which he would hang out himselte, should be a horne : he would wind his horne, and that should giue them warning that he was come.

All. 3. So.

Par. The torchmen and whiffers had an *Item* to receaue him : he comes, ringes out his horne with an allarum, enters with a showte, all the house rises (thinking some sowlgelder prest in) his wife blusht, the company Iested, the simple man like a begger going to the stocks laught, as not being fencible of his own disgrace & hereupon the punyes set downe this decre that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their reuells (if his wife be entred before him) vnles he cary his horne about him.

Waf. Ile not trouble them.

Par. So if you trompet a broad and preach at the market crosse, you wiues shame, tis your owne shame.

All. What shall we doe then !

Por. Take my councell, Ile aske no fee fort: bar out host: banish mine hostes, beate away the Chamberlin, let the ostlers walke, enter you the chambers peaccably, locke the dores gingerly, looke vpon your wiues wofully, but vpon the euill-doers, most wickedly.

Tent. What shall wee reap by this.

Par. An excellent haruest, this, you shall heare the poore mouse-trapt-guilty-gentlemen call for mercy; your wiues you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and blushing, and cursing *Brainford* and crying *pardona moy, pardona moy, pardona moy*, whilst you haue the choise to stand either as Iudges to condemne 'hem, beadles to torment 'hem, or confessors to absolue 'hem. And what a glory will it be for you 3. to kisse your wiues like forgetfull husbands, to exhort and forgiue the young men like pittifull fathers; then to call for oares, then to cry hay for London, then to make a Supper, then to drowne all in Sacke and Suger, then to goe to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may aske any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none shall perceiue whether the brims wring you.

Tent. Weele raise no townes.

Hony. No, no, lets knock first.

Wa. I thats best Ile somon a parle.— *knocks.*

Cla. Whose there? haue you stock-fish in hand that you beat so hard: who are you?

Tent. Thats my wife; let *Iustiniano* speak for al they know our Tongues.

Cla. What a murren aile these colts, to keepe such a kicking? *Monopoly.*

Par. Yes.

Cla. Is M. *Lynstock* vp too, and the Captaine.

Par. Both are in the field: will you open your dore?

Cla. O you are proper Gamsters to bring false dice with you from London to cheat your selues. If

possible that 3 shallowe women should gul. 3. such Gallants.

Tent. What meanes this.

Cla. Haue we defied you vpon the wals all night to open our gates to you ith morning. Our honest husbands they (filly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the waters vnder vs may not be rough, the tilt that couers vs may not be rent, & the flawe about our feete may keepe our pritty legs warme. I warrant they walk vpon Queen-hiue (as *Leander* did for *Hero*) to watch for our landing, and should we wrong such kind hearts? wud we might euer be troubled with the tooth-ach then.

Tent. This thing that makes fooles of vs thus, is my wife.

Knockes.

Mab. I, I knock your bellies full, we hugg one another a bed and lie laughing till we tickle againe to remember how wee sent you a Bat-fowling.

Waf. An Almond Parrat: that's my *Mabs* voice, I know by the sound.

Par. Sfoote you ha spoild halfe already, & youle spoile al, if you dam not vp your mouths villanie! nothing but villany, Ime afraid they haue smelt your breaths at the key hole, & now they set you to catch Flounders, whilst in the meane time, the concupiscentious Malefactours make 'em ready & take London napping.

Al 3. Ile not be guld fo.

Ten. Shew your selues to be men, and breake open dores.

Par. Breake open dores, and shew your selues to be beafts: if you break open dores, your wiues may lay flat burglary to your charge.

Hony. Lay a pudding; burglarie.

Par. Will you then turne *Coridons* because you are among clowns? shal it be said you haue no braines being in *Brainford*.

M. Parenthesis we will enter and set vpon 'em.

Par. Well do so: but enter not so that all the country may crie shame of your doings: knocke 'hem downe, burst open *Erchus*, and bring an old house ouer your heads if you do.

Waf. No matter, wee beare it of with head & shoulders. *kn.*

Mab. You cannot enter indeed la, gods my pittikin our 3 husbands fomon a parlee; let that long old woman either creepe vnder the bed or else stand vp-right behind the painted cloth. *Exit.*

Waf. Doe you heare: you *Mabel*:

Mab. Lets neuer hide our heads now, for we are descouered.

Hony. But all this while, my *Hony-fuckle* appeares not.

Par. Why then two of them haue pitcht their tents there & yours lies in Ambuscado with your enemy there.

Hony. Stand vpon your gard there, whilst I batter here. *knock.*

Mono. Who's there?

Par. Hold, Ile speake in a small voice like one of the women; here's a friend: are you vp? rize, rize; stir, stirre.

Mono. Vds foote, what Weasell are you? are you going to catch Quailles, that you bring your pipes with you. Ile see what troubled Ghost it is that cannot sleepe. *Lookes out.*

Tent. O Maist. *Monopoly* God saue you.

Mono. Amen, for the last time I sawe you, the Diuell was at mine elbow in Buffe, what! 3 mery men, & 3. mery men, & 3. merry men be we too.

Hon. How do's my wife M. *Monop.*

Mono. Who? my ouerthwart neighbour: passing well; this is kindly don: Sir *Goslin* is not far from you: wee'le ioyne our Armies presently, here be rare fields to walke in-Captaine rize, Captain *Lynstock* bestir your stumps, for the *Philestins* are vpon vs.

Exit.

Tent. This *Monopoly* is an arrant knaue, a cogging knaue, for all hees a Courtier, if *Monopoly* bee suffered to ride vp and downe with other mens wiues, hee'le vn-do both Citty and Countrey.

Enter the three wiues.

Par. Mol, maske thy felfe, they shall not know thee.

All 3. How now fweet hearts, what make you here.

Waf. Not that which you make here.

Tent. Mary you make Bulls of your husbands.

Cla. Buzzards do we not? out you yellow infirmities: do al flowers shew in your eyes like Colum-bines.

Waf. Wife what faies the Collier? is not thy Soule blacker then his coales? how does the child? howe does my flesh and bloud wife?

Mab. Your flesh and bloud is very well recouered now moufe.

Waf. I know tis: the Collier has a sack-full of newes to empty.

Tent. Clare Where be your two rings with Diamonds?

Clare. At hand fir, here with a wet finger.

Tent. I dreamt you had lost hem—what a prophane varlet is this shoullder clapper, to lye thus vpon my wife & her rings.

Enter Monopoly, Whyrlpoole and Lynstock.

All 3. Saue you gentlemen;

Tent. Hony. Waf. And you and our wiues from you.

Mona. Your wiues haue faude themselues for one.

Tent. Maist. *Monopoly*, tho I meet you in hie *Germany*, I hope you can vnderstand broken English, haue you dischargd your debt.

Mono. yes Sir : with a duple charge, your *Harpy* that set his ten commandements vpon my backe had 2. Dyamondes to faue him harmles.

Tent. of you Sir.

Mono. Me Sir, do you think there be no dyamond courtiers.

Enter Ambush.

Tent. Sargent *Ambush* issue forth, *Monopoly* Ile cut off your conuoy maift, Sargent *Ambush*, I charge you as you hope to receaue comfort from the smell of *Mace* speake not like a Sargent, but deale honestly, of whome had you the dyamondes.

Amb. Of your wife Sir if I me an honest man.

Cla. Of me you peuter-buttoned rascall.

Mono. Sirra you that liue by nothing but the carion of poultry.

Cla. Schoole Maister harke heither.

Mono. Where are my Iems and pretious stones that were my bale.

Amb. Forth comming Sir tho your mony is not, your creditor has hem.

Par. Excellent ; peace, why M. *Tenterhooke*, if the dyamondes be of the reported value, Ile paie your mony receaue 'em, keepe 'hem till Maift. *Monopoly* be fatter ith purse : for Maift. *Monopoly* I know you wil not be long empty Maift. *Monopoly*.

Cla. Let him haue 'hem good *Tenterhooke*, where are they.

Tent. At home, I lockt 'hem vp.——

Enter Birdlime.

Bird. No indeed for-footh, I lockt 'hem vp, & thos are they your wife has, and thofe are they your husband (like a bad liuer as he is) would haue giuen to a neice of mine, (that lies in my house to take phisick) to haue committed fleshly treason with her.

Tent. I at your house—you old—

Bird. You perdy, and that honest batchiler, neuer call me old for the matter.

Jud. Motherly woman hees my husband and no Batchelers buttons are at his doublett.

Bird. las, I speake Innocently and that leane gentleman fet in his flaffe there : But as tme a finner, both I and the yong woman had an eye to the mayne chance, & tho they brought more a bout 'heim than capten *Candish's* voiage came to, they should not, nor could not (ynles I had bin a naughty woman) haue entred the straytes.

All 3. Haue we smelt you out foxes.

Cla. Doe you come after vs with huc and cry when you are the theeues your Selues.

Jud. Murder I see cannot be hid, but if this old *Sybill* of yours speake oracles, for my part, Ile be like an Almanacke that threatens nothing but soule wether.

Tent. That bawd has bin dambd. 500 times, and is her word to be taken.

Par. To be dambd once is enough, for any one of her coate.

Bird. Why Sir, what is my coat that you fitt thus vpon my Scirts.

Par. Thy Coat is an ancient Coat, one of the seaauen deadly finnes, put thy coat first to making ; but do you heare, you mother of Iniquity, you that can loose and find your eares when you list go, faile with the rest of your baudie-traffikers to the place of fixe-penny Sinsfulnesse the subvrbes.

Bird. I scorne the Sinsfulnesse of any subvrbes in Christendom tis wel knowne I haue vp-rizers, and downe-lyers within the Citty, night by night, like a prophane fellow as thou art.

Par. Right, I know thou hast, Ile tell you Gentle-folkes, theres more resort to this Fortune-teller, then of forlorne wiues married to old husbands, and of

Greene-sickneffe Wenches that can get no husbands to the house of a wife Woman. Shee has tricks to keepe a vaulting house vnder the Lawes nose.

Bird. Thou dost the Lawes nose wrong to bely mee so.

Par. For either a cunning woman has a Chamber in her house or a Phisition, or a picture maker, or an Attorney, because all these are good Clokes for the raine. And then if the female party that's cliented about-Staires, be yong, Shees a Squires daughter of lowe degree, that lies there for phisicke, or comes vp to be placed with a Countesse: if of middle age, shees a Widow, and has futes at the terme or so.

Iul. O fie vpon her, burne the witch out of our company.

Cla. Lets hem her out off Brainford, if shee get not the faster to London.

Mab. O no, for Gods sake, rather hem her out off London and let her keepe in Brainford still.

Bird. No you cannot hem me out of London; had I known this your rings should ha bin poxt er-I wud ha toucht 'hem: I will take a paire of Oares, and leaue you.

Exit.

Par. Let that ruine of intemperance bee rakt vp in dust and ashes, and now tell me, if you had rayfed the Towne, had not the tiles tumbled vpon your heads: for you see your Wiues are chaste, these Gentlemen ciuill, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game; she has her Diamonds, you shall haue your money, the child is recouered, the false Collier discovered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime; and therefore set the Hares-head against the Goose-giblets, put all instruments in tune, and euery husband play musicke vpon the lips of his Wife whilst I begin first.

Omni. Come wenches bee't so.

Cla. Mist. *Iustiniano* ist you were asham'd all this while of shewing your face, is she your wife Schoole-maister.

Par. Looke you, your Schoole-maister has bin in *France*, and lost his hayre, no more *Parenthesis* now, but *Iustiniano*, I will now play the Merchant with you. Looke not strange at her, nor at mee, the story of vs both, shall bee as good, as an olde wiues tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain.

How now?

Cham. Alas Sir, the Knight yonder Sir *Gozlin* has almost his throat cut by Powlterers and Townef-men and rascalls, & all the Noife that went with him poore fellows haue their Fidle-cafes puld ouer their eares.

Omn. Is Sir *Gozlin* hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt Sir, but he bleedles like a Pig, for his crowne's crackt.

Iud. Then has he beene twise cut ith head since we landed, once with a Pottle-pot and now with old iron.

Par. Gentlemen hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for Oares.

Omn. Away then to London.

Par. Farewell Brainford.

Gold that buyes health, can neuer be ill spent,
Nor howres laid out in harmelesse meryment.

Excunt.

Finis Act. Quint.

SONG.

O *Ares, Oares, Oares, Oares :*
To London hay, to London hay :
Hoist vp sayles and lets away,
for the safest bay
For vs to land is London shores.

West-ward Hoe.

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*Oares, Oares, Oares, Oares :
Quickly shall wee get to Land,
If you, if you, if you,
Lend vs but halfe a hand.
O lend vs halfe a hand.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 5.

Ile joyne

My force to yours, to stop this violent torrent :

The old editions read "torment :" but see the ensuing speech of the Duke for a justification of the very obvious correction made, which has the high authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 6.

you'le bleed three pottles of Alicant.

i.e., a red wine of Alicant, in the province of Valencia. Our early writers commonly spelt the word thus.

PAGE 10.

I ha read *Albertus Magnus* and *Aristotle's* Emblemes.

In Doddsley's Old Plays, and in Mr. Dyce's Edition of Middleton, the word "Emblemes" is altered to *Problems*. An absurd book called *The Problems of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Physitions*, was published in 1595.

PAGE 11.

Cox that's the gulling word betweene the Citizens wiues and their madcaps, that man 'em to the garden.

All the editions, except that of 1605, read "old dames" instead of *madcaps*.

PAGE 12.

if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

"By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not ; which must be tried by a jury of twelve men, and if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be

granted by the sovereign to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. This power, though of late very rarely excited, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of *begging* a man for a fool."—BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, vol. I., p. 303.

PAGE 12.

Ah, 'tis neere spent.

All the old editions read "meere." The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 12.

*Softly, fee Doctor : what a coldish heate
Spreads over all her body.*

This reading is peculiar to the edition of 1605. The first edition and all the later editions have, "Softly sweet Doctor."

PAGE 12.

*threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts.*

Mr. Dyce suggests "cruft," instead of *rust*, as probably the true reading; but he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 13.

*sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting,
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had touch'd thy lips, a fencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.*

So the excellent edition of 1605. The other editions instead of "midst" read *deadth*, a corruption perpetuated in Doddsley's Old Plays. The word, says Nares in his Glossary, "is but awkwardly applied to the height or meridian of feasting, which surely has nothing *dead* in it." Perhaps the misprint arose from the compositor's eye having caught the word *death* in the next line but two.

In the last line of the above passage also, all the editions except that of 1605 read, "altered" instead of *alter*.

PAGE 14.

La you now, 'tis well good knaues.

So the edition of 1605. All the other editions, "'tis well God knowes!"

PAGE 14.

Doctor this place where she so oft hath seene

His lively presence, hurts her does it not?

Ed. 1605, "hnrts." Other editions, "haunts."

PAGE 16.

A spleene not so big as a taverne token.

"During thereign of Quecn Elizabeth very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradesmen were therefore permitted without any restriction, to coin small money or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change. These *tokens* were very small pieces, and probably at first coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expression a *tavern-token* might have been originally derived."—REED. "That most of them would travel to the *tavern*, may be easily supposed, and hence, perhaps, the name. Their usual value seems to have been a farthing." GIFFORD, note on Ben Jonson's Works, I, 30.

PAGE 22.

Blurt on your sentences.

An exclamation of contempt, equal to—a fig for.

PAGE 22.

I ha done you right on my thumb naile.

In Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1595, a marginal note explains the words "*drinke super nagulum*" to be "a deuise of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turnd vp the bottome of the cup, to drop it on his naile and make a pearle with that is left, which if it shed and he cannot make stand on, by reafon there's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."

PAGE 23.

a woman's well holp't up with such a meacocke; I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day.

Meacock is a timorous, daftardly creature. *Swaddle* is to strap, to beat soundly.

PAGE 23.

goodman Alonzo.

A sort of cant term: Bellafont applies it to Roger at page 26.

PAGE 25.

Where's my ruff and poker.

This instrument, of which mention is frequently made by the Elizabethan writers, is sometimes called a *poker*, and at others a *poking* flick. It was used to adjust the pluck of ruff, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that the *poking flicks* were made of wood or bone until about 1574, when they began to be made of steel, that they might be used hot. The "chafing-dish," mentioned in the text, was for the purpose of heating them.

PAGE 26.

Marry muffle up, an' you'll prove your self.

An expression of contempt which frequently occurs in our early writers. It is used again at page 32 of this play.

PAGE 26.

Sing pretty raucous warble.

The word "Sing" is probably a stage-direction, referring to the ballad Bellafont commences.

PAGE 27.

Give me my pottle.

A corruption of *God's my father*, an expression of which Bellafont afterwards makes use in this scene (page 29). Shakespeare puts *ads-pittikins* into the mouth of Imogen (Cymbeline, act iv. sc. 2.)

PAGE 27.

Here's another light, Anselm, Sir, your.

Roger alludes to the candle with which he has threatened. Compare Dekker's *Satiro-mastix* (vol. I, p. 193). "I meant, to *light* a *Candle* (which is none of *God's Anselm*)".

PAGE 28.

Here's rum.

A beverage composed generally of red wine, but sometimes of white, with spices and sugar, strained through a woollen bag.

PAGE 28.

danc'd the Canaries.

A quick and lively dance, frequently mentioned by our early writers. By the example in the opera *Dioclesian*, set to music by Purcell, the air appears to have been a very sprightly movement of two reprises or strains, with eight bars in each. (See Hawkins's *History of Music*, iv. 391).

PAGE 29.

this sweet Oliuer will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst.

"This epithet," remarks Gifford, "almost always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando in fame."

Ib.

set him beneath the salt.

This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt-cellar—of a very large size—was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of a boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the master of the house.

Ib.

Roger comes in sadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and stands aloofe off.

"This expression," says Mr. Dyce, "is twice used by Middleton in *Michaelmas Term*, and its repetition here is a slight confirmation, if any were needed, of the correctness of Henslowe's statement" (*i. e.*, that Middleton wrote part of the present play). But see Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (*suprà* p. 211) for a similar stage-direction: "Titania and her maids *standing aloofe*." See also *The Roaring Girl* [Vol. III., p. 208], a play certainly written by Dekker and Middleton in conjunction: "Laxton muffled *a loofe off*." It was probably nothing more than a common phrase of the time.

PAGE 29.

A Porter ranne a litle at me.

Spelt in the first two editions "litle :," which Mr. Dyce suggests is probably a misprint for *till*, though he has not ventured to make the emendation in the text.

PAGE 32.

y'are belt come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waft-coat.

i. e., as Nares explains in his Glossary, in that alone, without a gown or upper dress. The lower women of Bellafront's class were generally so attired, and were hence called *waiftcoaters*.

PAGE 33.

Bastard wine.

Henderfon, in his History of Wines, observes ; "That this was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt ; and that it came from some of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain." He supposes it approached to the muscadell wine in flavour, and was made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape.

Ib.

Ro. *He buie but one, ther's one alreadie here.*

He means Hippolito : *woodcock* was a cant term for a foolish fellow.

PAGE 39.

Fuligo enters, walking by.

It must be remembered that the shops in London (and of London only our author thought) were formerly "open," and resembled booths or stalls at a fair.

PAGE 40.

And how, how is thou squall?

"This word," says Mr. Dyce, "which seems to be equivalent to wench, is by no means common : Middleton uses it several times ; and its occurrence here is another proof that he was concerned in the composition of the present drama."

PAGE 42.

the posts of his gate are a painting too.

i. e., he will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to stick proclamations, were always set up.

Id.

you Flat-cap, where be these whites?

The citizens of London, both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps*.

PAGE 46.

the Fine impos'd

*For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes.*

A cruzado is a Portuguese coin, struck under Alphonfus V. about 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus sent thither a bull for a crusade against the infidels. It had its name from a cross which it bears on one side, the arms of Portugal being on the other. It varied in value at different times.

PAGE 47.

I am with child to vex him.

i. e., I long greatly : compare Dekker's *Shomakers Holiday*.

PAGE 51.

You, goody Puncke, subaudi Cockatrice.

In Middleton's *Family of Love*, Mr. Dyce has pointed out, occurs the expression—"Love, *subaudi* lust,"—"another parallelism which shews the hand of Middleton in the present play."

PAGE 55.

Indeed thats harder to come by then ever was Ostend.

The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our old writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. Vide infra *Westward Hoë* (p. 284) : "how long will you holde out thinke you, not so long as *Ostend*."

PAGE 57.

mary-bones and Potato pies keep me for melling with her.

Potatoes were formerly esteemed a strong provocative : see the long and *instructive* note of Collins (*i. e.*, Steevens) appended to *Troilus and Cressida* :—Malone's Shakespeare (by Boswell), viii. 450.

Ib.

Fata sibi liceat mihi, &c.

From Seneca,—*Œdipus*, 882.

PAGE 62.

Twere a good Comedy of Errors that iswith.

An allusion probably to Shakespeare's play of that name.

PAGE 63.

Nay let me alone to play my maithers prize.

A quibble. In the art of fencing there were three degrees,—a *Maithers's*, a Provost's, and a Scholar's, for each of which a *prize* was played publicly.

PAGE 64.

this chaine and welled Gowne.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains the word *gard* as synonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. A *welled gown* is therefore one ornamented with purfles or fringe. They are often mentioned in our old writers.

PAGE 72.

what saies the painted cloth ?

Cloth or canvass painted in oil with a variety of devices, and verses interspersed : see Note on Dekker's *Magnificent Entertainment* (*supra*, Vol. I, p. 337).

PAGE 76.

he tooke bread and salt by this light, that he would neuer open his lips.

Bread and salt, according to ancient custom, were eaten by those who took oaths.

PAGE 78.

Enter Towne like a sweeper.

Towne was the name of the actor who played this part : there were two performers so called,—John and Thomas Towne : see Collier's History of English Dram. Poet. I, 318, 351.

PAGE 83.

heigh, come aloft Iacke.

The exclamation of a master to an ape that had been taught to tumble and play tricks.

Ib.

This was her schoole-maister, and taught her to play vpon the Virginals, and still his Jacks leapt vp, vp.

The virginals was an instrument of the spinnet kind : for a correct description of it see Nares' Glossary. In a note on the Second Part of this drama Steevens cites from Lord Bacon : " In a *virginal* as soon as ever the *jack* falleth and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."

Ib.

Here's an almond for Parrat.

A proverbial expression by no means uncommon. It occurs in Skelton, and is the title of a pamphlet by Nash. See also Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* (Vol. I, p. 89), and the note thereupon p. 328.

Ib.

a rope for Parrat.

Another proverbial expression. Taylor, the water poet, has an epigram beginning—

" Why doth the Parrat cry a Rope, a Rope? .
Because hee's cag'd in prison out of hope."

PAGE 85.

We'll run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.

Barley-break, or the last couple in hell, was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot.

See Gifford's Maffinger I, 104 (ed. 1813).

PAGE 87.

O brave Arthur of Bradley.

An allusion to the old ballad of that name, which is printed in 'An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills,' 1661.

PAGE 97.

S. Patricke you know keeps Purgatory.

Saint Patrick's Purgatory was a cavern in the southern part of the county of Donegall, much frequented by pilgrims.

Ib.

Footmen to Noblemen and others.

When this play was written many English "noblemen and others" had Irish running footmen in their service. So in *Cupid's Whirligig* (1616), "Come thou hast such a running wit, 'tis like an *Yrish* foote boy." In Brathwait's *Strappado for the Duncell* (1615),

"For see those thin breech *Irish* lackies runne,"

and in Dekker's *English Villanies* six several times *prent* to death (1632), "The Devils *foote-man* was very nimble of his heeles, for no wild *Irishman* could outrunne him."

Ib.

fight more desperately then fatenee Dunkirkes.

i.e., privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley,— "was ta'en at sea by Dunkirks." *Works* II, 428.

Ib.

our Country Bona Robars.

See Note in Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. I, p. 344.

PAGE 99.

What stockings have you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them.

Lodovico means, it is time for you to be jealous: "Since Citizens wives fitted their husbands with *yellow hose*, is not within

the memory of man." Dekker's *Owles Almanacke*, 1618. The word "yellows" was frequently used for jealousy.

PAGE 103.

I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes.

A supposed receipt for restoring youth.

Ib.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore, &c.

"The turn of this," says Charles Lamb, "is the same with Iago's definition of a deserving woman: 'She that was ever fair and never proud,' &c. The matter is superior."

PAGE 109.

It's rather a long pike staff against so many bucklers without pikes.

The ancient *bucklers* had a prominent spike, and sometimes a *pistol* in the centre of them.

Ib.

The Souldier has his Murren.

i.e., *murren* or *morion*, a head-piece or cap of steel. Tenyson uses the word

"shone

Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came."

PAGE 110.

How would this long Crowne with this steeple show?

Of such hats Stubbes speaks in the *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1585. 'Sometimes they use them sharp on the crowne, peaking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heads, some more, some less, as please the phantasies of their unconstant mindes.'

PAGE 112.

the discase call'd the Mother.

i.e., hysterical passion.

PAGE 113.

I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playse.

The wrymouth of the plaice was a favourite allusion with our old writers: see, for example, Nash's *Lenten Stuff* (1599): "None

won the day in this but the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with Vive le Roy, God save the King,—save only the *playse* and the butt, that *made very mouths at him*, and for their mocking have *very mouths* ever since."

PAGE 113.

Oh when shall I bizzle, bizzle?

Or, as it is sometimes spelt, *bizzle*. He means to say, When shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess?

PAGE 127.

She praises you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other mens pastures.

To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils.

PAGE 128.

That Irish Shackatory beats the buff for him.

i.e., hound. So in *The Wandering Jew*—'for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no *shackatory* comes neere him, if hee once get the start, hee's gone, and you gone too.'

PAGE 131.

a shag-haired Cur?

Shakespeare bestows the same epithet on a kern of Ireland in the Second Part of King Henry VI., act iii., sc. 1.

Ib.

so shall not thy disgrace.

Old edition "shall thy disgrace;" but see Infelice's repetition of the passage in the next page.

Ib.

As for your Irish Lubrican.

Compare Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"By the Mandrake's dreadfull groaues,
By the Lubrican's sad moanes."

Ib.

didst thou baite Hookes.

Old ed. "Hawkes." The emendation was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 131.

Two woos *in that Skreesh-owles language?*

A play on the word which expresses the note of the owl, as in Tennyson :—

“Not a whit of thy tu-whoo,
Thee to woo to thy tu-whit.”

Ib.

then the wild Irish Dart was throwne.

An allusion to the darts carried by the Irish running footmen.

Ib.

but at length thus was charm'd.

Old ed. “this.” The correction is made on the authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 132.

a Country where no venom prospers.

Saint Patrick, according to the legend, having purged Ireland from all venomous creatures.

PAGE 134.

shall I walke in a Plimouth Cloake.

“That is,” says Ray in his *Proverbs* (1742, p. 238), “a *cane* or *staff*; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of forts, is unable for the present time and place to recruit himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper’s shop, where a staff cut out serves them for a covering. For we use when we walk in *cuerpo* to carry a staff in our hands, but none when in a cloak.”

PAGE 143.

He make a wild Cataine of forty such.

i.e., forty such shallow knights, &c., would go to the composition of a *dexterous thief*. See the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii., sc. i. “I will not believe such a Cataian.” A *Cataian* came to signify a sharper, because the people of *Cataia* (China) were famous for their thieving.

PAGE 145.

I ha suffred your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, to runne all this while

Properly, *barred*, &c., a sort of false dice frequently mentioned by our early writers. See note in Chapman's Dramatic Works (Vol. I, p. 342). The following passage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. (4to, 1612), will sufficiently explain the terms used in the text: 'First you must know a langret, which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often seene to their cost; and this is a well-favoured *die*, and seemeth good and square, yet it is forged longer upon the *cater and trea* than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such be also call'd *hard cater treas*, because commonly the longer end will of his owne sway drawe downewards, and turne vp to the eie like sincke deuce or ace. The principal use of them is at Novum, for so longe a paire of *hard cater treas* be walking on the board, so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unless it be by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or some other stoppe, force them to stay, and run against their kinde: for without *cater or trea* ye know that five or nine can never come.'

PAGE 151.

*Harlotta was a Dame of so diuine
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine
To an English King:*

Arlott (from whence the word *harlot* is thus fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an English monarch, but mistress to Robert Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror.

PAGE 154.

*when in the street
A faire yong modest Damself did I meete, &c.*

"This simple picture of Honour and Shame," says Charles Lamb, "contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty, is worth all the *strong lines* against the Harlot's profession, with which both parts of this play are offensively crowded."

PAGE 160.

two dishes of stew'd prunes.

A dish very common in brothels.

PAGE 160.

Here's Ordnance able to sacke a Citty.

So Falstaff, on a similar occasion, in the First Part of Henry IV., says, "There's that will *sack* a city."

Ib.

a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter fa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

"Peter fa meene" is one of the several disguises under which the word *Pedro-Ximenes* is found in our early writers. (See *inter alia* Heywood's Fair Maid of the West, Part I.) The Pedro-Ximenes receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to Ximen, or Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the Malmsey of Poxarate. A wine called *Charnico*, or *Charneco*, is mentioned by Shakespeare. According to Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood which bear the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-named territory.

Leatica (in the old edition misprinted "Ziattica") is a not uncommon form (see *Philocothonia*, 1635, p. 48) of the word *Aleatico*, or red muscadine, which is produced in the highest perfection at Montepulciano, between Siena and the Roman state; at Monte Catini, &c., and of which the name (it is obviously derived from ἡλιαξω) in some measure expresses the rich quality. It has a brilliant purple colour, and a luscious aromatic flavour.

PAGE 163.

Enter Constable and Bilmen.

i.e., watchmen, who carried *bills* (a sort of pikes with hooked points), which were anciently the weapons of the English foot-foldiers.

Ib.

If't Shrove-tuesday that these Ghosts walke.

On Shrove Tuesday it appears that an official search was made by the peace-officers for brothel-keepers and women of ill-

fame, who were either forthwith carted, or confined during the season of Lent. Demolishing houses of bad fame was also one of the amusements of the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday. Sensuality says, in *Microcosmus*, "But now welcome a cart, or a *Shrove Tuesday's* tragedy."

PAGE 165.

Your Puritanicall Honest Whore sits in a blue gowne.

A blue gown was the habit in which a strumpet did penance. See Richard Brome's *Northern Lasse*, 1633 (Works, vol. iii). "All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel," &c. The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this comedy.

PAGE 166.

there she beates chaffe, or grinde in the Mill.

To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting rogues and idle persons to worke, and for reliefe of the poore. Printed by Hugh Singleton.*

1b.

Your Bridewell? that the name?

We have here a curious specimen of the licence which our early writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Everything here said of Bridewell is applicable to the House of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the duke and his son to those of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same. In the time of Henry VIII. princes were lodged there; part of it having been built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles V., whose nobles resided in it. In 1528 Cardinal Campeius had his first audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward VI., in the seventh year of his reign (1552), gave to the citizens of London this his palace for the purposes above mentioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a-year, with all the

bedding and furniture of that hospital. There is also the like anachronism in the First Part of this play, concerning Bethlem Hospital.

PAGE 177.

— is my Judge, sir.

Probably "God is my Judge," a blank being left in the old copy to avoid the *prophanationem nominis Dei*, as Bastard terms it in his *Epigrams*.

PAGE 191.

PROLOGUE.

*The charmes of silence through this Square be throwne,
That an vn-vside attention (like a Jewell)
May hang at every eare.*

The Fortune theatre in Golden or Golding Lane, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where this play was performed, was a square building, both in its external frame, and also in the inside.

PAGE 216.

Doctor Parry.

See Froude's History of England, vol. xii. pp. 63—68.

PAGE 217.

Ed. Campion.

See Froude's History of England.

PAGE 245.

Shee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done.

The external furniture of a playhouse in Dekker's time consisted merely of the sign, which was exposed on some obvious part of the building, and the flag which was hoisted at the top of it to give distant notice of the performances. When the performance was concluded, the flag was removed.

PAGE 254.

her magnificent, incomparable, and invincible Armada.

The Invincible Armada—the famous Spanish Armament, so called—consisted of 130 ships of war, besides transports, &c., 2650 great guns, 20,000 soldiers, 11,000 sailors, and 2,000 volun-

teers, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and 180 priests and monks. It arrived in the Channel July 19, 1588, and was defeated the next day by Drake and Howard. Ten fire-ships having been sent into the enemy's fleet, they cut their cables, put to sea, and endeavoured to return to their rendezvous between Calais and Gravelines. The English fell upon them, took many ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from the 21st July to the 28th, obliging the shattered fleet to bear away for Scotland and Ireland, where a storm dispersed them, and the remainder of the armament returned by the North Sea to Spain. The Spaniards lost fifteen capital ships in the engagement, and 5,000 men; seventeen ships were lost or taken on the coast of Ireland, and upwards of 5,000 men were drowned, killed, or taken prisoners. Some afterwards reached home in the most shattered condition, under the Vice-Admiral Recalde; others were shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows; and of those which reached the shore many of the crews were barbarously murdered, from an apprehension that in a country where there so many disaffected Catholics it would have been dangerous to show mercy to so great a number of the enemy.

PAGE 269.

Launces 253. Horsemen 769.

Footmen 22000. The mowing Army, which attends on you, Is thus made up: of horsemen 5 of foot, Launcers 481.

Light horse-men 1421. Footmen 34050.

This ludicrously bald array of figures shows that Dekker was destitute of that admirable fertility of description which enabled Homer to make even a catalogue of ships poetical.

PAGE 281.

you shall tell him that I keep a Hot-house in Gunpowder Alley.

A *hot-house* meant properly a bagnio; but it also meant a brothel; for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being *hot-houses*.—"He, sir! a tapster, sir! parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a *hethouse*, which, I think, is a very ill house too."—Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. i.

PAGE 281.

face hath red in the Italian Courtyer.

Thomas Hobby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to in 1561.

PAGE 286.

*which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper,
as dark as a roome in Bedlam.*

Our old writers have frequent allusions to the roguery of trademen in darkening their shops, that customers might be unable to detect the badness of their goods. So Brome: "What should the city do with honesty? . . . Why are your wares gummed, *your shops dark*," &c.—*The City Wit*, act i. sc. 1. And Middleton:

"though your shop-wares you vent
With your deceiving lights," &c.
Any thing for a Quiet Life, act ii. sc. 2.

Ib.

*like an Antient that dares not flourish at the oath taking of the
Pretor.*

ancient, i. e., flag, standard. So afterwards, act ii. sc. 1
"I'm as limber as *an ancient that has flourished* in the rain," &c.
the pretor, i. e., the Lord Mayor.

PAGE 292.

But sirra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret.

"*Sirrah* Iras, go."

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2.

"*Julia*. Why, Ile tell thee, *sirrah*."

Dorigene. No, *sirrah*, you shannot tell me."

The Two Merry Milke Maids, 1620.

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Erinta says to Gianetta,
"But harke, *sirra*, tell me one thing, if it fall out, &c."

A female was sometimes addressed "*sirrah*," long after our author's days: in Etherege's *Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Bellair says to Harriet, "Adod, *sirrah*, I like thy wit well," act ii. sc. 1.

In the north of Scotland persons in the lower ranks of life frequently use the word "*Sirs*," when speaking to two or three women.

PAGE 293.

In France when I rise, &c.

Rise, or *ris*, was formerly often used for *rise*.

PAGE 296.

so long as your mirth bee wyde of all Squintillity.

A corrupt form of *scurrility*, sometimes found in our old writers.

PAGE 297.

Clyents that sue in forma paper.

Our early dramatists took a pleasure in making their character miscall terms of law: so Rowley; "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Papris*." *When you see mee you know mee*, 1632.

Id.

How often have I told you, you must get a patch.

"Even as *blacke patches are worn*, some for pride, *some to stay the Rheume*, and some to hide the scab, &c."—*Jacke Drums Entertainment*, 1616.

"For when they did but happen for to see
Those that with Rhume a little troubled be
Weare on their faces a round mastick patch,
 Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch
 That for a Fashion."

Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. ii, Sat. i., p.
 p. 171, ed. 1615.

PAGE 298.

See what golden-winged Bæ from Hybla, flies humming, with
Crura thymo plena.

"At festæ multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plena."—Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 181.

Id.

break not up the wilde fowle.

To *break up* was an old term for carving. So in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1, "*Break up this capon*," i. e. Open this letter.

at the Rhenish wine-house ith Stilliard.

"Next to this lane on the East [Cofin Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the Steele house, or *Steele yarde* (as they terme it), a place for Marchantes of Almaine," &c. Stow's *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 184.

"Stilliard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants, otherwise the Merchants of the Haunfe and Almaine, are wont to have their abode. It is so called Stilliard, of a broad place or court wherein steele was much fould, q. *Steeleyard*, upon which that house is now founded." Minshew's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617.

"They [the Hans Town Merchants] were permitted to sell Rhenish wine by retail."—Malcolm's *London*, vol. i. p. 48.

Compare with the passage in the text :—

"Men when they are idle, and know not what to do, faith one, Let us go to the *stilliards* and drinke *Rhenish wine*," &c.—Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, ed. 1595.

"Who would let a Cit (whose tecth are rotten out with sweet meates his mother brings him from goshippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neat's tongue and a *pottle of Rhenish at the stilliard*, when she may comamnd a blade to tofs and tumble her?"—Nabbes's *Bride*, 1640.

The Steelyard, Stelyard, or Stilliard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been so called from its being the place where the King's steelyard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the present passage the old ed. has "Stillyard," but twice afterwards it has "*Stilliard*."

You must to the pawne to buy Lawne.

So in the curious poetical dialogue, '*Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, 1609, the Wife says :—

"In truth (kind couffe) my comming's from the *Pawn*,

But I protest I lost my labour there :

A Gentleman promist to give me *lawne*,

And did not meet me, which he well shall heare."

Stanza 2nd.

c c

The *Pawn* (*Bahn*, Germ., a path^s or walk ; *Baan*, Dutch, a pathway) was a corridor, which formed a kind of Bazaar, in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's).

PAGE 302.

Searcht the middle Ile in Pavles, and with three Elizabeth twelve-pences prest three knaves.

Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St. Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by strutting about in the most fashionable attire ; there the politician discussed the latest news ; there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour ; *there the servant out of place came to be engaged* ; there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c.

PAGE 307.

like old Hieronimo : goe by, go by.

An allusion to a passage in Kyd's *Spanishe Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed by a host of poets :—

Hieronimo. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo !

Lorenzo. Back ! see'st thou not the king is busie ?

Hieronimo. O, is he so ?

King. Who is he that interrupts our business ?

Hieronimo. Not I.—Hieronimo, beware ; *goe by, goe by.*"

PAGE 312.

being gone Westward for smelts.

A proverbial expression. In 1603 appeared a story-book (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Cymbeline*) entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenches*, &c.

Ib.

I see I'me borne still to draw Dun out ath mire for you.

Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4, had completely puzzled all Shakespeare's commentators. "*Dun is in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room : this is *Dun* (the cart-

horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."—Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

PAGE 312.

Feare not me, for a veny or two.

Veny, or *venue*, a technical term for a hit or thrust:—

1 *Law*. Women, look to't, the fencer gives you a *veny*.

2 *Law*. Believe it, he *hits* home."

Swetnam, The Woman Hater, 1620.

(See Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. III, p. 360.)

PAGE 313.

AMB. *I hold my life, &c.*

The old ed. prefixes to this speech "*Amb*," which in early plays often stands for "*Both*:" but here it would seem to be a mistake for "*Mab*."

PAGE 316.

Implentur, &c.

"*Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ.*" Virgil, *Æneid*. i. 215.

PAGE 318.

Where didst buy this buffe? Let me not line, but Ile gine thee a good suite of durance.

So, in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 2, the Prince says to Falstaff with a pun, "And is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance*?"—*Durance* was a strong and lasting kind of stuff: Mr. Halliwell (*Shakespeare Society Papers*, vol. iii. 35) cites from *The Book of Rates*, ed. 1675, p. 35,—

					£	s.	d.
"Durance or	}	with thred, the yard	00	06	08
Duretty.		with filk, the yard	00	10	00."

PAGE 318.

you shal haue my sword and hangers to faw him.

hangers—i.e., fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle in which the small sword or dagger was suspended :—

“Mens swords in *hangers* hang, fast by their side.”

Taylor the Water Poet's *Virtue of a Fiyle and Necessitie of Hanging*, Works, 1630, p. 133.

PAGE 319.

Buy any small Coale.

This was the common cry of colliers : so in one of the rarest of plays, *A Knacke to know an honest man*, 1596 :

“Enter LILLO, like a colliar.

Lc. Will you buy any coles, fine small coles?”

It.

BOY. *Collier : how came the goose to be put vpon you, ha ?*

IRST. *He tell thee, the Tearme lying at Winchester, &c.*

Respecting the meaning and origin of the expression “Winchester goose,” see Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, vol. i., pp. 342, 343.

PAGE 326.

come shalls go to Noddy ?

A game on the cards, which appears, from passages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one.

PAGE 327.

this Sacke tastes of Horse flesh.

So Glapthorne ; “This collar spoyles my drinking, or else *this sack has horse-flesh in't*, it rides upon my stomacke.”

The Hollander, 1640.

The statute 12 Car. ii. c. 25, sect. 11, which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions, among other ingredients used for that purpose, “nor any sort of *flesh* whatsoever.”

PAGE 332.

O Lordc I fir as melancholike, &c.

Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that he thought proper ? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the player's powers of extemporising : so Greene ;

“ Faire Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
 Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy ;
 Pyrrhus shall not, &c.
 Souns, Orgalio, why suffereft thou this old trot to come fo
 nigh me?”

Orlando Furioso, Dram. Works, i. 43, ed. Dyce.

And Heywood ;

“ Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, *speaking some words,*
but of no importance.”

Edward the Fourth, Part Sec. ed. 1619.

PAGE 335.

Whats bad I follow, yet I see whats good.

“ Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.” Ovid, *Met.* vii.
 20.

PAGE 336.

or els take me a lodging in Cole harbour.

Or *Coal-harbour*—a corruption of Cold-harbour, or Coldharborough, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*, p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us, “ The last deceased Earle [of Shrewsbury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great number of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people of all forts.”—Debtors and persons not of the most respectable character used to take refuge there. Middleton calls it “ the devil’s sanctuary.” *A Trick to catch the old one,—Works, ii. 55, ed. Dyce.*

PAGE 339.

if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-penny infidell should neuer, &c.

So Dekker, in *Satiromastix*,

“ Wilt fight, *Turke-a-tenpence ?*”

PAGE 345.

Sfoote weele dance to Norwich.

An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor, of which he published an account, called *Kemps Nine Daies Wonder, performed in a daunce from London to Norwich, 1600, 4to.* It has been reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the Bodleian Library.

PAGE 345.

as fantasticke and light-headed to the eye, as father-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Black Fryers.

Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of whom, most inconsistently with their religious opinions, followed the trade of feather-making.

PAGE 347.

I doubt that olde Hag Gillian of Brainesford has bewitched me.

Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of some celebrity.

Tyt of brentfords testament. Newly compiled, n. d., 4to, consisting of eight leaves, is among the rarest of black-letter tracts; it was written by Robert, and printed by William, Copland. In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gillian's being addicted to witchcraft: the following are a few lines from it:—

“ At Brentford on the west of London
Nygh to a place yt called is Syon
There dwelt a wilow of a homly fort
Honest in substaunce and full of sport
Daily she coud wt pastim and Jestes
Among her neyghbours and her gestes
She kept an Inne of ryght good lodgyng
For all estates that thyder was comyng.”

The reader who has any curiosity to know what Gillian bequeathed to her friends, may gratify it by turning to Nash's *Summers last will and testament*, 1600.

It appears from Henflowe's *Diary* that she was a character in a play written by Thomas Dowton [or Downton] and Samuel Redly [Rowley?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned there under the title of “*Fryer Fox and gyllen of Bransford.*”

In the 4to. of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, when Mistress Page says that Falstaff

“ might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape.”

Mistress Ford answers,

“ Thats wel remembred, my maids aunt,
Gillian of Brainsford, hath a gowne aboute.”

PAGE 349.

Long-Meg of Westminster.

An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers. She was the heroine of a play, named after her, and acted first in 1594, as we learn from Henslowe's *Diary*. She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In 1635 appeared a tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, containing the mad merry pranks she played in her lifetime, &c.*

Ib.

Mary Ambree

Was as famous as the lady last mentioned. *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie las Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly, may be found in Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 240, ed. 1812.*

PAGE 353.

play mad Hamlet; and cry Reuenge!

One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers which attest the popularity of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

See Dekker's *Satiromastix* (vol. i. page 229), "My name's Hamlet reuenge."

PAGE 354.

The torchmen and whiffles had an Iism to receive him.

Respecting the meaning and derivation of this word, see Notes to Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, vol. i. p. 342.

PAGE 357.

3 mery men, & 3. mery men, &c.

A fragment of an old song. See Dyce's edition of Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 208, sec. ed. ; and the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Ib.

Who my ouerthwart neighbour :

Generally used for crows, contradictory—but here it seems merely to mean opposite, as in the *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*, 1626 : "Body of Saint George, this is mine *ouerthwart neighbour* hath done this."

PAGE 360.

tho they brought more about 'hem than Capitaine Candifhis *voiage came to.*

The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, sailing from Plymouth in 1586, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588—) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers: so Brome;

“*Ca'ndish* and Hawkins, Furbisher, all our voyagers,
Went short of Mandevile.”

The Antipodes, 1640 (Dramatic Works, vol. iii.)

This contraction is scarcely yet out of use;

“When Chatworth tastes no *Ca'ndish* bounties,

Let fame forget this costly countess.”

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207.

PAGE 361.

set the Hares-head against the Goose-giblets.

A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another: compare Field's *Amends for Ladies*, ed. 1639; and Middleton's *A Trick to catch the old one*,—*Works*, ii. 78, ed. Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a slight variation: “set the Hare *Pye* against the Goose giblets.” Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633. “Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hare's *foot* against the goose giblets.” Dekker's *Shoemakers Holiday*, 1600, *supra*, vol. i.)

PAGE 362.

Looke you, your Schoole-maister has bin in France, and lost his hayre.

Here we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise: he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.

